

Mar. 4, 1974

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAD HABITS—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set at a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

CANDIDE—The revival of Leonard Bernstein's musical (adapted from Voltaire's novel by Hugh Wheeler, with lyrics by Richard Wilbur, and additional lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and John Latouche), recently seen at the Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn. Harold Prince is the director. Reopens on Broadway Tuesday, March 5. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DEAR NOBODY—This recitation, by Jane Marla Robbins, of entries from the diaries of Fanny Burney becomes, at its best, a gossipy evocation of life in eighteenth-century England. Miss Robbins has chosen well, and the evening is consistently entertaining. Patricia Zipprodt designed her lovely costumes. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

FASHION—A musical adaptation in modern dress of Anna Cora Mowatt's hit of 1845, with a cast of nine women and a man. There is some ridicule of the original play, which is annoying at first, but soon charm conquers all. Don Pippin is responsible for the melodic score, Steve Brown for the bright lyrics, and Mary Jo Catlett (as a social-climbing matron) for one of the funniest, most delightful performances around. Anthony Stimac was both adapter and director. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FIND YOUR WAY HOME—A play by John Hopkins about a triangle—a husband, his wife, and his young male lover. An interesting and often amusing play, well acted by Lee Richardson, Jane Alexander, Michael Moriarty, and John Ramsey. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE GOOD DOCTOR—Nine skits by Neil Simon, based on Chekhov. The skits are not much, but the cast is perfection—Christopher Plummer, Barnard Hughes, René Auberjonois, Frances Sternhagen, and Kathryn Walker. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GOOD EVENING—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

THE GREAT MACDADDY—This new musical, the first offering this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, has a very musical score by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. Paul Carter Harrison's script, murky with symbols and ritual, makes heavy going, but the performance—acting, dancing, and singing—is absolutely fine. With David Downing and Hattie Winston in the leading roles. Direction by Douglas Turner Ward, choreography by Diane McIntyre. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays

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at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

LORELEI—An ineffectually disguised revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Nothing, alas, has improved with age, not even its formidable star, Carol Channing. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MOONCHILDREN—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more

appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 2:30.)

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN—Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders, in José Quintero's stunning production of one of the great O'Neill soul-searchings, with self-hatred nearly always outwitting self-esteem. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NOËL COWARD IN TWO KEYS—Two of Mr. Coward's drawing-room comedies, never seen here before. Starring Anne Baxter, Hume Cronyn, and Jessica Tandy; directed by Vivian Matalon. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 27. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 28. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

OVER HERE!—A musical starring the Andrews Sisters. Richard M. and Robert B. Sherman wrote the music and lyrics, and the book is by Will Holt. Directed by Tom Moore. Previews through Tuesday, March 5. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 6. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Thursday, March 7.)

RAISIN—A musical distinguished for the interpidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years. The large cast is superlative, as their materials are not. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE SEAGULL—A dull, lifeless production. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

THE TEMPEST—Sam Waterston is the young, keyed-up, dynamic Prospero in this magic production under Edward Berkeley's direction. Randy Kim is the funniest Trinculo imaginable, and Christopher Walken the most sinister, mocking Antonio. Santo Loquasto's setting and Jennifer Tipton's lighting are very effective indeed. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

TOTAL ECLIPSE—A play by Christopher Hampton. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 10.)

ULYSSES IN NIGHTTOWN—Zero Mostel repeating the 1958 role he played Off Broadway in this dramatization, by Marjorie Barkentin, of a segment of James Joyce's novel. Directed by Burgess Meredith. Previews through Saturday, March 9. Tentatively scheduled to open Sunday, March 10. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WHAT THE WINE-SELLERS BUY—Ron Milner's old-fashioned but very stirring melodrama about a black boy's rites of passage in an inimical world. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle counter girl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE: A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 5,761 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30,



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and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) ... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA**: A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE**: Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **IRENE**: Jane Powell, George S. Irving, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly in a simpleminded curiosity of a musical that at times seems first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 860-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC**: A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about lovemaking and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **PIPPIN**: A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Priscilla Lopez. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE PROPOSITION**: An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 2.) ... **THE SUNSHINE BOYS**: Neil Simon's comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Gifford and Lou Jacobi as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON**: This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5960. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?**: A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music

by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30.)

DANCE

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, March 31—Wednesday, March 6, at 7:30: "Kettentanz," "Parade," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Interplay." ... Thursday, March 7, at 8: "The Dream," "As Time Goes By," and "Interplay." ... Friday, March 8, at 8: "Parade," "Remembrances," and "Trinity." ... Saturday, March 9, at 2: "Façade," "The Moor's Pavane," "As Time Goes By," and "Interplay." ... Saturday, March 9, at 8: "The Dream," "Secret Places," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 2; Friday, March 1, at 8; Saturday, March 2, at 2; and Sunday, March 3, at 3: "Proximities," "Continuum," and "Index." ... Wednesday, Feb. 27, and Saturday, March 2, at 8: "Personnae" and "Scheherazade." ... Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Porelain Dialogues," "Interims," and "Hoopla." (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE COMPANY—Friday, March 1, at 8: "Event 89." ... Saturday, March 2, at 8: "Event 90." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

JAKI BYARD—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine, on Sundays.

GIL EVANS—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, Mondays at ten.

ROY HAYNES—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, with his quartet, Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 28—March 2, from ten to three.

EARL HINES—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with his group, from nine to one, starting Tuesday, March 5.

ELVIN JONES—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet nightly at ten, beginning Tuesday, March 5.

ELLIS LARKINS—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Vincent Youmans and Arthur Schwartz on Sunday, March 3, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

JUNIOR MANCE—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Piano, with a trio, Wednesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three.

JIMMY MCPARTLAND—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

CHARLES MINGUS—Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870). Bass, leading a sextet, through Monday, March 4.

ROSE MURPHY—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, at eight, through Thursday, Feb. 28.

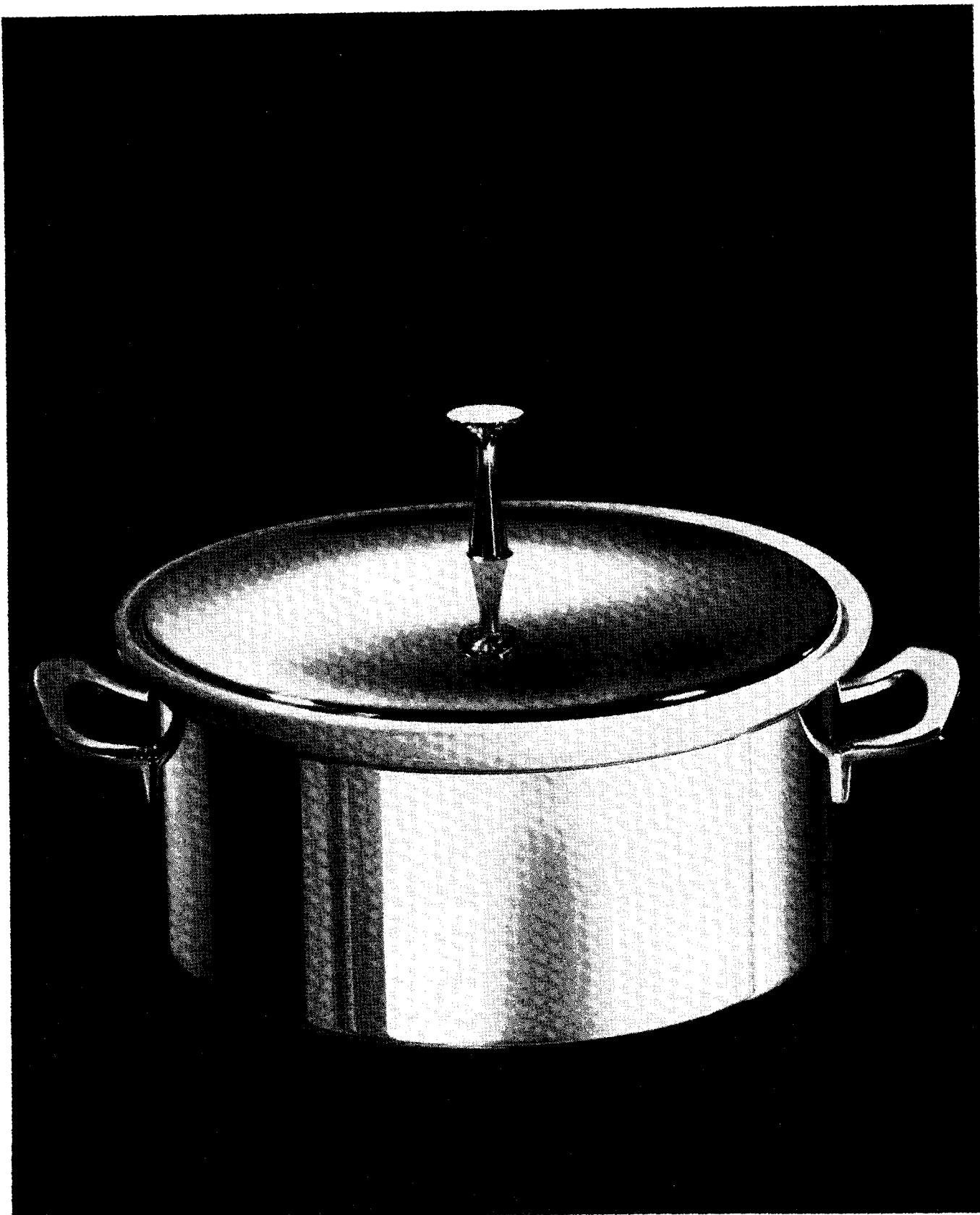
JIMMY ROWLES—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Larry Ridley, from eight to one, except Sundays, beginning Friday, March 1.

BOBBY SHORT—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

ZOOT SIMS—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, from nine (Friday from nine-thirty). Through Saturday, March 2. ... Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). With guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli, from nine-thirty to one, beginning Tuesday, March 5.

CHUCK WAYNE AND JOE PUMA—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sunday, March 3, from nine until two.

RANDY WESTON—Bradley's, 70 University Pl.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(228-6440). Piano, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

JIMMY WITHERSPOON—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Blues singer. Nightly from nine (Friday from nine-thirty), through Saturday, March 2.

WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ BAND OF YANK LAWSON AND BOB HAGGART—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet and bass, respectively, with pianist Ralph Sutton, soprano-saxophonist Bob Wilber, tenor-saxophonist Bud Freeman, trombonist Benny Morton, and drummer Gus Johnson, Jr. Beginning Monday, March 4, at eight.

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seaway vessel complete with dangling halcyons, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew consists of pianist John Foster's trio Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. The Edwin Hawkins Singers perform their vigorous, wall-shaking gospel music through Friday, March 1. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser known performers.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features various jazz groups. At the moment, the Junior Mance trio is playing funky blues Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine to three.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock and folk have been a big business for years, and at last New York has come by a club capacious enough to wheel and deal in these areas effectively. Until now, one has had to endure establishments that were tiny, poorly (if at all) designed, and, if their entertainment was any good, inhumanly crowded—all in all, better suited for socio-cultural tab-keeping than for music listening. This new club, listeners will be glad to hear, seats four hundred and fifty customers; the tables are arranged not in the usual jumble but in orderly rows—there are even aisles to walk in. Other oddities, by rock-club standards, include a sophisticated lighting system controlled from a Shakespearean balcony; a large, elevated stage that gives nearly everyone in the house a clear view of the performers' costumes and mannerisms; and, best of all, an impressive sound system that just begs for a "recorded live" album. Labelle, a female vocal threesome that has now decked itself out in space uniforms, performs through Sunday, March 3. Shows at eight and eleven. Snacks.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-paneled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and pianist Randy Weston's duo. The hours are nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays from nine until one, Jaki Byard plays with a confident feel for stride, ragtime, and more modern piano styles. Bassist Major Holley, who sings in a voice as deep as his instrument, plucks, slaps, and bows in accompaniment.

Café CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is renowned as much for his choice of material as for his talent, which is decidedly unfair; the quality of a Cole Porter song, after all, could be taken for granted. Not so Mr. Short—his forte is intensity rather than insouciance. Accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, he arrives at nine-forty-five every night except Sunday and Monday. Pianist Julius Monk supplies cocktail music

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every evening but Sunday. Dinner and supper.

CHURCHILL'S, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A bright, crowded spot with musicians tucked away so that they're hard to see and hard to hear. Young stride pianist and vocalist Brooks Kerr ably re-creates sounds from the thirties, with the distinguished help of drummer Sam Woodyard and tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, a Lester Young disciple—he sounds like Young and holds his horn the way Young did, in a nearly horizontal position—who was once dubbed "the Vice-Pres." Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing band led by Art Miller, a young clarinetist, fills in Mondays and Tuesdays, and a Dixieland band—the Original Traditional Jazz Band—works on Fridays. Music from eleven to four. Dinner.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Singer, pianist, and chichi girl Rose Murphy occupies the center of the room, along with bassist Morris Edwards, through Thursday, Feb. 28. On Friday, March 1, singer-pianist Jimmy Rowles collaborates with bassist Larry Ridley from eight to one. Sundays, Dick Hyman dominates the keyboard. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances. (Some of the acts here are topflight, most not.) The rock group Elephant's Memory is the main attraction through Sunday, March 3. The mikes are switched on at about nine. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with rattan shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. Ellis Larkins, Al Hall, and all their admirers gather in this amiable setting Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, March 3, the duo will play an all-Vincent Youmans and Arthur Schwartz concert from four-thirty until seven-thirty, before their usual sets begin. Mondays, Norma Shepherd sings at the piano with bass accompaniment by Johnny Williams. Mondays through Fridays, Tad Bruce sings at the piano from six to nine.

GUJARAT, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Spare, modern, and spacious, the new quarters of this recently reopened club are quite a contrast to its former home, where musician and listener alike felt cramped. The business at hand, however, remains as it was: nightly devotionals to the great spirit of the guitar. Gene Bertocini and his bassist perform them through Saturday, March 2. Sunday and Monday, March 3-4, flamenco guitarist Anita Sheer does the honors. Guitarist Didi Patrance and bassist Dave Temple take over beginning Tuesday, March 5. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

HALF NOTE, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is currently offering Kansas City blues stylist Jimmy Witherspoon and a quartet led by tenorman Zoot Sims. Through Saturday, March 2. On Monday, March 4, Chase—a rousing brass-rock octet led by trumpeter Bill Chase and comprising four trumpets, organ, guitar, bass, and drums—begins alternating with guitarist Attila Zoller. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at nine, eleven, and one,

and Fridays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds (along with bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke cut loose. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

JIMMY'S, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Barry Harris, a pianist of substance, and bassist Lawrence Evans compete with the din Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. Closed Sundays. . . . The 52ND STREET ROOM is occupied by comic Pat Cooper Mondays through Wednesdays at nine-thirty; Thursdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . On the mezzanine, the lively little revue (updated now and then) called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

KENNY'S CASTAWAYS, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—This lively music enterprise, unique on the upper East Side, has come to rival (and occasionally surpass) even Max's Kansas City in its first-rate lineup of entertainers and musicians—blues, folk, rock, and jazz, too—and in the crowds that these performers draw. The back room, where the stage is located, has become a mass of ropes, riggings, masts, and jammed-together tables and chairs; the bar provides a large standing space for the neck-craning youths who can't get a table, and the barroom walls are papered with posters of Robert Redford, Jerry Jeff Walker, and Azuma porn. Singer and guitarist Ellen McIlwaine, the Kate Smith of the counterculture, is here through Sunday, March 3. Music nightly, starting at nine-thirty. Snacks. Mondays, various other musical types drop in.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. Bassist Charles Mingus and his sextet trade sets with folksinger Larry Gatlin through Monday, March 4. Jazz-rock (or, rock-jazz) guitarist Larry Coryell brings in his latest outfit, the Eleventh House, on Wednesday, March 6. The Counts, a rock group, will share the bill. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

METRO, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and folk and rock in a Village-coffee-house atmosphere. Folksingers Oscar Brand and Patrick Sky trade sets through Sunday, March 3. On Wednesday, March 6, Nashville sideman Charlie Daniels, now a rock star, having achieved Top Forty triumph, hits town with his band. A folkie, Eric Kaz, will appear opposite Daniels. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Through Saturday, March 2, pianist Mike Longo works with drummer Louis Hayes and bassist Sam Jones from nine-thirty to eleven, at which time humorist and pianist Dudley Moore (who arrives after the conclusion of his nightly performance in the revue "Good Evening") takes over the bench. On Tuesday, March 5, pianist Earl Hines, who assembled his first big band fifty years ago in Pittsburgh, at the ripe age of nineteen, brings in his current group—drummer Ray Mosca, bassist James Leary, and singer Marva Josie. Deadpan clarinetist Woody Allen participates with the Monday-night Dixieland band from nine to twelve. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A thriving upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, directors' chairs, and a relaxed



Dare a little. Climb into the boots of Leif Ericsson. Look a volcano in the eye. Master the sea. Discover Vinland on the new pleasure expedition ship, M/V Bewa Discoverer.

This is no ordinary cruise. It's an *expedition-cruise*, a vacation concept offered by Thomas Cook for people who have done the usual things and are ready to see something different in a genuinely different way.

People who really are ready to dare a little.

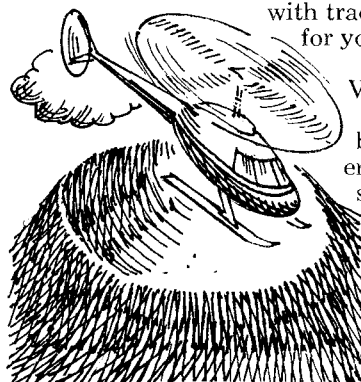
Well, the places are different: Scara Brae, Helluland and such.

And the different way is the M/V Bewa Discoverer, a ship about as unique in its own way as the Viking vessels were in theirs.

The most unusual itinerary since 900 A.D.

On June 8 your ship leaves Copenhagen. First stop, a visit to Scandinavian museums and the original Viking ships.

Westward then to Jarlshof, the Orkneys and the Faroes. Among the first islands visited by the Vikings, with traces of their visits still there for you to see.



Now Iceland. The Hekla Volcano is here, all 5,000 feet of it. It's quiet now, but only four years ago its eruption cloaked the countryside for miles around. And you can stare it straight in the eye from the ship's helicopter!

Eric the Red discovered Greenland, because he had no place else to go.

You can pursue him up the fjords to his farm at Brattahild. It's still there, remnants of it, and so are ruins of other Viking farms and longhouses. Even the first Christian church in Greenland.

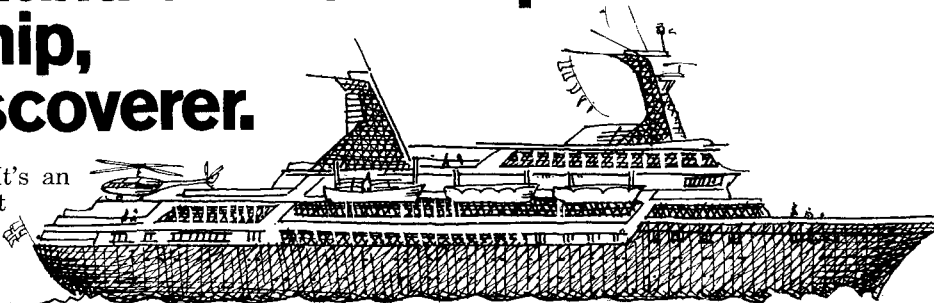
To Greenland, Newfoundland (with the only documented Viking relics on the Continent). And Vinland. Discovered four hundred years before Columbus, almost a thousand years before you.

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may have. In fact, you're almost a part of the crew.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

atmosphere. Zealot drummer Roy Haynes leads a quartet Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 28-March 2. The following week (Thursday through Saturday, March 7-9), Robin Kenyatta, a lyrical saxophonist and flutist who wanders from jazz to soul to pop, will play with his quartet. Music from ten to three. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Linda Hopkins devotes herself almost entirely to the music of Bessie Smith. (Through Saturday, March 2.) With a Tony Award to her credit for her work in "Inner City" and a strong, gospel-calibre voice (more suited, however, to Aretha's material than to Bessie's subtle blues), this singer should be able to make a go of entertaining without resorting to (or coasting on) such cult-conscious material. One suspects that not only Bessie Smith but also Linda Hopkins gets lost in these slick renditions of those forty- and fifty-year-old blues songs. On Tuesday, March 5, Eric Bentley, student of the modern theatre, Brecht scholar, and former political cabaret proprietor, begins singing and playing piano and harmonium. Appearing opposite him will be Martha Schlamme, a singer in the Brecht-Weill tradition. Shows begin at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Jeremy Stone's keyboard work fills most of the gaps between shows. Sunday, March 3, features poet, actress, singer, and weirdo Patti Smith. Shows start at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcases for even more new talent. Dining.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms of a townhouse evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Pizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, holds forth alone until Tuesday, March 5, when tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims returns to collaborate. Nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. Guitarist Mark Elf picks with his trio on Thursday, Feb. 28. The Sunday, March 3, slot will be filled by guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Reedman Jonathan Collins and his quartet play on Thursday, March 7, and pianist Larry Willis heads up a trio Friday and Saturday, March 8-9. The music is featured from nine-thirty to three (nine to two on Sundays). Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. Saxophonist Joe Farrell and guitarist Joe Beck are in charge of a quartet through Sunday, March 3. On Tuesday, March 5, powerhouse Elvin Jones and his quintet descend into these smoky, dismal, but distinguished quarters. Mondays are given over to the fifteen-piece aggregation of pianist-composer-sage Gil Evans. Evans, looking more like a prematurely gray rock star than the sixty-one-year-old jazz patriarch he is, leads one of the very few up-to-date big bands. In addition to his assortment of tubas, French horns, timpani, several bushels of percussion instruments, and synthesizer, Evans has surrounded himself with some of the best soloists around—most notably, tenor saxophonist Billy Harper, trumpeter Marvin Peterson, and, on the tuba, the very fine Howard Johnson. The music begins at ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

WEST END CAFE, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Pianist Brooks Kerr and his ensemble—Sam Woodyard and Paul Quinichette, with the addition of trumpeter Franc Williams—troop across the park from their upper East Side base (Churchill's) to perform here Mondays and Tuesdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, guitarist Tiny Grimes (who recorded with Charlie Parker in the forties) leads a trio. Clarinetist Art Miller leads his swing band,

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the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, on Sundays. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX**, the Sy Oliver band alternates with the Peppi Morreale trio for dancing, from seven-thirty to one-thirty. On Monday, March 4, the World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart will succeed the Olivers. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **CAFÉ**, with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad prevails Sundays and Mondays. Additionally, pianist Joseph Murello plays for cocktails Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Dinner and supper in the **PERSIAN ROOM** combine beauty (Monique Van Vooren) and the feast. Her songs come to a halt on Saturday, March 2; on Monday, March 4, Caryl Payne becomes the singer. Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Barry Levitt and René Martel are on the bandstand, heading up their crews, for dancing, from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays.

¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **PALM COURT** Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—It's show time for sure in this mountain fastness when, during dinner and supper, Buddy Greco's voice starts improving the breed of America's pop tunes. Discotheque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting the piano team of DeMaio and Silver in a musical-comedy repertoire, Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Soprano Gloria Loring has the floor in the **MAISONETTE** at dinner and supper through Saturday, March 2. On Tuesday, March 5, the new arrival will be Billy Eckstine. Anthony Terini's orchestra provides the dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE**, a quiet glade, is dispensing accordion and piano music from eight to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Chris Connor, that determined and detonating trouper, is in residence in the **ST. REGIS ROOM**. Her hours are Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Snacks. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Joel Grey is singing and dancing his way through dinner and supper these nights in the **EMPIRE ROOM**. Dance music by the Charles Turcamo orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ANTONIO AMARAL—Realist paintings of entangled bananas and ropes, by a young Brazilian. Through March 16. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MALCOLM BAILEY—Paintings done in enamel on Plexiglas. Starts Saturday, March 2. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

STANLEY BATE—Oils, drawings, and collages. Through Saturday, March 2. (Hartley, 50 E. 73rd St.)

KEITH BOYLE—Abstract collages. Through March 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

KATHY CALDERWOOD—Surrealistic paintings. Through March 16. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDRA COOTE—Paintings consisting of layers of colored pencil applied progressively from light hues to dark, and resembling skies. Through March 13. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

CORNEILLE—Paintings of the Quartier Rose, in Amsterdam, by a founder of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, March 9. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS—Color-field paintings, some long and horizontal. Starts Saturday, March 2. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

EMILY ELMAN—Small-scale vistas of land and sky in Maine and upstate New York. Starts Saturday, March 2. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

AGNES HART—Paintings of geometric shapes on which other forms, done in sand and marble dust, are superimposed. Through Saturday, March 2. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

JAMES HERBERT—Small watercolors, pastels, and charcoal-and-pencil drawings, all of figures. Through Saturday, March 2. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

MARVIN ISRAEL—Paintings of chairs and dogs. Through Saturday, March 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Drawings and watercolors. Through March 16. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARCADIA OLENSKA—Paintings and drawings inspired by Art Nouveau. Through Saturday, March 9. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOM PARISH—Paintings of forms resembling pebbles, in muted colors. Through March 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MEL PEKARSKY—Landscapes in oil, pencil, watercolor, and gouache on paper. Through March 30. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER—Forty oils and five watercolors done in the last three years, most of them of people and scenes in the Hamptons and Maine. Starts Saturday, March 2. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

GREGORIO PRESTOPINO—Bright abstract paintings with images of landscapes and nudes. Through March 16. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL PRICE—Life-size figures cast in bronze. Starts Saturday, March 2. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK ROTH—Abstract forms on richly textured canvases, usually of one dominant color. Through March 30. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DOROTHY RUDDICK—Colored-ink paintings of organic forms. Through March 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

CONCETTA SCARAVAGLIONE—Figurative sculptures in wood and beaten copper, from 1944 to the present, plus drawings. Through Saturday, March 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

EDITH SCHLOSS—More than thirty watercolors, drawings, and boxes. Starts Saturday, March 2. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Oil paintings of flowers, seas, and islands. Starts Friday, March 1. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

HARRY STERNBERG—Semi-abstract landscapes and satirical figure paintings. Through Saturday, March 9. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL TETHEROW—Large abstract paintings, each with two holes in it. Through March 14. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAQUÍN TORRES-GARCÍA (1874-1949)—Paintings by the South American abstractionist. Through Saturday, March 2. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

PETER WALKER—Realistic paintings of Coney Island. Through March 16. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

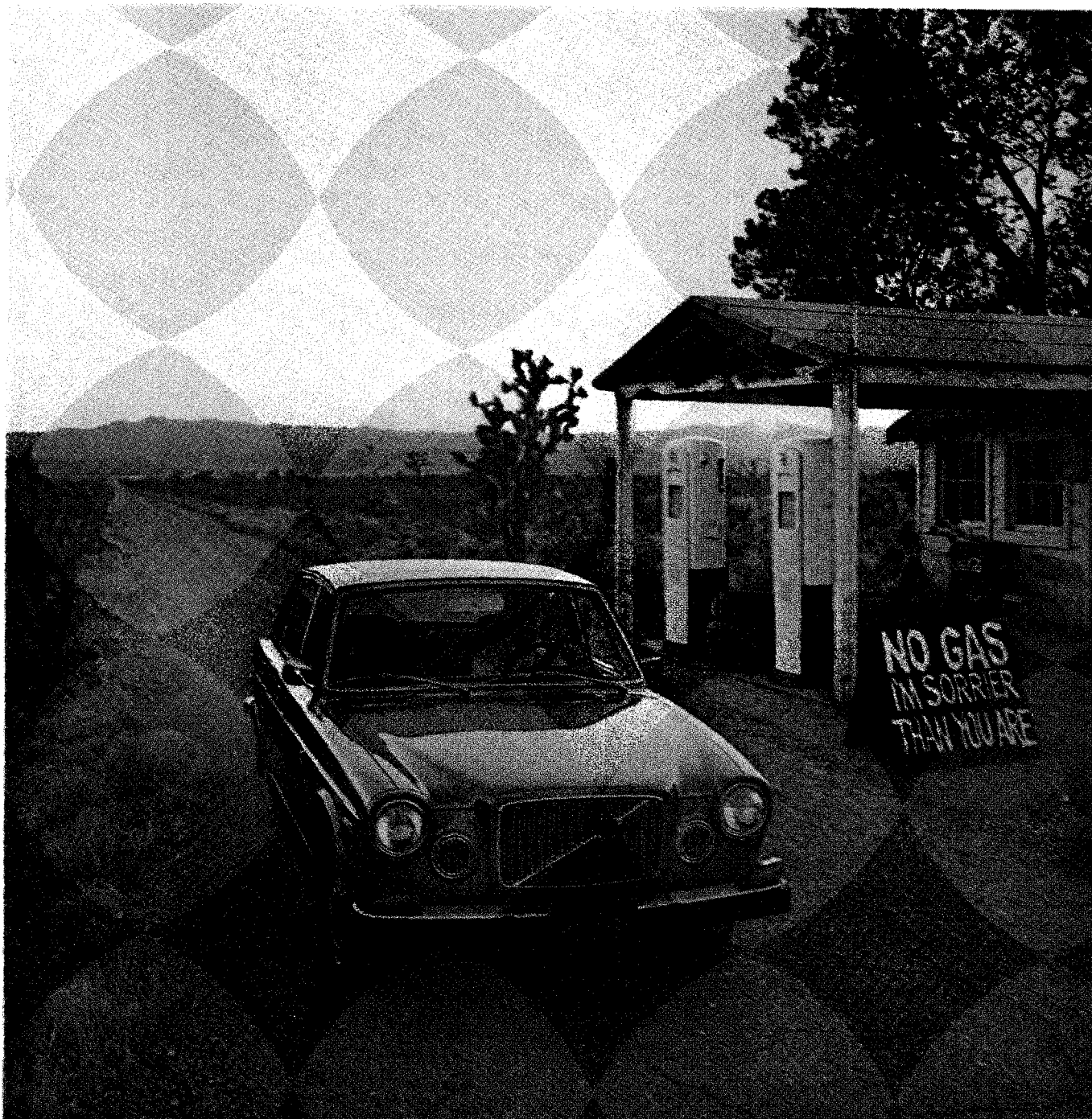
JOHN WESLEY—More of this artist's paintings of

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And if you glance at the picture above, you'll notice something else about the 164. It looks good.

Just in case the going gets civilized.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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everyday objects and figures with a comic-book slant. Through Wednesday, March 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

MIA WESTERLUND—Wall pieces of folded cloth made rigid by polyester resin. Through March 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

CHRIS WILMARTH—Small wall sculptures of squares and rectangles in etched glass against steel plates, plus watercolors and graphite relief drawings. Through Thursday, March 7. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 70th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Braque, Picasso, Ernst, Ensor, and others. Starts Friday, March 1. **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Argepolos, Lynne Drexler, and Martin Hurtig. Starts Saturday, March 2. (Closed Mondays.)

BABCOCK, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Blakelock, Glackens, Maurer, and other twentieth-century American painters. Starts Saturday, March 2. (Closed Mondays.)

FORUM, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: "Self Portraits and Portraits of Other Artists," a show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Soyer, Dickinson, Pearlstein, and others. Through Friday, March 8. (Closed Mondays.)

GOLDOWSKY, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Willem de Kooning, Milton Avery, Darby Bannard, Hans Hofmann, and Burgoyne Diller. Through Saturday, March 2. **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, cartoons, and drawings by Addams, Darrow, Getz, Martin, Miller, Modell, Price, Saxon, Stevenson, and Tobey. Through March 31. (Closed Monday through Friday mornings.)

RAYDON, 1001 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, graphics, watercolors, and sculptures by School of Paris artists. Through March 16. (Closed Mondays.) **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: A reconstruction, in part, of the 1925 exhibition organized by Alfred Stieglitz at the Anderson Galleries. Seven Americans are represented, including Demuth, Marin, and O'Keeffe. Through Saturday, March 2. **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Sculptors' drawings and prints, by Archipenko, Lehmbruck, Kollwitz, and others. Starts Saturday, March 2. (Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—Pieces by Arp, Braque, Ernst, and others. Through March 15. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ISABEL CASE BORGATTA—Stone figure sculptures. Through Saturday, March 9. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

RAY CIARROCHI—Mostly landscapes. Through Thursday, March 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JILLIAN DENBY—Paintings of nudes. Through March 14. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—More than a hundred woodcuts created from 1918 to 1950 and used by the artist as letterheads. Through Saturday, March 2. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

JOSEPH FIORE—Romantic-realist landscapes. Starts Saturday, March 2. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUCIO FONTANA (1890-1968)—Drawings by an Italian modernist who specialized in gashed canvases. Through Saturday, March 9. (Iolas, 15 E. 53rd St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HARTMAN—Paintings of clouds. Through Thursday, March 7. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GARY KUEHN—Paintings and sculptures from the last ten years, and recent felt-pen works. Through Saturday, March 9. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Bronzes and other small sculptures. Through Saturday, March 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

SYLVIA MANGOLD/JOHN PEARSON—Precisionist paintings of floors, mirrors, and walls. Abstract linear drawings. Through March 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIET MONDRIAN (1872-1944)—Paintings, drawings, and constructions, together with some two hundred items from the Harry Holtzman

Collection—photographs, his painting materials, writings, and books. Through Saturday, March 9. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

ED MOSES—Abstract acrylic paintings by a California artist. Through Wednesday, March 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH B. O'SICKEY—Impressionistic paintings of gardens. Through Saturday, March 9. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN—Two landscapes and five paintings of the nude in the studio. A collateral show to his retrospective at the Finch College Museum of Art. Through Saturday, March 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

CYNTHIA POLSKY—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Starts Thursday, Feb. 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARKO SPALATIN—Paintings of cubes in geometric patterns, done with an airbrush. Through Saturday, March 9. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HEDDA STERNE—Circular abstract paintings and drawings of plant forms. Through Saturday, March 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ADJA YUNKERS—Abstract paintings and collages. Through Saturday, March 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings executed and shown during the thirties by eight gallery artists. Through Saturday, March 2. **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: American paintings of the fifties by Pollack, de Kooning, Rothko, Kline, and others. Through March 12. (Closed Mondays.) **RENE**, 6 W. 57th St.: Aubusson tapestries by Albers, Arp, Kandinsky, and others. Through March 30. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

ROBERTA ALLEN—Small drawings with arrows, done on grid paper. Through March 13. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN ANTONAKOS—Four neon sculptures. Through Wednesday, March 6. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

NANCY AZARA—Three large partially painted wood carvings of precariously balanced forms, plus color drawings. Through Wednesday, March 6. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

NATALIE BIESER/DON EDDY—Wall pieces of wood, thread, and beads. Realist paintings of windows and reflections in windows, based on photographs. Through March 13. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

HILLO CHEN—Photo-Realistic paintings of figures on a beach. Through March 13. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

CHRIS CROSS—Realist paintings. Through March 16. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

LORETTA DUNKELMAN—Drawings in encaustic on paper. Through Wednesday, March 6. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

MIKE GALLAGHER—Lyrical abstractions. Through

March 14. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

GLORIA GREENBERG/FRANK LINCOLN VINER—Wall pieces of painted strips of interwoven canvas. Sculptures in mixed mediums. Through Wednesday, March 6. (55 Mercer Street. Closed Mondays.)

ODED HALAHMY—Four abstract aluminum sculptures painted in monochromatic hues. Through Saturday, March 9. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

PAT LIPSKY—Abstract paintings. Through March 13. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD MOCK—Conceptual work. Through Saturday, March 9. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

KYLE MORRIS—Hard-edge geometric abstractions by a former Abstract Expressionist. Through March 14. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID NOVROS/BRICE MARDEN—Abstract paintings on panels. Twenty-five drawings done with sticks dipped in ink. Through Saturday, March 2. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

DENNIS OPPENHEIM—Action pieces. Through Wednesday, March 6. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN PEARSON—Abstract linear paintings. Through March 13. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN POSEN/NAKAGAWA/MARILYNN GELFMAN-PEREIRA—Conceptual paintings. Still-life paintings. Abstract wire sculptures. Starts Saturday, March 2. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

MARION RANYAK/HALINA RUSAK—Hard-edge paintings. Paintings of flowers. Through March 20. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

JUSTIN SCHORR/DELI SACCIOTTO—Abstract paintings. Abstract prints with hard-edge areas. Starts Saturday, March 2. (West Broadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JOEL SHAPIRO—Sculptures in wood and metal. Through Wednesday, March 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHELLE STUART—Large graphite paintings. Through Wednesday, March 6. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

ELAINE STURTEVANT—A conceptual environment related to the work of Joseph Beuys. Through March 16. (Onnash, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

MARLENE TSENG/STELLA WAITZKIN—Huge abstract watercolors, plus smaller works on paper. Polyester sculptures resembling books. Through Friday, March 8. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WILLIAM WEGMAN—Drawings and videotapes. Through Saturday, March 2. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

BERNARD APTEKAR—Sculptures of painted cutouts combining a comic-book treatment and social commentary. Through Friday, March 8. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

RUTH GIKOW—Drawings and watercolors depicting contemporary life in New York. Through March 16. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

JOYCE WEINSTEIN—Cityscapes in oil. Through Saturday, March 2. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **PHOENIX**, 542 LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings by George Kanelous and Margaret Pomfret and sculptures by Elena Kepas. Through Friday, March 1. **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: "Diamond Mirror: The Art of the Buddhist and Hindu Tantra," including more than a hundred examples from the seventeenth century to the twentieth. Through Friday, March 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON—An exhibition of twenty-two photographs taken between 1932 and 1969. Through Saturday, March 9. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

ROBERT FICHTER/NATHAN LYONS—Photographs



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with autobiographic images. Photographs. Through Saturday, March 2. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

WILLIAM HENRY JACKSON (1843-1942) / TIMOTHY H. O'SULLIVAN (1840-82)—Large prints of Mexico and the West. Prints from a post-Civil War expedition exploring the Wild West. Through March 31. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Scenes of battles and portraits of the men who fought them, from the Crimean War through the First World War. Through Saturday, March 9. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An elegant exhibition of work by André Kertész (b. Hungary 1894), Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (b. Hungary 1895), and Alexander Rodchenko (b. Russia 1891) done in the twenties and thirties. Through April 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Ninety-seven medieval tapestries, on loan from museums and private collections all over Europe and North America. Among them are the enormous tapestry from the "Apocalypse" series at Angers and the six pieces of the "Lady with the Unicorn" from the Cluny Museum in Paris. Also, of course, the "Hunt of the Unicorn" set from the Cloisters. Through April 21. . . . "The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1900-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31. . . . A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art." . . . Ninety-four French drawings ranging from the work of Jacques-Louis David to that of Picasso. Through April 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Woodcuts of the eighteen-nineties by Félix Vallot which depict all levels of Parisian society. Through April 28. . . . Floor sculptures and wall pieces made of cloth, rope, sand, and other materials by Barry Flanagan. Through Sunday, March 3. . . . Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through April 28. . . . Photographs by Kertész, Moholy-Nagy, and Rodchenko; see above, under "Photography." (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Selections from the museum's collection. Through March 24. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A loan exhibition of some three hundred works of American folk art from 1776 to 1876. Through March 24. . . . A retrospective of portraits from the nineteen-thirties to the present, by Alice Neel. Through March 17. . . . "Frank O'Hara: Poet Among Painters," a show that juxtaposes the late poet's work with paintings and sculptures (by de Kooning, Lee Krasner, Helen Frankenthaler, and others) from the museum's collection. Through March 17. . . . "Hard-edge paintings of symmetrical rectangles by John McLaughlin. Through March 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Landscapes, urban scenes, portraits, and figures. Through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Terracotta sculptures (toys, cult figures, and relief panels) from ancient India. Through Sunday, March 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display on the subject of curassows and related tropical birds, including mounted specimens, paintings, drawings, maps, and tape recordings. Through March 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Monochromatic Chinese ink paintings, along with black-and-white ceramics, on loan from the Cleveland Museum of Art. Through Sunday, March 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of the work of Philip Pearlstein, composed of paintings, related drawings, and all of his prints. Through March 17. A complementary show (ending Saturday) is at the Frumkin Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A thorough review of the life and work of Gertrude Stein, on the centennial of her birth, including manuscripts, first editions, presentation copies, letters from her writer friends, photographs, and other memorabilia. Through April 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A show exploring the interaction of Japanese pictorial arts and literature. The interactors include calligraphy, paintings, and manuscripts, mostly of aristocratic provenance and ranging from the eighth century to the nineteenth. Lent from the collections of Mrs. Donald Hyde and Mr. Philip Hofer. Through March 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photo panels, models, and texts by Moshe Safdie, the architect and urban planner. Through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Great Acquisitions of Fifty Years: 1924-1974," an apt banner for a breathtaking alignment of medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, Old Master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts—areas in which the library is outstanding. Through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Baroque '74," a show of nearly a hundred objects (jewelry, furniture, textiles) by American craftsmen. Through March 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-ninth annual, composed of nearly three hundred and fifty oils, sculptures, watercolors, and graphics by both members and nonmembers. Through March 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—"Painters of the Mind's Eye," a show linking the nineteenth-century Symbolist movement in Belgium with the work of the Belgian Surrealists René Magritte and Paul Delvaux. Through March 17. . . . Paintings, drawings, and magazine illustrations and covers by Benito, the Art Deco artist who did much work for *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* in the twenties and thirties. Through March 20. . . . Metal collage constructions made during the past seven years out of printed tin throw-aways and raw-aluminum sheeting by Jim Nichols. Through April 7. . . . Drawings of collectors, writers, artists, and actors by Don Bachardy. Through April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of photographs of New York City taken between 1853 and 1901. Through May 31. . . . "New York to 1765: River, Bowery, Mill, and Beaver," the first in a series of bicentennial presentations. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits, engravings, books and manuscripts, and other objects trace life in early New York as it grew from a small company-owned town to the complex it was to become on the eve of the Revolution. Two smaller exhibits are also here: "The Duy-chincks—Merchants, Chiefs, and Painters" and "Pieter Schuyler and the Indians." Through March 13. (Tuesdays through Fri-

days, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Other People's Mail: Letters of Men and Women of Letters," an exhibit of letters by fifty Americans and fifty Britons. The writers range from Benjamin Franklin to Clifford Odets and from Jonathan Swift to George Orwell. Through May 11. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—Original scores, posters, photographs, sculptures, programs, correspondence, and costume designs tracing the career of composer Elliott Carter. Through March 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and etchings of the black ghetto and African landscapes by Vincent Smith. Through Sunday, March 3. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Stratas, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. . . . Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, Russell Christopher, and Robert Schorr; Serge Baudou. . . . Friday, March 1, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Diaz; James Levine. . . . Saturday, March 2, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Rosalind Elias, Shirley Love, Leo Goeke, William Walker, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi; John Pritchard. . . . Saturday, March 2, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Evelyn Lear, Edith Mathis, Brigitte Fassbaender, Mildred Miller, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm. . . . Monday, March 4, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, Russell Christopher, and Robert Schorr; Serge Baudou. . . . Tuesday, March 5, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ezio Flagello; Max Rudolf. . . . Wednesday, March 6, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Brigitte Fassbaender, Mildred Miller, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm. . . . Thursday, March 7, at 8: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . Friday, March 8, at 6:30: A new production of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, Bengt Rundgren, and Marius Rintzler; Rafael Kubelik. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . Saturday, March 9, at 2: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Diaz; James Levine. . . . Saturday, March 9, at 8: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Edda Moser, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, John Macurdy, David Holloway, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam. (A non-subscription performance.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Richard T. Gill; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Johanna Meier, Maralin Niska, Patricia Wise, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa; Julius Rudel. . . . Friday, March 1, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Ruth Welting, Rose Wildes, Beverly Evans, José Carreras, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . Saturday, March 2, at 2: "La Traviata," with Marisa Galvany, Beverly Evans, Reginald Byers, and Pablo Elvira; Mario Bernardi. . . . Saturday, March 2, at 8: "La Bohème," with Patricia Brooks, Carol Bay-

ard, Luciano Rampaso, and Thomas Jamer-
son; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . Sunday, March
3, at 1: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Glenys
Fowles, Rose Wildes, Herman Malamood,
and John Darrenkamp; Christopher Keene.
... Sunday, March 3, at 7: "Anna Bolena,"
with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Jeanne
Piland, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Robert
Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . Tuesday, March 5,
at 8: "La Traviata," with Marisa Galvany,
Beverly Evans, Helene Gilet, Roger Patter-
son, and John Darrenkamp; Mario Bernardi.
... Wednesday, March 6, at 8: "Anna Bo-
lena," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee,
Jeanne Piland, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Rob-
ert Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . Thursday, March
7, at 7: "Medea," with Maralin Niska, Fran-
ces Bible, Emily Derr, Richard T. Gill, and
Dean Wilder; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . Friday,
March 8, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in
English and German), with Carol Neblett,
Pamela Hebert, Patricia Wise, John Alexan-
der, and Dominic Cossa; Julius Rudel. . . .
Saturday, March 9, at 2: "Madame Butter-
fly," with Patricia Craig, Diane Curry, Luci-
ano Rampaso, Adib Fazah, and Irwin Den-
sen; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . Saturday, March
9, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Rose
Wildes, Kathleen Hegierski, Herman Mala-
mood, and William Justus; Christopher
Keene, (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Cen-
ter, TR 7-4727, Through Sunday, April 28.)

JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER—Benefit per-
formances of Puccini's "La Bohème." Staged
by Theodore Mann, with the Juilliard The-
atre Orchestra conducted by James Conlon.
(Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday
through Saturday, Feb. 28-March 2, at 8, and
Sunday, March 3, at 2. For information about
tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

MANNES OPERA WORKSHOP—Premières of Jan
Bach's "The System," based on a story by
Edgar Allan Poe, and Frank G. Stewart's
"To Let the Captive Go" (with a libretto by
John R. Hubsby), based on an incident in the
life of Mary Stuart. Conducted by Paul Berl
and staged by Harvey Vincent, (Kaufmann
Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at
92nd St. 427-6000, Tuesday, March 5, and
Thursday, March 7, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall,
Lincoln Center—Pierre Boulez conducting on
Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30; Friday, March
1, at 2; Saturday, March 2, at 8:30; and
Tuesday, March 5, at 7:30 (all with Maurizio
Pollini, piano). . . . Andrew Davis con-
ducting on Thursday, March 7, at 8:30; Friday,
March 8, at 2; Saturday, March 9, at 8:30;
and Tuesday, March 12, at 7:30 (all with
Murray Perahia, piano).

CINCINNATI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Thomas Schip-
pers conducting, with Shirley Verrett, mezzo-
soprano, (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Feb.
27, at 8.)

CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Arthur Weis-
berg conducting an all-Webern concert, with
Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Jan DeGaetani,
mezzo-soprano; Jeanne Benjamin, violin; and
Gilbert Kalish, piano, (Carnegie Hall, Fri-
day, March 1, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman
conducting, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute,
(Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metro-
politan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-
5512, Saturday, March 2, at 8, and Sunday,
March 3, at 5:30. All seats have been sold,
and only standing room is left.)

**NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY SYMPHONY ORCHES-
TRA**—Gunther Schuller conducting a concert
postponed from Feb. 3, with Madeleine Mal-
raux, piano; Cyrus Stevens, violin; and Cal-
vin Price, trumpet, (St. Stephen's Church,
120 W. 69th St. Sunday, March 3, at 4. For
information about tickets, call 757-8344.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman
conducting the final concert of the season,
with Charles Rosen, piano, and Kenneth
Cooper, harpsichord, (Avery Fisher Hall,
Lincoln Center, Wednesday, March 6, at
7:30.)

OPERA ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Eve Queler di-
recting the United States première of Doni-
zetti's "Parisina d'Este" in concert form,
with Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Louis
Quilico, baritone; James Morris, bass; and
the Schola Cantorum of New York. The second
of two concerts this season, (Carnegie
Hall, Wednesday, March 6, at 8.)

AUGUSTANA CONCERT BANO—George Opheim con-
ducting, (Town Hall, JU 2-4536, Friday,
March 1, at 8.)

UNIVERSITY CHORALE OF BOSTON COLLEGE—C. Alex-

ander Peloquin directing, (Alice Tully Hall,
Saturday, March 2, at 8.)

BACH'S "ST. JOHN PASSION"—Thomas Dunn di-
recting an orchestra and a chorus, with Sue
Ellen Kuzma, soprano; Pamela Gore, alto;
Jon Humphrey, tenor; and others, (Alice
Tully Hall, Monday, March 4, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

STEPHEN BISHOP—Piano, (Hunter College Play-
house, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350,
Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

RITA BOUBOULIDI—The last in a series of concerts
presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano
sonatas, (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth
Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 280-3600,
Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

ANDRÉE JULIETTE BRUN—Piano, (Alice Tully Hall,
Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

CHRISTA LUDWIG—Mezzo-soprano, (Avery Fish-
er Hall, Lincoln Center, Wednesday, Feb. 27,
at 8.)

NEW AMSTERDAM ENSEMBLE—Chamber music,
(Carnegie Recital Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 27,
at 8.)

JEAN HAKES, CHERYL SELTZER, AND JOEL SACHS—So-
prano and pianists, in a program of twentieth-
century music, (Hunter College Playhouse,
Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350, Thursday,
Feb. 28, at 6.)

AGUSTIN ANIEVAS—Piano, in the second of two
concerts, (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, Feb.
28, at 8.)

NEW YORK PHILOMUSICA CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—The
second in a series of three concerts of Mozart
divertimentos, (Grace Rainey Rogers Audi-
torium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at
83rd St. 879-5512, Friday, March 1, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Ru-
dolf Serkin, piano; the Guarneri Quartet;
Walter Trampler, viola; and Paula Robison,
flute, (Alice Tully Hall, Friday, March 1, at
8:30, and Sunday, March 3, at 5.)

JOSEPH FENNIMORE—Piano, in a benefit recital,
(Carnegie Recital Hall, Saturday, March 2,
at 3.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music, (Kaufmann
Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at
92nd St. 427-6000, Saturday, March 2, at 8.
... Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metro-
politan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St.
879-5512, Friday, March 8, at 8. ... Wash-
ington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th
St. Saturday, March 9, at 8. For tickets, call
586-4680.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music,
(Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl.
at 16th St. Saturday, March 2, at 8. For
tickets, call 586-4680.)

COMPOSERS' FORUM—A program of works by
Ronald Pellegrino and Menahen Zur, (Don-
nell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Sat-
urday, March 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

BYRON JANIS—Piano, (Carnegie Hall, Sunday,
March 3, at 3.)

JUDITH RASKIN—Soprano, (Fuentidueña Apse,
The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park, Sunday,
March 3, at 3. For information about tickets,
call 923-3702.)

ANDRÉ WATTS—Piano, (Avery Fisher Hall, Lin-
coln Center, Sunday, March 3, at 3.)

INGRID DINGFELDER AND RITA KOORS MYERS—Flute
and keyboard, (Alice Tully Hall, Sunday,
March 3, at 8.)

CONTINUING AVANT-GARDE—The third in this
season's series of four League of Composers-
ISCM concerts, this one a program of Ameri-
can music performed by the Da Capo Cham-
ber Players, (Carnegie Recital Hall, Monday,
March 4, at 8.)

MARIA CALLAS AND GIUSEPPE DI STEFANO—Soprano
and tenor, in a benefit recital postponed from
Feb. 17, (Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, March 5,
at 8. For tickets, call 582-7500.)

HIROKO YAJIMA—Violin, (Grace Rainey Rogers
Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth
Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512, Tuesday, March
5, at 8.)

JAPAN TRIO—Chamber music, (Carnegie Recital
Hall, Tuesday, March 5, at 8.)

FLAVIO VARANI—Piano, (Alice Tully Hall,
Wednesday, March 6, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Chamber music, (Grace
Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan
Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512,
Thursday, March 7, at 8.)

ANDRÉS SEGOVIA—Classical guitarist, in the sec-
ond of two concerts, (Avery Fisher Hall,
Lincoln Center, Friday, March 8, at 8.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—Piano, (Grace Rainey Rogers



AND THROUGH A LONDON FOG
THE SUN IS SHINING EVERYWHERE
That's how anxious you'll be to get into
this double-breasted trench with a kinky
back pleat. Silky polyester with a gabar-
dine weave in doekin beige or Wedgwood
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Country Raincoats, 3rd Floor, New York
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355-5900. Open late Monday, Thursday.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)

KYUNG-WHA CHUNG—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)

NICANOR ZABALETA—Harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Frans Brueggen, recorder and baroque flute, and Alan Curtis, harpsichord, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 17, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, March 4, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 5:45: **THEODORE BIKEL**. ... Wednesday, March 6, at 5:45: **AL CARMINES AND FRIENDS**.

JACKSON BROWNE AND LINDA RONSTADT—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8 and 11:30.

PAUL BLEY AND SCORPIO—Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 280-5011.

BUDDY GUY, JUNIOR WELLS, COCOA TAYLOR, AND MANCE LIPSCOMB—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 1, at 8.

CLARK TERRY QUARTET—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, March 3, at 3. No tickets necessary.

BEE GEES—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday and Monday, March 3-4, at 8.

BILLY ECKSTINE AND COUNT BASIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 3, at 8.

NEW YORK JAZZ REPERTORY COMPANY—The fourth in a series of concerts, this one devoted to the music of John Coltrane, with Elvin Jones, Jimmy Garrison, and Andrew White. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 4, at 8.)

LEE KONITZ/MARSHALL BROWN QUINTET—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8.

BUDDY RICH'S BAND, CARMEN MCRAE, AND THE JIMMY MCGRIFF ALL-STARS—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 8, at 8.

PETE SEEGER AND ARLO GUTHRIE—Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8.

JOE WALSH & BARNSTORM AND THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 8, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

ABETI—With musicians and dancers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)

RORY GALLAGHER, BRIAN AUGER'S OBLIVION EXPRESS, AND 10CC—Academy of Music. Saturday, March 9, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, March 2, at 8. ... Knicks vs. Seattle, Tuesday, March 5, at 7:30. ... Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, March 9, at 8. ... **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. San Antonio, Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 7:35. ... Nets vs. San Diego, Friday, March 1, at 7:35. ... Nets vs. Indiana, Sunday, March 3, at 2:35. ... Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, March 8, at 7:35.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 7:35. ... Rangers vs. California Golden Seals, Sunday, March 3, at 7:05. ... Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Wednesday, March 6, at 7:35. ... **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 7:35): Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Feb. 28. ... Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, March 5. ... Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, March 9.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 11. The Swift, Saturday, March 2, and the Roseben Handicap, Saturday, March 9. ... **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 2; through Monday, May 27. ... **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday,

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March 16. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 9.

TROTting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, March 2. ... **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8, from Monday, March 4, through Saturday, May 18.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERETTAS—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, March 2-3, at 4. ... "The Yeomen of the Guard," Saturday, March 9, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Pinocchio," (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) ... **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Pinocchio," (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturday, March 2, at 12:30 and 2:30, and Sunday, March 9, at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) ... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "My Horse Is Waiting," (P.S. 41, 116 W. 11th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3. Tickets at the box office only, on the days of the performances.) ... **PICKWICK PUPPETS**: "Rumpelstiltskin," (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 2, at 2:30. For tickets, call 866-4602.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Spaceship Earth." Starting Tuesday, March 5, there will be a new show, "It's About Time." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 27-28, at 10:15 and 2: Books and autographs, from a number of owners.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—First league game here—Yankees vs. Cleveland, at Shea Stadium—can you believe it?—April 6-8 (all day games). ... Mets vs. St. Louis, at Shea Stadium—as is only right—April 9-10 (both day games) and April 11 (day doubleheader).

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: March 12 (Los Angeles), March 23 (Kansas City-Omaha), and March 26 (Philadelphia). ... The Nets at NASSAU COLISEUM, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: March 10 (Virginia), March 11 (Indiana), March 13 (Utah), March 15 (Denver), March 20 (Memphis), March 22 (San Diego), and March 27 (Denver).

BOXING—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden. March 22.)

GOLF—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 11-14.)

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Ranger

games on March 10, 14, 20, 24, 27, and 31, and April 3 and 7. ... **NASSAU COLISEUM**, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Islander games on March 12, 16, 19, and 23, and April 2 and 6.

RACING—At Aintree, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 30.

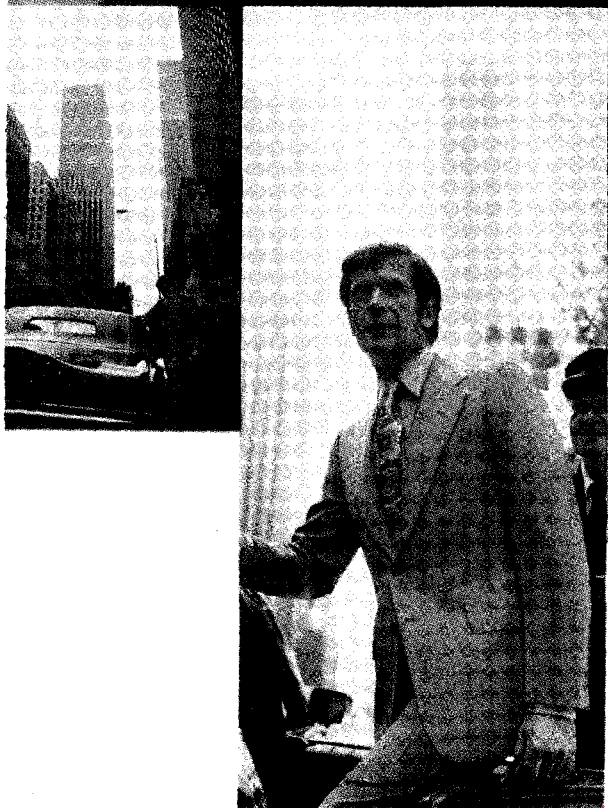
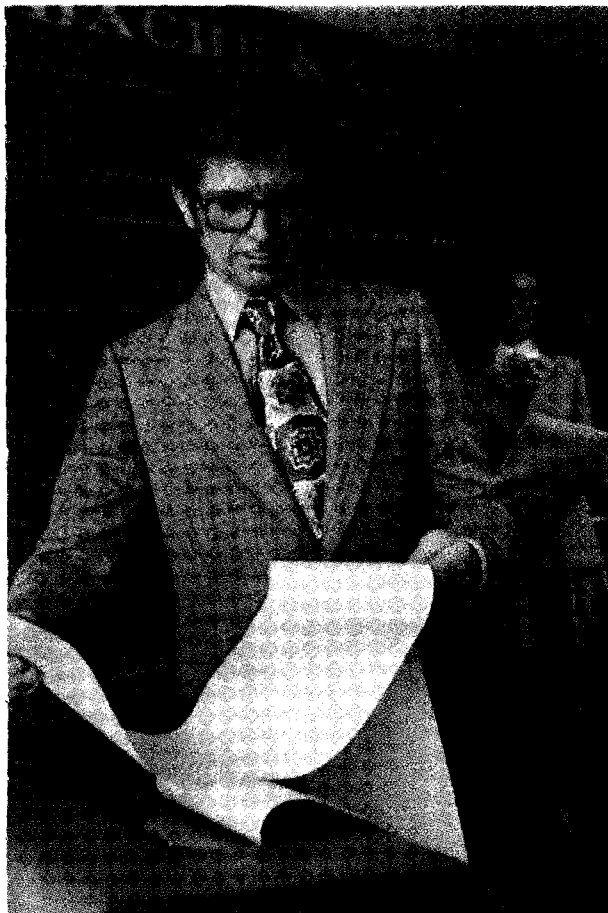
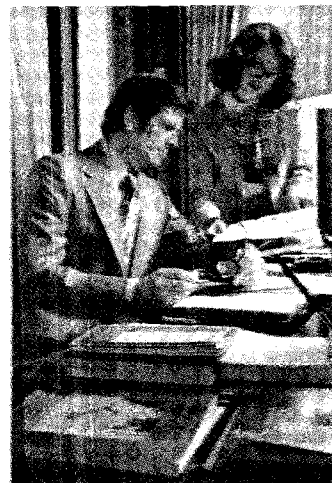
MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 20. ... **AVERY FISHER HALL**, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 18. ... Philadelphia Orchestra, March 11 and 18 and April 1. ... Philippe Entremont, piano, March 17. ... Boston Symphony, March 20 and 22. ... Our Bach Concert, March 23. ... National Symphony Orchestra, March 24. ... Brandenburg Ensemble, March 24. ... Luciano Pavarotti, tenor, March 29. ... Beverly Sills, soprano, March 31. ... André Watts, piano, and the Symphony of the New World, March 31. ... Symphony of the New World, April 7. ... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, March 10. ... Denver Symphony Orchestra, March 11. ... Pittsburgh Symphony, March 13. ... Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, March 15. ... David Bar-Ilan, piano, March 16. ... Alfred Brendel, piano, March 17 and April 7. ... Gina Bachauer, piano, March 20. ... Boston Symphony, March 23. ... American Symphony Orchestra, March 25. ... Handel Society Orchestra and Chorus, March 26. ... Christoph Eschenbach, piano, March 27. ... Collegiate Chorale, March 29. ... Pinchas Zukerman, violin, March 31. ... Maria Callas, soprano, and Giuseppe Di Stefano, tenor, April 2. ... Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, April 4. ... Birgit Nilsson, soprano, April 7. ... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 10, 12, and 31, and April 2. ... Music from Marlboro, March 11. ... Municipal Concerts Orchestra, March 16. ... New and Newer Music, March 17. ... Nuits Musicales, March 18. ... Bruce Hungerford, piano, March 19. ... Bach Aria Group, March 20. ... Sine Nomine Singers, March 23. ... Rey de la Torre, classical guitarist, March 24. ... Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 27. ... Dessoff Choirs, March 30. ... Clarion Concert, April 9. ... **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): New York Pro Musica, March 13-17. ... Pinchas Zukerman, violin, March 17. ... Lynn Harrell, cello, and James Levine, piano, March 31. ... Rudolf Serkin, piano, April 5. ... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Musica Sacra of New York, March 14 and 28. ... Peter Serkin, piano, and others, March 15 and April 10. ... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Ruggero Ricci, violin, and Jorge Bolet, piano, March 19. ... "The Composer Speaks," March 25.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "An American Millionaire," a comedy by Murray Schisgal, with Paul Sorvino, Bob Disly, Austin Pendleton, and Joseph Boya. ... A play by Herb Gardner, "Thieves," starring Valerie Harper and Richard Mulligan. ... Henry Fonda in a five-week engagement of "Clarence Darrow," a one-man play by David W. Rintels, based on Irving Stone's book "Clarence Darrow for the Defense." ... A comedy imported from London, "My Fat Friend," written by Charles Laurence and with a cast headed by Lynn Redgrave and George Rose. ... Strindberg's "The Dance of Death," adapted by A. J. Antoon, a presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Robert Shaw, Zoe Caldwell, and Hector Elizondo are the entire cast. ... A musical, "Brainchild," with a book by Maxine Klein, music by Michel Legrand, lyrics by Hal David, and a cast that includes Tovah Feldshuh, Barbara Niles, Dorian Harewood, and Marilyn Pasekoff.

OTHER DATES—Coliseum Antiques Fair and Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 9-17. ... Empire Cat Show, at the Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, March 15-17. ... St. Patrick's Day is Sunday, March 17. ... The first day of spring is March 20. ... The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, March 28-May 27. ... International Imported Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 6-14. ... Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1973 and estimates for 1974 are due Monday, April 15.

Corporate Preferreds: Viracle Suits by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

The man who values a sound fashion investment prefers suits of Viracle®, Hart Schaffner & Marx's exclusive blend of Dacron® polyester and fine wool worsted. It's cool and lightweight. Lends itself to business wear of a decidedly "blue chip" quality. This handsome plaid is just one from our Corporate Collection for Spring. Naturally, it's Viracle.



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We built the new Valiant Brougham for people who want the comfort of a luxury car, and the economy and size of a compact car.

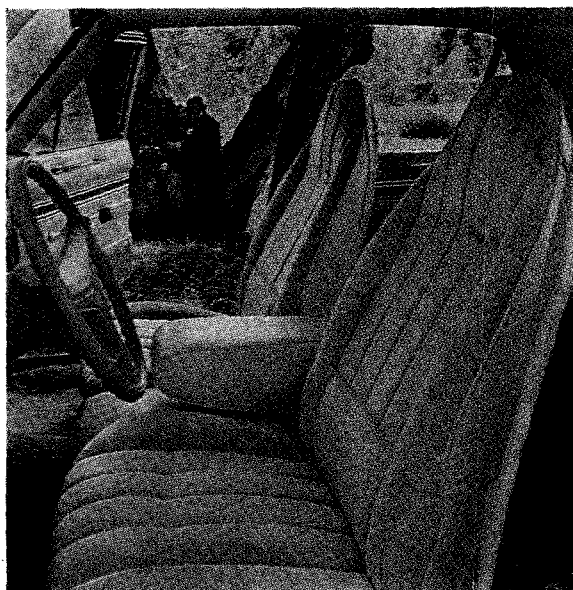
The Car.

Valiant Brougham is designed to have plenty of room for six passengers. But it's not too big. It's a tough little Plymouth compact with the kind of luxuries you'd never expect to find in a compact.

The luxuries.

Imagine settling comfortably into Valiant Brougham's parchment colored, crushed velour bucket seats with center armrest. (Or, if you prefer, there's a crushed velour bench seat).

There is an instrument panel with a wood-grained look, complete with radio; there's also cut pile carpeting, map pockets behind the front seat, and assist straps left and right. The total impression is that of many European luxury cars. Standard features like this assure you, Valiant Brougham is not an ordinary compact.



Crushed velour bucket seats.

The engineering.

You'll find such engineering features as torsion-bar suspension. Unibody construction. And an Electronic Ignition System that has no points or condenser to replace. You'll also find such standard equipment as: power steering, disc brakes, and automatic transmission.

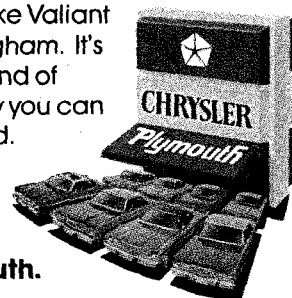
The gas mileage.

This is the one time Valiant Brougham doesn't act like a luxury car. You may order it with a standard six cylinder engine. After all, saving gas is stylish, too.

See your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer. He'll tell you about the advantages of owning a small car like Valiant Brougham. It's the kind of luxury you can afford.

Valiant Brougham.

One of eight great
small car buys from Plymouth.



Extra care in engineering... it makes a difference.

Tune in NHL Hockey on NBC-TV. Brought to you by Chrysler Corporation.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 28: "Paper Moon" and "Take the Money and Run."
From March 1: "Day for Night."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 2: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "For Me and My Gal."
March 3-5: "Private Lives" and "Marie Antoinette."
From March 6: "Tugboat Annie" and "Anna Christie."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through March 5: "Westworld" and "Soylent Green."
From March 6: "O Lucky Man!" and another feature, to be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Walking Tall."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 28: "Bang the Drum Slowly" and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."
From March 1: "Day for Night."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Sleeper."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Sleeper."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Blazing Saddles."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Zardoz."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Feb. 27: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 28: "The Pedestrian."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Last Detail."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 229 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Way We Were."

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Way We Were."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Chariots of the Gods?"

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Feb. 27: "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" and "Mexican Bus Ride."
From Feb. 28: "Lucia."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Laughing Policeman."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"American Graffiti."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Exorcist."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Thieves Like Us."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (870-1313)
"Man on a Swing."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BL 8-9304)
Through March 5: "Westworld."
From March 6: "Ash Wednesday."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (240-1806)
Through Feb. 28: "Charley Varrick" and "The Don Is Dead."
From March 1: "Day for Night."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (240-1806)
"Papillon."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Chariots of the Gods?"

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (240-5100)
"Chariots of the Gods?"

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through March 5: "Crazy Joe."
From March 6: "Zardoz."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Sting."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"McQ."

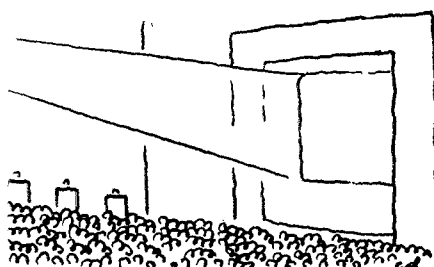
R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Sugar Hill."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Busting."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Don't Look Now."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 28: "A Touch of Class" and "The Ruling Class."
From March 1: "The Seven-Ups."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 5: "Children of Paradise."
From March 6: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" and "The First Circle."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 5: "Chariots of the Gods?"
From March 6: "Zardoz."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 5 at one or another of the theatres: "Last Tango in Paris" and "The Conformist" / "Tupamaros!", "When the People Awake," and "Memories of Underdevelopment" / "Cries and Whispers" and "Chloe in the Afternoon" / "Le Sex Shop" and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."
From March 6: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 10th. (675-0935)
Feb. 27: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "The White Sheik."
Feb. 28-March 4: "Citizen Kane" and "The Birth of a Nation."
March 5: "A Man and a Woman" and "Belle de Jour."
March 6: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Fellini's Roma."
From March 7: "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors."

23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"The Seven-Ups" and "Ace Eli and Rodger of the Skies."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Chariots of the Gods?"

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through March 6: "Superdad."
From March 7: "Mame."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Day for Night."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 28: "Happy New Year."
From March 1: "The Seven-Ups."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sleeper."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Feb. 28: "Of Human Bondage" and "Jezebel."
March 1-2: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "Footlight Parade."
March 3: "A Man for All Seasons."
March 4-5: "The Firemen's Ball" and "Intimate Lighting."
March 6-7: "Accident" and "Cul-de-Sac."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Exorcist."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Papillon."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through March 5: "Cries and Whispers" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From March 6: To be announced.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)

To be announced.

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)

Through Feb. 28: "Charley Varrick" and "The Don Is Dead."

From March 1: "The Seven-Ups" and "Ace Eli and Rodger of the Skies."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Through March 5: "Last Tango in Paris" and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?"

From March 6: To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through Feb. 28: "Partner" and "La Salamandre."

From March 1: "Day for Night."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

Through March 5: "Ash Wednesday" and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."

From March 6: "The New Land" and "A Doll's House."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

"Walking Tall."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through March 5: "O Lucky Man!" and "If..."

From March 6: "Mean Streets" and "Fat City."

NOTE—A few specialist film houses—**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, March 1-3: "At the Circus" (1939; the Marx Brothers) and "Babes on Broadway" (1941; Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney)... **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent filmmakers. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays... **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 27 at 5:30: "Three Strange Loves" (1949), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman... Feb. 28 at 5:30: "Festival!" (1966), directed by Murray Lerner, a documentary about the 1963-66 Newport Folk Festivals... Feb. 28 at 8: "Isle of Wight Pop Festival" (1970), a work-in-progress by director Murray Lerner... March 1 at 2: "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" (1959), in French, directed by Roger Vadim, with Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe... March 1 at 5:30 and March 2 at noon: "Quixote" (1965), directed by Bruce Baillie; "Scorpio Rising" (1963), directed by Kenneth Anger; and "A Movie" (1958), directed by Bruce Conner... March 2 at 3: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1962), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig... March 2 at 5:30: "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" (1959)... March 3 at 12:30 and 3: "The Fabulous World of Jules Verne" (1958), directed by Karel Zeman... March 3 at 5:30: "Le Plaisir" (1952), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Danielle Darrieux and Simone Simon... March 4 at 2: "From the Notebook of..." (1971), directed by Robert Beavers... March 4 at 5:30: "A History of the Blue Movie" (1970), directed by Alex de Renzy; recommended for adults only... March 5 at 2: "Tol'able David" (1921), directed by Henry King, with Richard Barthelmess... March 5 at 5:30: A program of three films by Nancy Graves... March 6 at 5:30: "Tol'able David" (1921)... March 7 at 5:30: "Congestion" (1918), a Russian film, directed by A. Panteleyev, D. Pashkovsky, and A. Dolinov; and "The Young Lady and the Hooligan" (1918), a Russian film, directed by Y. Slavinsky... March 7 at 8: "The Queen of Spades" (1916), a Russian film, directed by Y. Protazanov; no English titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Feb. 28: "The Wrong Man" (1957), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Henry Fonda and Vera Miles... March 1: "99 River Street" (1953), directed by Phil Karlson, with John Payne and Evelyn Keyes... March 2-3: "Bombshell" (1933), directed by Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow and Lee



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Tracy... ¶ March 6-7: "I Confess" (1953), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Montgomery Clift and Anne Baxter. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 6: "Biographical Cinema," a program of four short films... ¶ Starting March 7: "Montreal Main," directed by Frank Vitale. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2 and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings); on March 7 at 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

ACCIDENT (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakening philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 6-7.)

ACE ELI AND RODGER OF THE SKIES—With Cliff Robertson and Eric Shea, directed by Bill Sampson. (23rd St. Cinema... ¶ Beacon; starting March 1.)

AMERICAN GRAFFITI—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Reviewed in these pages 8/13/73.) (Columbia II.)

ANNA CHRISTIE (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 6.)

ASH WEDNESDAY—In a few scenes, Elizabeth Taylor is done up like Arletty playing Garance in "Children of Paradise," and she's absolutely ravishing, in an unearthly, ageless way. But the film is a long-drawn-out ghoulish commercial for cosmetic surgery—made, apparently, for people who can't think of anything to do with their lives but go backward. Jean-Claude Tramont is credited with the script and Larry Peerce is credited with the direction, but there is no script and there is no direction. With Keith Baxter, Helmut Berger, and Henry Fonda giving a sour, dumb performance. (Symphony; through March 5.... ¶ 72nd Street East; starting March 6.)

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (Gramercy; through Feb. 28.... ¶ Regency; through March 5.)

BELLE DE JOUR (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Elgin; March 5.)

THE BIRTH OF A NATION (1915)—Of this D. W. Griffith film, James Agee wrote, "It is equal with Brady's photographs, Lincoln's speeches, Whitman's war poems... in fact, to the best work that has been done in this country. And among moving pictures it is alone... as the one great epic, tragic film." With Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall. (Elgin; Feb. 28-March 4.)

BLAZING SADDLES—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem as much as they can, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very

funny; rehearsed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Sutton.)

BUSTING—With Elliott Gould and Robert Blake, directed by Peter Hyams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

CHARIOTS OF THE GODS?—Directed by Harald Reinl. (Ciné Malibu, Trans-Lux 85th St., U.A. East, and Guild... ¶ Greenwich; through March 5.)

CHARLEY VARRICK—Walter Matthau as a wily bank robber who outsmarts the police and the Mafia, too. Unpleasant, noisy, brutal, and with sentimental flourishes. Don Siegel directed. (11/12/73) (Juliet 1, and Beacon; through Feb. 28.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; through March 5.)

CHLOÉ IN THE AFTERNOON (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (10/7/72) (Quad Cinema; through March 5.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comynore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Elgin; Feb. 28-March 4.)

THE CONFORMIST (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through March 5.)

CRAZY JOE—With Peter Boyle and Paula Prentiss, directed by Carlo Lizzani. (Loews Orpheum; through March 5.)

CRIES AND WHISPERS (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (1/6/73) (Quad Cinema, and Regency; through March 5.)

THE CRIMINAL LIFE OF ARCHIBALDO DE LA CRUZ (1955)—Only intermittently amusing black comedy, made in Mexico by Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity. It's about a man whose attempts to commit murder are constantly frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. In Spanish. (First Avenue Screening Room; Feb. 27.)

CUL-DE-SAC (1966)—A slapstick comedy of hor-

rors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. (Carnegie Hall Cinema: March 6-7.)

DAY FOR NIGHT—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Festival... Art, Gramercy, Juliet 1, and New Yorker; starting March 1.)

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (Ziegfeld.)

A DOLL'S HOUSE—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (6/2/73) (Symphony; starting March 6.)

THE DON IS DEAD—With Anthony Quinn, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Juliet 1, and Beacon; through Feb. 28.)

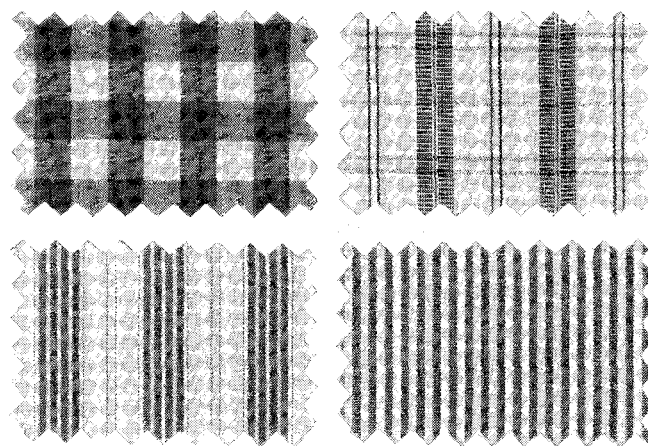
DON'T LOOK NOW—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion Gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Waverly.)

THE EXORCIST—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema 1, Beekman, Paris, and Paramount.)

FAT CITY (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and breads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California). Huston is back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. (7/29/72) (Olympia; starting March 6.)

FELLINI SATYRICON (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Elgin; March 6.)

FELLINI'S ROMA (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see



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himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (10/21/72) (Elgin; March 6.)

THE FIREMEN'S BALL (1967)—A Czech comedy considered by some to be a minor masterpiece. A small-town firemen's ball is held, ostensibly to award a hatchet to a retiring fire chief but also as an occasion for a beauty contest, a raffle, and an all-purpose celebration. Directed by Miloš Forman ("Loves of a Blonde," "Taking Off"), with a feeling for parody and gentle slapstick, from a script that Ivan Passer ("Intimate Lighting") had a hand in. Sample gag: an old man sits in a chair in the snow facing his house, which is burning; his neighbors, considerate of his feelings, turn the chair around, and then, fearing he'll catch cold, move the chair closer to the fire. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 4-5.)

THE FIRST CIRCLE (1973)—Alexander Ford, once head of the Polish film industry, made this version of the Alexander Solzhenitsyn novel in Denmark. It's not a great film, but it's not drab; it's tense and intelligent, and good enough to raise the issue of the moral and intellectual choices left open when political freedom is gone. Gunther Malzacher plays Nerzhin-Solzhenitsyn—the lean, ironic gadfly-hero who is sent to Siberia to starve and die but who feels morally triumphant. The Scandinavian, Polish, and German actors speak in English; nonaccented voices have been dubbed in. Under the circumstances, this seems a sensible solution, and the somewhat impersonal voices make the argument of the film easy to follow. (1/20/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; starting March 6.)

FOOTLIGHT PARADE (1933)—One of those "classic" early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful in a way that will never come back. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes. Joan Blondell is tough and honest. Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 1-2.)

FOR ME AND MY GAL (1942)—Fresh from his Broadway success in "Pal Joey," Gene Kelly made his movie debut here as a good-bad guy, playing opposite Judy Garland. They are a vaudeville team who are just getting their big break when Kelly is inducted (the period is the First World War); he deliberately injures his hand so he won't have to fight, and—the movie having been made during the Second World War—he must then reform, and become a hero. The story is naively patriotic and sentimental, but Kelly is amazingly fresh; his grin could melt stone, and he and Garland are a magical pair. A good score, and some neat comedy routines featuring Kelly and Ben Blue. Busby Berkeley directed; with George Murphy and Marta Eggerth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 2.)

THE FRIENDS OF EDDIE COYLE—Ineffective movie based on the George V. Higgins book—which should have been first-rate movie material. Robert Mitchum, looking appropriately square-headed, tries hard, but nothing really meshes in this movie. The actor who comes across best is Richard Jordan, as the smart, treacherous cop. The director, Peter Yates, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story, and he certainly doesn't know the Boston Irish locale. With Peter Boyle. (Gramercy; through Feb. 28....) Symphony; through March 5.)

HAPPY NEW YEAR—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian; directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Playboy; through Feb. 28.)

IF... (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Olympia; through March 5.)

INTIMATE LIGHTING (1965)—A small but charming and humane comedy about a young couple who visit an old friend of the man's and discover how the two men's paths—once so close—have diverged. Directed by Ivan Passer. A Czechoslovakian film. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 4-5.)

JEZEBEL (1938)—Bette Davis at her dazzling best—as a Southern belle who confuses perversity with coquetry. A full-scale demonstration of the talent of a star who can act. William Wyler directed. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Feb. 28.)

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 27.)

THE LAST DETAIL—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. The movie is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Coronet.)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (10/28/72) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd St.; through March 5.)

THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey one-upmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (1/21/74) (Columbia I.)

LUCIA—A Cuban film, directed by Humberto Solas. In Spanish. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Feb. 28.)

MAME—With Lucille Ball, directed by Gene Saks. (Music Hall; starting March 7.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Elgin; March 5.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 3.)

MAN ON A SWING—With Cliff Robertson and Joel Grey, directed by Frank Perry. (Loews Tower East.)

MARIE ANTOINETTE (1938)—A resplendent bore. M-G-M built a grand ballroom that was several feet longer than the original at Versailles, and Adrian designed twelve hundred and fifty gowns, as well as costumes for two poodles. The efforts to create a sympathetic interpretation of Marie that would be suitable for Norma Shearer—M-G-M's "first lady" and, as Irving Thalberg's widow, a large stockholder—resulted in a lugubriously noble central character. Since King Louis XVI (Robert Morley) wasn't much of a love interest, Shearer was given Tyrone Power (as a Swedish count) for a bit of romance; meant for leavening, this doomed affair only adds to the soggy weight. W. S. Van Dyke directed; with John Barrymore, Gladys George, Anita Louise, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 3-5.)

MCQ—Prostratingly dull. John Wayne, eager to change his image, plays a tough cop, modelled on Clint Eastwood's Harry Callahan. As a member of the Seattle police force, Wayne clutches a little gun in gnarled hands the size of cattle hocks. John Sturges directed, at a funereal pace. (2/11/74) (86th St. East.)

MEAN STREETS—A true original, and a triumph of

personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Olympia; starting March 6.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 2.)

MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counter-revolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (5/26/73) (Quad Cinema; through March 5.)

MEXICAN BUS RIDE (1951)—Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Mexican dialect. (First Avenue Screening Room; Feb. 27.)

THE NEW LAND—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seems as if he loves nature so much that he wants to plunder it all; the viewer is the beneficiary. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (10/15/73) (Symphony; starting March 6.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily mean to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Feb. 28.)

LUCKY MAN!—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camera work is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If...," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (6/16/73) (Olympia; through March 5....) St. Marks Cinema; starting March 6.)

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVICH (1971)—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting March 6.)

PAPER MOON—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy,

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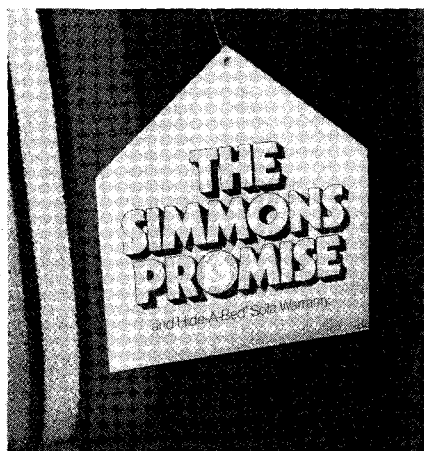
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played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (Art; through Feb. 28.)

PAPILLON—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (Juliet 2, and Cinema Studio.)

PARTNER (1969)—Two years before "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this inventive but bewildering political vaudeville—a modernization of Dostoevski's "The Double," in which a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti) has fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. Clémenti doesn't convey enough intellectuality for an audience to understand the character, who seems to be a comic-strip Artaud. Visually extraordinary, and with original and daring tricks of style, but not easy to take. With Stefania Sandrelli and Tina Aumont. In Italian. (3/27/71) (New Yorker; through Feb. 28.)

THE PEDESTRIAN—Directed by Maximilian Schell. In German. (Fine Arts; starting Feb. 28.)

PRIVATE LIVES (1931)—Early talkie attempt at glittering theatrical sophistication, and, somehow, M-G-M brought it off this time. This version of the Noël Coward play was made soon after the play came out, and perhaps the play's style and excitement carries the cast along. Norma Shearer isn't so bad, and Robert Montgomery is very, very good. It was a dazzling success. Sidney Franklin directed; with Reginald Denny. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 3-5.)

THE RULING CLASS (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funny played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (9/16/72) (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 28.)

LA SALAMANDRE (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with an English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (8/12/72) (New Yorker; through Feb. 28.)

SERPICO—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Baronet.)

THE SEVEN-UPS—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (23rd St. Cinema. . . 8th St. Playhouse, Playboy, and Beacon; starting March 1.)

LE SEX SHOP—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that look like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (8/6/73) (Quad Cinema; through March 5.)

SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS (1964)—A Ukrainian film, directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Also known as "Wild Horses of Fire." (Elgin; starting March 7.)

SLEEPER—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, di-

rected by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (34th St. East, Eastside Cinema, and Little Carnegie.)

SOYLENT GREEN—Priggish science fiction, directed by Richard Fleischer. A clodhopping movie nominally about the awfulness of monopolistic capitalism and the lack of birth control in New York City in 2022 A.D. Charlton Heston is a slow-thinking detective with a lot of hair on his chest, and the late, great Edward G. Robinson is exploited with supreme tastelessness. (4/28/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 5.)

THE STING—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people will probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

SUCH A GORGEOUS KID LIKE ME—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsize the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (3/31/73) (Quad Cinema; through March 5.)

SUGAR HILL—With Marki Bey, directed by Paul Maslansky. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

SUPERDAD—Bland, vacuous situation comedy from the Disney studios, with Bob Crane and Barbara Rush having slapstick troubles with their teen-age daughter, Kathleen Cody. Vincent McEveety directed; that is, he supervised the grimaces that are meant to provoke laughter. (Music Hall; through March 6.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Art; through Feb. 28.)

THE TALL BLOND MAN WITH ONE BLACK SHOE—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Collette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (Cinema II.)

THIEVES LIKE US—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films—a masterpiece. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

A TOUCH OF CLASS—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an ant-eater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 28.)

TUGBOAT ANNIE (1933)—That rambunctious pair of overage, overweight lovers, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, had been teamed so suc-

cessfully in "Min and Bill," that M-G-M tried again, but this time the script (about various tugboat emergencies in Puget Sound) was weak, and so was the direction, by Mervyn LeRoy. Dressler, playing worthy spouse to Beery's old reprobate, has to depend on her big jaws and wise old eyes, while grinning, wide-mouthed Beery is forced to loll around drunkenly in woollen underwear, trying to look cute. They deserved better (she certainly did), but the film was popular, anyway. Adapted from Norman Reilly Raine's *Satevepost* stories; photographed by Gregg Toland. With Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert Young. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 6.)

TUPAMAROS!—A documentary inside view of Latin America's urban-guerrilla movement. (Quad Cinema; through March 5.)

VALERIE AND HER WEEK OF WONDERS—A Czech film, directed by Jaronil Jires. (Elgin; starting March 7.)

WALKING TALL—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demigods. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser; there is a Buford Pusser and he's out promoting the movie, but it's a tall tale—a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Cinema Village, and Thalia.)

THE WAY WE WERE—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the black-listing troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (10/15/73) (East 59th Street I. and East 59th Street II.)

WESTWORLD—Michael Crichton wrote and directed this sci-fi movie; it's set in Delos, a Disneyland for adults, where vacationers can play out their movie-fed fantasies by living in total environments that simulate past ages—ancient Rome, the medieval world, or the West of the eighteen-eighties. Computer-programmed humanoid satisfy the guests' vanity and lust and aggression. The idea is ingenious, and the film might have been marvellous; it isn't (the movie has the skimped TV-movie look of a too-tight budget), but it's moderately entertaining, and the leads (Richard Benjamin and Yul Brynner) are far superior to the actors in the usual sci-fi films. With James Brolin. (11/26/73) (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through March 5.)

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A NAKED LADY? (1970)—An Allen Funt film. (Loews 83rd St.; through March 5.)

WHEN THE PEOPLE AWAKE—A documentary on recent political events in Chile and their historical background, through early 1973. (Quad Cinema; through March 5.)

THE WHITE SHEIK (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband (Leopoldo Trieste) on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina, as a whore—the role that was later expanded and became "Nights of Cabiria." In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 27.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as George M. Cohan in a big, enjoyable musical well directed by Michael Curtiz. With Walter Huston. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 1-2.)

ZARDOZ—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an elitist commune of the future, dominated by hyper-intellectual immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With ideas skimmed off the top of various systems of thought, "Zardoz" is a glittering cultural trash pile, and probably the most gloriously fatuous movie since "The Oscar"—though the passages between laughs droop. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race. (2/18/74) (Trans-Lux East, ... Loews Orpheum, and Greenwich; starting March 6.)

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

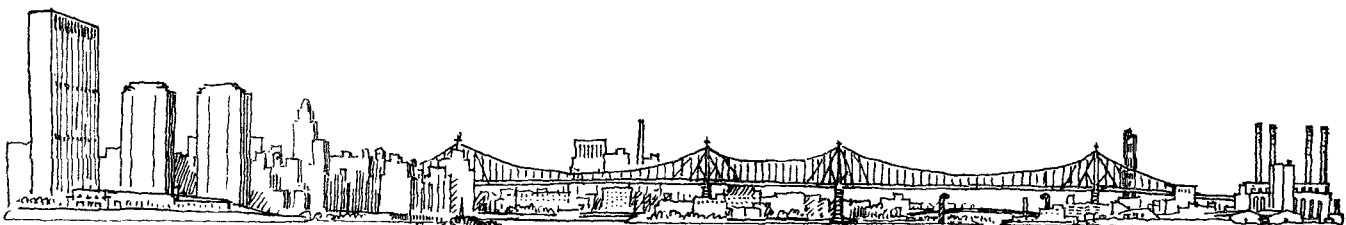
Notes and Comment

A SINGLE newscast brought the American people both their first glimpse of Alexander Solzhenitsyn in the West—he was holding a bouquet of daffodils at the Frankfurt airport to present to his German host—and Secretary of State Kissinger's reaction to Solzhenitsyn's arrival. The careers of the two men—the one having risen to the pinnacle of power in his country, the other having descended to the bottom level of the powerless in his country—are closely linked. Their careers are bound up with an evolution that each man has acknowledged in his own way and that now appears to be irreversible: the fusion of the globe into one boundary-less field of human action. Solzhenitsyn's presence among us—the people of the West—proclaims the moral unity of the earth. The whole course of his life as well as his present circumstances confirms what he put into words a while back: "There are no internal affairs left on our crowded earth! And mankind's sole salvation lies in everyone making everything his business: in the people of the East being vitally concerned with what is thought in the West, the people of the West vitally concerned with what goes on in the East." All of us, he said, must give our attention to any "muffled zone" on the earth where state violence, which sometimes appears "saintly, kind, and very peaceful, almost drowsy," may be doing as much damage to the species as the more "stormy" and "vivid" violence of war.

Solzhenitsyn—who has what it takes to remain a free man in any zone—turns out, now that we can see him on our television screens, to be an unexpectedly ebullient man. He has a smile of pure joy, which was not hinted at in the photographs of him that we used to be shown. And, having thought of him as an immobile, granite figure, we are surprised to see how lively and nimble he is. "I have so many impressions!" he exclaimed soon after his arrival. Also soon after his arrival, he delivered a sharp reprimand to the Western press for inaccuracies it had published about him. The man who fought for his rights in the Soviet Union appears to have no inclination to give them up now that he is outside it. Everywhere he goes, people cluster around him, and sometimes they break into spontaneous applause. To us in the West, who have known him only from the solemn photographs and from his grave art, he seems to have the air, somehow, in spite of his recent tribulations, of one newly born.

Secretary of State Kissinger's career proclaims the approaching political and economic unity of the globe. He, too, has been a leveller of national barriers, but the barriers he has breached have been between governments rather than between peoples. At his press conference, when he was asked about the exile of Solzhenitsyn he took evasive action. He began to speak in political code language. (From the White House, there had been a "No comment," followed by the claim—for which there has been very little evidence lately—

that "the Administration's regard for human rights...is clear.") He retreated into generalities. "The United States has always looked with sympathy, with great appreciation, at the expression of freedom of thought in all societies," he said. He took refuge in ignorance. "We do not know enough about the specific circumstances of the departure of Mr. Solzhenitsyn," he said. Bystanders in Europe were breaking into applause at the sight of the new world hero, but the American Secretary of State was mute, was still waiting to find out what had happened. He alluded to what it was that commanded his silence. It was no light matter. It was, of course, détente—that is, it was "the unacceptability of general nuclear war under present conditions." For good measure, he added, "The accumulation of nuclear arms has to be constrained if mankind is not to destroy itself." By his calculations, the survival of the race required him to remain silent on the subject of the Soviet Union's internal affairs. For Solzhenitsyn, there were no internal affairs on the earth. For Secretary Kissinger, everything but détente was an internal affair. Solzhenitsyn was working for the moral and intellectual fusion of the globe at the level of the individual. Kissinger was working for the economic and political fusion of the globe at the level of governments. Secretary Kissinger's performance appeared to suggest that we had to choose between one kind of unity and the other. At the same time, with his veiled answers, he appeared to be hinting and signalling to



Richard Edes Harrison

us from within the moral captivity of détente that he, too, was moved by the great writer's quest. No doubt he has such feelings, but we may never know exactly what they are. He seems to have entered a muffled zone.

New House

OUR friend Henry Korman, architect, is building a house near Riverhead, on Long Island, and he invited us to drive out there with him to look at it. One very cold morning, he picked us up at about ten to seven, and we got to Riverhead about eight-thirty. The morning star was Venus, and there was an incredible sunrise, full of green, orange, and purple. We napped on the way, waking up only in Patchogue, and thought about nothing at all. Henry thought about the sunrise, he told us at breakfast, and about whether he could light a cigarette with one hand, and about whether his toes would freeze when he got to the house. The house is on the Sound, on top of a hundred-and-fifty-foot sand cliff, in a little town called Baiting Hollow.

We had breakfast at an old diner in Riverhead. Ham and eggs, home fries, coffee, and toast. We listened to the radio—"Anema e Core" and news bulletins on a local station that kept fading out. The short-order cook read the *News*. The only other customer was a fat girl who didn't finish her bacon and eggs.

We got to the house about nine. Six men were working on it. They had finished laying the foundations, and all the beams and joists of the first floor were in place. They were nailing a plywood deck—a subfloor—over the beams and joists. A strong wind was whooshing up the cliff, and it took four men to hold down a four-foot-by-eight-foot sheet of plywood. One man was Dick Reeve, one of the contractors—Harold R. Reeve & Sons. (The other contractors are Jim Reeve and John Reeve, his brothers.) He came over, holding his hammer.

Henry Korman said, "I think we ought to move the house two feet to the right."

Dick Reeve gripped his hammer a little tighter. Then they both grinned.

The men took a coffee break. They sat in a Volkswagen bus. Dick said he was surprised the other men had showed up. There was another Harold R. Reeve & Sons job in town, he said, where they could all be working indoors. Then he consulted Henry about a few points—the location of a couple of

porches, the location of two dry wells. Dry wells collect the rainwater that runs off the roof of a house, so that it won't make gullies and cause erosion. The two men studied the plans for the house.

Dick said that his brother Jim would be along presently. He said his other brother, who was working on a job in Southampton, had driven over once to look at the cliff house and wouldn't even get out of the car, it was so cold.

"You must be the crazy brother," said Henry.

Dick laughed. He said he was afraid to tell the men the coffee break was over, because they would put a hatchet in his back. He said he was going to go to Florida for a week later on.

Henry said he was a weather jinx. "Every time I go anyplace, it freezes," he said. "And me, too."

Henry ran down the cliff about ten feet to see where the wind was coming from and what the wind currents were like. He came back and told Dick he ought to put some snow fencing just below the top of the cliff to build a dune. His plans almost blew away when he ran down the cliff.

We went and sat in Henry's car. Henry joined us and told us about a Norwegian carpenter he'd once had who, when he had finished framing a house, nailed a pair of antlers to the top and drank a bottle of vodka. "One of the two kept off evil spirits," Henry said.

Then Jim Reeve drove up in his car. He and Henry talked about the client—the man for whom Henry is building the house. Jim said the client had called up at a quarter to eleven on Saturday night to say he had been out

to inspect the house and had seen a dog's footprints in the footings—the concrete strips the foundations sit on. The client had wanted to know whether the footprints would affect the structure of the house. Henry and Jim agreed that clients did funny things. "People commission houses in the summer," said Jim. "But they don't give the final O.K. to the plans until winter. And then they want the house finished by Memorial Day, so they can have cocktails on the porch."

Henry said next time he came out he'd bring a bottle of bourbon.

Jim said, "Good. Come at ten, and then we can knock off at eleven."

Henry said, "I think I'll come at four." Then he said, "Has everybody got his toes and fingers?" and we left.

Henry told us he was pleased. The men were doing a fast job and a good job, and they were using good materials.

On the way back, we napped, waking only in Patchogue. We thought about nothing at all. When we got back to the city, we asked Henry what he had been thinking about. "Lunch," he said.

Tapestry

WE dropped by the Metropolitan Museum on a recent Thursday evening and found everybody talking about high-warp weaving versus low-warp weaving, millefleurs backgrounds, and the symbolic meaning of unicorns. The occasion was a members' preview of the sumptuous new exhibit titled "Masterpieces of Tapestry from the Fourteenth to the Sixteenth Century," and the atmosphere was a high-warp blend of scholarship and *haute couture*. As we walked through the front door, a fragile blonde in mulberry velvet handed us a list of the evening's events. On the ground floor, members were invited to drink in the candlelit Main Hall, dine in the Fountain Restaurant, attend a concert of fifteenth-century music in the Medieval Sculpture Court, or listen to a tapestry lecture in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Upstairs, one could see ninety-seven tapestries arranged in rough chronological order, a new color film on The Cloisters' set of unicorn tapestries, or a talented Swedish weaver who was demonstrating that the art of tapestry is very much alive.

We began at the lecture, where we found a buoyant Thomas Hoving announcing that this exhibit was the first in a series of collaborations between the Metropolitan and the national mu-





"Hold it! For all we know, he may be making a citizen's arrest."

seums of France. "It's one of those shows that came together almost spontaneously," Mr. Hoving said. "We had been thinking tapestries. *They* had been thinking tapestries. So we put our heads together and cosigned all the loan requests. We chose late-fourteenth-century-to-early-sixteenth-century because that was the golden age of tapestry-making. There were great religious cycles, vast classical stories, and vivid, imaginative scenes of life in the Mid-

dle Ages. Tapestries were made for enjoyment, for political, religious, and financial reasons, and to keep people warm. They were the frescoes of the North, but they were much more mobile than frescoes, because you could pack a very large tapestry like 'David and Bathsheba' into a small wooden case and take it along with you on a campaign. In the fourteenth century, having a great tapestry set was like having several hundred shares of

I.B.M. stock." Mr. Hoving reviewed the outstanding tapestries in the exhibit, using color slides, and remarked that many of the designs seemed incredibly modern. "We have Chagall, Matisse, Dufy, and Léger up there," he said, "and they're all six hundred years old. Now stampede up to the show, all of you!"

After visiting the tapestry rooms and being dazzled, we fell into conversation with Stuart Silver, the designer of the

exhibit, and asked him how he had managed to make the tapestries glow.

"There isn't a white light in the place," said Mr. Silver. "We've used straw-colored filters to achieve a golden atmosphere that is supposed to remind you of candlelight, or sunlight filtering through parchment windows. That's how tapestries looked five or six hundred years ago, when they were new. We have also tried to direct your eyes to certain details by focussing an extra spot on a face, a figure, a village in the distance, a baby unicorn. Look at the lady showing the unicorn his reflection in her mirror. Doesn't she just leap out at you?"

We moved on to a room lined with scenes from the Trojan War, where we encountered Geneviève Souchal, a tall, pretty French tapestry expert, who turned out to be the author of the exhibition's handsome catalogue.

"How old are tapestries?" we asked Mme. Souchal.

"Tapestry-weaving goes back at

least to the Egyptians," replied Mme. Souchal, "but only a few fragments of ancient tapestries have survived—mostly in tombs. In western Europe, there were no pictorial tapestries before the fourteenth century. Then, about 1350, there was a kind of tapestry explosion in Paris and Arras that was due, we think, to the patronage of Louis, Duc d'Anjou and Regent of France, and his brothers—Jean, Duc de Berry, and Philip the Bold. They were all great collectors of art and they loved luxury. The 'Angers Apocalypse,' which was woven for Louis by Nicolas Bataille, is one of the oldest tapestries conserved in the West. And here in New York we have only one of the seven pieces. The complete tapestry, which is more than two hundred feet long, is still the largest in the world." Mme. Souchal added that nearly all the tapestries in the exhibit were essentially Gothic in spirit. "Their uniqueness comes from the fact that most of them were produced at a time when the art of tap-

estry-making was independent from, and somewhat more advanced than, panel painting," she said. "Then, around 1500, the Renaissance introduced itself into tapestry art. Weavers and cartoonists discovered perspective, and tapestries became large woven paintings. Many elements of design were lost. Although a few pieces in the exhibit are Renaissance in spirit, it has been mostly confined to the period when tapestry design was an art by itself."

"What is your favorite tapestry period?" we asked.

"I prefer the millefleurs tapestries that were produced at the end of the fifteenth century," replied Mme. Souchal. "For me, the unicorn tapestries represent a point of perfection, because the designs absolutely fit the essence of the tapestry idea. They have extraordinary qualities of color, poetry, and design, which come together in some mysterious way to produce a series of unique masterpieces. There is nothing else like them in art. They represent a state of grace that was never achieved again."

Dialogue

A SERIES of "Dialogues with Roberto Rossellini" is being held at the New School this semester, and we sat in on one of the dialogues, or seminars, the other evening and found the filmmaker holding forth on just about everything under the sun except filmmaking. Rossellini, who is sixty-seven, was wearing a brown tweed sports jacket, a blue shirt, a brown tie, and gray trousers. Sitting in a chromium-and-leather chair under a battery of overhead lights, he talked for four and a half hours with sixteen students, whose ages ranged from about eighteen to about fifty. Using an informal, discursive approach, Rossellini more or less breezed through the history of human thought, touching on the Renaissance, the Enlightenment, Coper-



"Damn it all! We're out of gas!"

nicus, Descartes, the French Revolution, Buddha, Christ, Muhammad, clairvoyance, metaphysics, biology, metabiology, rationalism, positivism, drugs, censorship, freedom, television, and the role of the artist in society. Among his more arresting statements were "The reason for life is reason, not beauty," "People are afraid of science today," "There is a sort of endemic pathology in which we all live," "The world is full of opinions and absolutely empty of knowledge," "I hate Leonardo da Vinci," and "Houston, Texas, is a strange town."

At one point, Rossellini departed from his philosophical approach to tell of something that had happened in Paris in the nineteen-fifties. "My wife and I had just driven Jean Renoir and his wife home one night," he said. "They were living near the Place Pigalle. And as we all got out of the car, two men came up to us and said, 'Psst—you want to see some pornographic films?' Well, Renoir was just furious—he practically got violent—and then some other people came up and took the side of the first men. One of these people had a knife and was about to attack us when someone in the crowd recognized us and said, 'Wait, don't harm them! They're in the same business we are! They make films, too!' And that's how we were saved."

When the seminar ended, the class, including Rossellini, headed for the apartment of one of the students, a young singer named Ellen Gould, who had invited everyone over for spaghetti and wine. For the past three nights, it seemed, Rossellini had been telling the class of his love for properly prepared spaghetti. On the way, we asked him why he had chosen not to discuss films in these seminars. "I am out of filmmaking now," he said. "That is in the past, and I don't like to look back. Now I am doing mainly historical documentaries for television. In any case, we have emphasized art too much. Artists have become like demigods in



"I was about to sound a conciliatory note."

our society. It is better that they return to being what they were in the past—before the beginning of the Romantic period. Artists used to be humble, and that is what they should be again."

In Miss Gould's apartment, Rossellini sat on a sofa, and the students gathered around him and went over some of the material they had discussed earlier. Meanwhile, Miss Gould went into the kitchen to prepare a pot of spaghetti. Periodically, Rossellini glanced toward the kitchen. As time went by, we noticed that his attention was shifting gradually from the conversation around him to what was happening in the other room. Soon, he got up and joined Miss Gould by the stove. "Haven't you put in the salt yet?" he asked. "You must salt the water *now*. If you put in the salt later, it will make the spaghetti too soft. You have to bring the water to a full boil before you put in the spaghetti."

"Isn't it boiling enough?" she asked.

"Those are only tiny bubbles," Rossellini said. "Besides, you need more water in the pot—it should be filled almost to the brim."

After a few moments, Miss Gould

stepped back so that Rossellini could take full charge of the cooking. Earlier in the evening, we recalled, he had spoken sharply against methodology, saying, "I think it is very healthy not to establish a method, because the moment you establish a method, you reduce the thing that you are doing." Now, however, he showed that in at least one area he had a method. This is it:

Bring water, well salted, to a full boil in a large pot. Add 4 16-ounce packages of spaghetti and boil from 12 to 15 minutes. Empty spaghetti into a colander. Rinse with cold water. Return spaghetti to pot and add 1 pound of butter and 10 ounces of grated Parmesan cheese. Mix well with whatever utensils are handy. (In this case, a roast-beef fork and a pancake spatula.) Add generous quantities of black pepper and mix again. Sprinkle still more pepper on top. (Serves 20.)

"I don't like my spaghetti *al dente*, you know," Rossellini said, with a broad smile, as Miss Gould and two of her guests began to serve the spaghetti to the others. "I like it just a little more than *al dente*—just a little bit more."

Everyone sat down to eat. The spaghetti was just a little bit more than *al dente*, and it was marvellous.

A HILL IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND

"YOU'VE not spoken a word to me," she said to him. "Not one syllable since we left the house. We've driven thirty-five miles, and you've not so much as uttered a sound."

"Sorry, I'm thinking."

"You're always thinking. You're always sorry."

"I am sorry. Anyway, you've not said anything, either."

She rummaged about in the glove compartment for a cigarette. She would tap the filter tip against her teeth until he gave her a light. Cal, who did not smoke, always carried matches for her sake; he had some in his back pocket, he remembered. First, though, he had to change down into third for the hill which would bring them in view of the valley where they had grown up. He kept his free hand on the gearshift until they were over the crest and he could slip into top.

This was the first time they'd travelled this route. It was a brand-new road, only recently opened, making a novelty of familiar countryside. From unaccustomed angles, Cal recognized fields, clumps of trees, and farm buildings that once had only been accessible by way of dirt tracks. The effect was disturbing, as though the private secrets of his boyhood were being revealed—as by an impertinent biography—to intruding strangers. He glanced at his wife. She was still tap-

ping the cigarette against her teeth—but absentmindedly now, without any trace of impatience. She was gazing up the valley toward the village where her parents still lived. She would probably want to call on them—a surprise visit—on their way back from seeing some old friends, the Carpenters. Perhaps, though, Chris could be persuaded to postpone the visit until her birthday. She would be forty next week. Her dark hair, worn short, the loose wisps at her temples trembling in the draft of the ventilator, was without much lustre. Her features were beginning to thicken, and her incipient flabbiness, like his, was beginning to show. But for all that, Cal thought, her face in repose still bore the vestiges of its former beauty. It was only when she looked directly at him that her mouth, her cheeks, her eyes became set in a grim mask of resignation that Cal couldn't bear.

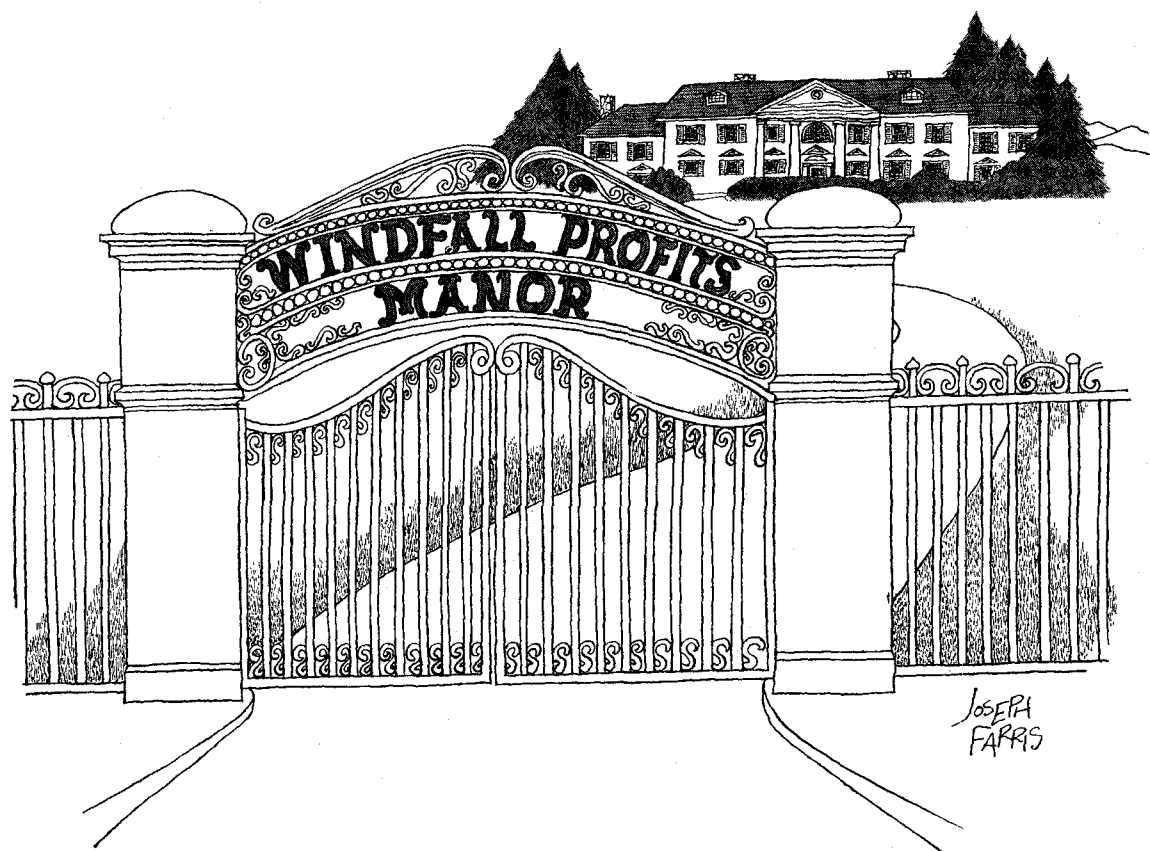
He sighed, eased off the accelerator, and, resuming the train of thought she had interrupted, pictured the broad estuary and the seaport town (out of sight in the day's fine drizzle, five miles downriver) where strangers now occupied his family home. In that house, two years ago, his parents had died—his mother three days after his father.

He could call to mind every brick, every floorboard of that house, but it remained in his memory as empty as it had been after he had attended to all the legal affairs. Why was it so diffi-

cult for him to visualize his parents except as they looked in the garish cosmetics of the funeral parlor? Probably it was because they were the first dead bodies he had ever seen in his thirty-eight years. He had not been prepared, never having had the chance to see how a human being—stranger, friend, or relative—naturally appeared in the moments following death. A red blanket always hastily covered the street accident; a white sheet always decently hid the face of the deceased when he arrived with condolences. It should be written into the Declaration of Rights, Cal reckoned, that every child should be provided the opportunity of familiarizing himself with the plain, everyday fact of death. It was once—and not so long ago—considered acceptable and customary for youngsters to observe the dead of their family or their neighbors. A precious intimacy it must have been, paying one's last respects in an old person's own room. The mystery of death, though shocking, might well have become for him—had the ceremony survived—as easy to contemplate as the nightly mystery of the vast, unknowable reaches of the sky. Nowadays, even the mention of death was taboo, and it was unusual for a child to gain as much as a partial immunity from the searing effect of bereavement. Chris (he glanced at her again) could not understand his point of view. When he wept for his dead parents, she had taken their two daughters, Sally and Jane, into another

room; and though they were teen-agers, young adults, she had refused to allow them to attend the double funeral. She believed that the girls would learn all they needed to know about birth, copulation, and death by keeping pets. It was *normal* to do this, she said, the day she arrived home with a cageful of guinea pigs; normal, and it would save everybody from embarrassment.

Cal remembered how, when he was very young, he had found a dead seagull on the wharf; how he dug a hole with a piece of broken orange box, lifted the bird's oily stiffness, cupped the lolling head, feeling a kind of involuntary grief for all living things. But this ten-



der act had done nothing, nothing, to prepare him for seeing his mother and father in their adjacent coffins in that small, strange room smelling of furniture polish. If only, as a child, he had seen some old corpulent stranger die of a heart attack—on a bus, say, or walking on the beach—he might now more easily conjure an image of his parents as they were when alive. He often tried to visualize them working in the garden or sitting down to dinner. But always, hideously, it was their corpses he saw that dropped trowels, cutlery—that in his waking nightmare fled back into their velvet-lined coffins. There they lay forever in his mind, tarted up, bogus, meretricious.

He shuddered. The drizzle suddenly became rain. He switched on the wind-screen wipers and, hearing his wife's exasperated sigh, fumbled in his pocket for the matches. He passed them to her, avoiding her touch.

"It's about time we had the car lighter fixed," she said. "It wouldn't cost above a pound to get it fixed."

"I was thinking the same thing."

"Maybe. But you didn't say it. You shouldn't expect me to read your thoughts. You seal yourself off, make no contact. It's as though you were unaware of my existence."

"Don't start on that tack again. Of course I'm aware. I was aware you needed a light for your cigarette, and I gave you the matches. For months now we've been saying we ought to have the damn lighter attended to, and we decided to leave it until the car goes in for its next service. It didn't need saying again. Waste of breath. God knows, you've known me long enough to sense the gist of what's going on in my head when we're together. That's how it ought to be with married couples—a kind of silent communion. No need to mention unimportant things like the nonfunctioning lighter. It's the big issues that need talking about. Different if it had been somebody else wanting a light. I'd have said—"

"Oh, forget it. For God's sake!"

IN silence again, and very slowly, they continued down the gentle slope of the valley. The broad highway, the newly completed suspension bridge,



"Sure, Nader deserves to get here, but I'll bet he'll be a pain in the neck when he does."

and the massive cloverleaf junction of roads beyond the river seemed to Cal like a heartlessly brutal violation of the countryside. The chalk hills where he had roamed as a boy were diminished, the water meadows under the colossal legs of the cloverleaf had lost all their plashy charm, the river itself (which had drowned his father's friend) was reduced to the scale of a paltry stream. Against the skyline where the new road ascended out of the valley a monstrous V had been cut out of the hill, and spanning the raw, white scar there was a footbridge that carried the old ridgeway lane over. From a distance it looked dramatic and elegant, tracing the slightly curved line of the hillcrest it replaced. But the nearer they approached, the more precarious and frail the footbridge looked, like a bridge in a child's drawing.

In the space it now occupied, Cal remembered brambles, junipers, a holly tree that always produced a spectacular crop of berries in winter; and, yes, there had been a rustic bench where an old man in a black coat and white silk scarf habitually sat. There was a thornbush behind the bench, shaped by the honing effect of the prevailing wind, and it was in that bush that Cal found his first clutch of bird's eggs. In his bleeding palm he had felt the small but exciting warmth of the five sky-blue eggs, marvelled at their fragile beauty, until the old man had urged him, kind-

ly but firmly, to return them to the nest. It was one of the most precious discoveries of his boyhood. The trivial, huge event returned to his memory in details as precise and miniature as the mottlings of the song thrush's eggs, as pungent as the old man's tobacco smell, as sharp as the wicked thorn that pierced his skin. The old man had given him a sixpence for not stealing the clutch of eggs. Two days later, discovering them gone, Cal had cried and wondered if the old man thought he had stolen them.

"This new road is a blessing," Chris said. "Or it would be if only you didn't crawl along. No more waiting in line for traffic lights on the old wooden bridge. I quite realize that you're in no hurry to get to the Carpenters'—you never are, these days—but it would be fun just to whoosh down the hill and whoosh up the other side. Isn't that cloverleaf super? Just like in America last year."

"The hell with America. And the Carpenters. There's room for this kind of thing in the States. If you ask me, it's a right mess—totally out of scale with the landscape."

"Oh, I know," she said. "I've got no soul."

"Before you know it, there'll be a Howard Johnson's on Chanctonbury, a Dunkin' Donuts place up on Highdown. All lit up at night. Lovely."

"What's got into you? I only meant

that the road would save us a few minutes—”

“Minutes!”

“—a few minutes off the journey. But I know what you’re thinking. You’re thinking my mind’s still full of schemes for going to live in the States. I’ve only got to breathe the word ‘America’ for your hackles to rise. Listen, I gave up that idea weeks and weeks ago. I know full well I’d never get you to—”

“I wasn’t thinking anything of the kind. Please drop it.”

“I’ve come to terms with the fact. You’re the breadwinner, and you prefer living here. So that’s that.”

“Drop it, Chris.”

“Everything you care for is in England. Everything you are is in England. Everything you’ve been. Isn’t that the way you put it? Besides, as you were so touchingly thoughtful to point out, there’s the business of my parents to consider. We couldn’t leave them.”

“I put all that out of my mind ages ago.”

“It’s what you were thinking. I know it is.”

“You’re wrong. You’re so wrong. For God’s sake, stop harping on it.”

They passed under the new footbridge, and Cal took the exit lane, which curved up to a large car park on top of the hill. His wife looked at him inquiringly as they came to a halt facing the way they had come, over the valley; but Cal said nothing, just shrugged his shoulders, switched off the engine. There was an unsavory-looking coffee wagon twenty yards away. A little farther off, in the other direction, was a concrete-and-asbestos toilet.

“Well, since we’re here, it’s silly not to take advantage,” his wife said. “Get me a cup of coffee—Howard Johnson’s or no—while I spend a penny.” Her deliberate smile was not conciliatory, but at least it invited a truce.

The rain had become drizzle again. Cal walked across the tarmac pavement toward the café. Here he would once have been waist-high in wheat or barley, close enough to a rising skylark to see the white flecks in its tail. Flushed partridges whirled like clockwork in his memory. Poppies, those one-day flowers among the corn, shocked like sudden blood. Doe hares, heavy with leverets, lay within yards of his tread. A harvest mouse, its tiny, trembling pouch of a body, had felt softer than the fluff of a peach against his cheek. All gone. And the chaff flew from the cupped palm lighter than thistledown, and the almost ripe kernels were sweet, and some were so small you could not stop them slipping through your fingers.

A HAPPY SURVIVAL

She breaks the best fan shell
into 14 slivers for 14 mornings;
she will cut the ice from her legs, cut away the warm shadow
under each arm. She will learn
what else can go—her deep fish-shadow when she swims.
Later, the dry, hard shadow that wild salmon rise to,
seeming to expand, following her
as she follows the river.

“Old Interior,” “Harm’s Petal,” she names
the river’s arms. She sweats them out
to where the interior ends, sudden as a map edge.
Each elbow of river could be anywhere;
she and the river might grow close enough
to be mistaken for a single animal.

“Hello, night,” she says.
She bends herself until she is a cup; she wants to catch
a surprise—her night shadow.
She wants to be a name made up. An exploration.
She looks down into her hand, and waits.
She must hear
the night there as it comes out of hiding, the chewing sound
night water makes.

—ELIZABETH LIBBEY

Cal bought a cup of coffee in a thin plastic cup that burned his hand. He placed it on the roof of the car, where his wife would see it, and then walked a few yards down the river side of the hill. The grass was deep, heavy with rain.

Well, he supposed she was right. He ought to talk to her more than he did. It was cruel of him not to—though he wasn’t intentionally cruel. He had no desire to hurt her. They didn’t talk about the big things, let alone the small ones. And it was a lie—another lie—that he expected her to know what he was thinking. After all, he didn’t claim to know what *she* was thinking—only the way she might think about any given subject. The trouble was that Chris had become, as it seemed to him, a quite different woman during the last two or three years. He no longer found it easy to communicate with her, with either his words or his body. She probably could say the same about him. But it was as though he had evolved and modified, whereas she had abruptly changed. She had passed from youth

into middle age without a slow period of gradual transition, acquiring an older woman’s clothes, a shorter hairstyle, even a kind of matronly demeanor when in company. She was a person he either no longer knew or had yet to get to know.

In New York at the end of the previous April, he had witnessed a sudden—not to say violent—transition of the seasons. Overnight, ginkgo trees in the East Fifties had unfurled from tight bud into full summer leaf just as, overnight, the ice rink in Rockefeller Plaza had become a promenade café with parasols. Cal had found this alien, had picked one of the delicate, exotic leaves to press in his wallet. Chris, on the other hand, thought there was nothing remarkable in the phenomenon and was to be irritated almost beyond endurance by his constant reference to the ginkgo trees on their return to England. There were better things to talk about concerning America, she said, than the peremptory change of seasons in Manhattan. How easily she would acclimatize to living in America—especially if, as she wished, they settled near her twin brother, in Saratoga Springs. Within a couple of weeks, she would even begin (as, indeed, she had done during their holiday) to speak with an American accent, to use the telephone constantly, to eat with her fork in her right hand. She was adaptable, shallow-rooted, pragmatic, forceful, and he was not.

“Get back into the car, love,” he



heard her say. "You'll catch your death. You look like a little boy, standing there in the rain."

She had called him "love." "It's not rain," he said, not bothering to face her.

"Whatever it is, it's wet," she said. "I might say the same about this coffee. Ugh."

He heard the splash as she threw the coffee away, heard her footsteps, the car door open and then slam.

If you looked up-river, closing out the new road, the new bridge, the new cloverleaf, and if you could ignore the constant noise of traffic on the hill, then it was just possible to reassemble the old proportions of the terrain. The hills still wore their crowns of beeches, like cock's combs, and the hillsides were still patterned with hedgerows. Where the river made its wide bow at Cuckoo Corner, a few men were fishing where Cal used to fish; when they were gone the cattle in the meadow behind them would come down to drink. The selected scene (Cal held his hands to the sides of his face, like blinkers) betokened, in its unchanged aspect, a stratum of whatever was lost and precious, shallowly buried under the topsoil of his life. There was a time when his parents had been alive, before his wife had become this other self of hers, before his daughters had begun signaling their independence of his will. There was a time when their friendship with the Carpenters had not been stale, when the days and nights could be frittered away with zest, with relish. If now he were to stride down the slopes of the hill, keeping his gaze up-river, he fancied he would be able to recall what it felt like not to have endured so many small but irreversible (and therefore terrifying) erosions of his happiness—able to recall the exact timbre of his father's voice, to recap-



"Take it from me, Harlow, things are going to get a lot worse before they get better."

ture, in the feel of the day, through the rain on his skin, some chance vignette of what was gone.

His wife sounded a long blast on the car horn. Cal, his head bowed, walked back. He switched on the engine, moved toward the exit.

"SO they've left the old flint barn intact" was what she said to him as they rejoined the highway. Cal hadn't noticed the barn; now it was too late to look. He drove on.

A spring day it would have been, twenty-odd years ago, in the early fifties. And it would have been a Saturday, for it was on Saturdays they always met along the ridgeway lane. They came on bicycles. Whoever

reached the barn first waited until the other arrived. It was the day he heard about his university scholarship. Chrissie (how long had it been since he'd used that name?) flung down her bicycle and hugged him when he told her his news. She was wearing that thin, Empire-line dress with the feathered pattern, and those dark-blue court shoes. They chattered excitedly, there in the middle of the lane, about their future. A scholarship meant a degree, and a degree meant (to Cal, a bricklayer's son) an interesting job with security, a middle-class life. They would tell his parents of their intention to get married, and no matter what they said (for they had already disapproved of Cal's becoming too involved with



"Good God, Harry! This tree seems to be made of tightly rolled paper!"

this comfortably well-off farmer's daughter) they would be engaged. It didn't matter about buying a ring. As they kissed, and Cal felt the warmth of her long hair like a shawl over his bare arms as he held her, it began to rain.

And in the barn, for the first time, they made love. She gave him no option but to make love. For her, probably, it was not the first time. But, before that day, he had not so much as fondled her breasts—any girl's breasts. Her sex had been until then an aspect of her being, arcane and ominous as the occult, which he had made himself ignore. When it was done, and while she combed her hair and picked the pieces of straw from her clothes, he stood at the door of the barn for a few moments, unable to look at her.

He was incapable of absorbing the immensity of his new knowledge. A flock of lapwings rose from the mud flats, wheeled, came to rest in a plowed field. He sensed how he would remember them, and the leaden color of the water, and the gusting wind, which blew so hard into his face it felt like drinking from a waterfall or a jet of spring water.

This was all he could think to say to her—that the wind in his face was too fierce to breathe. And this is what he would have said. But when he went back to her she shook her head as he began to speak, as though she already knew what he wanted to say; and they made love again, and lay there in silence until it grew dark.

At home that night, when he thought of what had happened, he realized that they had parted without a word being spoken; that now they were informed of each other's bodies; that he and she were other than what they had been before; that whatever they might say or do together from now on would be said or done by the lambency of that afternoon. Childhood, boyhood, adolescence—each six-year layer of his life—became now a quaint irrelevance. No other experience had prepared him for that engulfing sensation of moisture and warmth. But what obsessed Cal that night was that interim after love, before love, when he stood apart from her, watching the lapwings fly, aware that life—the true life for which the past years had been merely a rehearsal—was beginning.

and postpone their visit. They could make love—for the first time in weeks, in months. Then, perhaps, the words would come.

But she was reaching for her cigarettes and the matches he had given her. He wondered what she was thinking now but would not ask her.

"I wonder what they'll give us for lunch," she said, and Cal said he couldn't imagine. He looked in his mirror, flicked his indicator, and moved into the overtaking lane. They were well out of the valley now, and it was pointless to turn back.

—TED WALKER

A violent shaking in the rear section of a jetliner that hurled three women passengers and two stewardesses against the cabin ceiling and walls was attributed yesterday to an apparent malfunction in a tail control. . . .

The incident happened Tuesday night on a TWA Boeing 707 with 127 passengers and a crew of nine 35 miles out of Los Angeles International Airport on a flight from Hong Kong to Honolulu.

—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

There must have been some navigational problems, too.

THE CHANCE

THE worst thing about the nerve hospital was they stopped you from doing anything unless you did it just to suit them. The ladies in my ward let me help them with their zippers and fix their hair—little things like this—but my mind couldn't help wandering back to the clear life I had before and what especially grieved me was my hoe. A hoe can scrape away weeds, if you keep it filed right, so that vegetable flowers pop out overnight and then in a day or two are big fine squashes and okra. But a broom does some good too, and I begged until I got one. I promised I'd stay in my own ward with it and I did until *they* moved me.

As soon as I got that cool feeling stick in my hands, I knew I had my work. Mama taught me, long years ago, exactly how to slant one and keep my dirt together. I liked to have my friends in the ward watching the whole pile and telling me what I'd missed, under beds and all, and had to go back after. Even bed people see cobwebs, and one lady fussed so much I had to make her leader for noticing pieces of dirt that weren't any bigger than plain specks.

Like I say, I would never of thought of moving, but the nurse said the next ward over needed a sweeper too, and I went on in there. The people were nice and I passed some thoughts with them. It seemed like nearabout the whole world was locked up in this hospital. I get ashamed to worry about my cats and things, because some of these people had children with nobody but mean stepmothers to leave them with and serious things like that. A cat is right smart about going in the woods, if it has to, and living on just lizards.

Once the nurses got to realize what a dependable sweeper I was, they began to give me keys. I would unlock a ward, clean up good, and have a visit too, then go on in another.

Once when the regular sweeping man got sick they gave me the key to where they had the young men shut. Most of them were bad, the nurses said, and if one tried to work the others would all beat him. I thought this was a terrible thing, and when I locked that door behind me I was looking for the worst. Sure enough,

they didn't know me at first and one of them grabbed my broom and tried to hit another, but I told him to wait a minute—excuse his enemy instead of trying to hurt him. As fast as Jesus said what He said, I said, it got too late for fighting! I was right pleased, they seemed so interested. The one that was doing the hitting looked like the liveliest of them. I took some tissues and wiped the sweat off his neck and praised him to the highest for giving back my broom. The others commenced to laugh—said I was playing with them—but I told them no indeed, that I was long since grown and my playing days were over. My boy (the one that grabbed the broom) jumped up then and talked right in my face. He wasn't crazy, he said, he was in here because he was fixing to kill a man—a big financing fellow down in Bogue. They'd named him as crazy just to get him out of the way, but he would eventually find the fellow and when he did, no matter if it was Christmas Day, he was going ahead and stomp him. That was the only way to get it evened up. He would tell me about it, he said, so I glanced at the bars across the little window and saw nobody was watching us, then said to go ahead.

It started, the boy said, when his mother wanted a whole house of furniture out of natural yellow wood. His papa didn't want to, but to keep the peace he went to the finance store and signed up some arrangements. The arrangements didn't agree to a thing about his land—when he signed them he was sure—but when it wound up and he couldn't make his payment the finance man had taken it all! The house and eighteen acres. They showed where was a check mark that they could.

Well, this sounded to me like a serious piece of business and I went back

to sweeping and hoped they'd quiet down. But in this particular ward it was hard to keep out trouble. Another one of the boys held it was a company that did the wrong, there was no such thing as an original man—he was working for a company. The company pays a straight salary to have their men get papers signed, so the men just make a living. This started a big to-do with my broom again, they grabbed it away from me and started to fighting till I could get *that* settled. A person has to stand up to being a person, I said, and you couldn't throw wrongdoing on a company. It really wasn't anything except the people in it. But even so he shouldn't get killed (the big financing man), he should just have the chance, by us asking nice and kind, to give the land back.

Boy people are so frisky. Without me expecting it, this set a whole new commotion to going. He didn't deserve a chance, my boy said, he strictly needed killing. And he showed how he was going to hold him down with one foot and mash him with the other, practiced on a little fellow that didn't seem to mind. Children talk so big—I'd better pay less heed. I jingled my keys as loud as I could to get them quiet again. There isn't anything in the world, I told them, that we can't take it in our heads to go and try to do. Just look at these keys—I'd started out with none and now I had all these. After while they'd give me more and I could let him out. Then the boy that's father lost the land could go on home and get his business straight and raise himself a family like he ought to. But I would *not* have a killing now or ever.

My boy broke down and started in to crying. It wouldn't do him any good to try to raise a family, the law had had him spaded. But just the same he'd use my plan and get the land part back, or else if I was wrong he'd go ahead and kill him. I thanked him for trying the right way first because I was sure that

no man, even a company man, would keep his papa's rightful land just over a set of furniture.

I was sorry I had gotten myself into this, but Mama always said if you let somebody get ahold of your property and don't say anything, the law will let them keep it. So this boy really did need to get home and see about that land. I had to back my own promise, but I



told him it couldn't be today. I'd have to get used to sweeping up in here and then before the regular sweeper got well I'd let him out with me. I didn't believe I'd trust him to travel by himself, as wild as he'd been acting.

The hospital people told me to be extra careful about snapping my locks wherever I went to clean. I promised that I would, excusing this one patient, saying the promise out loud and keeping the excuse in my own head. Sunday would be the best, when our company is the thickest. Almost everybody that isn't already in the hospital comes to see us Sunday and the nurses have to dodge around to even give their shots. They let people in to see the bad boys—they have a schoolroom off to one side where they try to teach them lessons, and the company sits in there to visit with their sons.

My worry was getting across the grounds once my boy and I got out. There were woods all around the hospital, and if we ever made the woods we wouldn't have to hide, the trees would do it for us. We wouldn't even have to bother about snakes, they slope off in the gullies soon as it's cold.

When I got to thinking about it, I wondered how long it would take us, after the boy and I slipped off, to walk clear down to Bogue. I could write my brother that drives the pulp truck to

come and meet us halfway, but then I guessed I wouldn't. He's always breaking down and having to throw his sticks off in the ditch while he tries to buy a part. When a person has a hard life, you shouldn't make it harder.

Where I had to put my brooms was in the linen closet and I looked around, snapping the light on in there, till I could see a janitor suit and stuff it in my bosom. The next day was Sunday, but it was way too soon; we'd have to wait another. Families were coming and going, though, as thick as I remembered, and nobody was quite as smart as what they were on weekdays. By now I had to cross from one building to another to keep up with my sweeping and I didn't even need that key, they'd left the door unlocked. Out on the grounds I picked up two passes that people had thrown away to keep their purses clean. They were all the same pink, with only writing different, and the gate men didn't write so well—they both were hard to read.

WELL, when the next Sunday came I decided we would try it. The time came for me to go and check the bad boys' room and it was awfully dirty, because most of the things their people brought them they either tore to pieces or threw down on the floor. I did my picking up—the school place

was full of families—but my boy was standing ready and I gave him the janitor suit and told him to go in the toilet room and put it on as hasty as he could. When he came back out I was right proud of him, he looked so nice dressed up like a janitor I knew he wouldn't kill. The nurses were letting families in and out and I and my boy used our key when no one was crowding by and were tipping down the hall without a notice. The door to the grounds was locked this time, but I quick got out my key, and as soon as we were outside I told him to help me gather up Mounds wrappers and Doublemint, things like that, so we would look real busy. I picked the most crowded of the gates—they were standing open for automobiles to travel in and out—and I interrupted the gate gentleman from talking to two people and also on the phone to give him my keys and thank him to turn them in. We'd be back next week, I said, we had to right a wrong and that was all we wanted. He was about as mixed up as a person can get, but my keys fooled him and he said to wait till he had time to telephone on *them*, so we stood by a little while, but more families were parked in line and he forgot the keys in signing them their passes. An ambulance got in the line of cars and everybody had to clear forward with its siren. We got behind a line of privet bushes and stayed behind them till we crept down near the woods. Then we didn't hurry but went straight into the trees.

I meant to ask the Lord if this was in accordance with His will, but it seemed like I had got my hands so full I just believed it was or believed I would have time soon to ask and now just went ahead. My boy was worse off with sticker bushes than I was—hadn't ever crashed through any—and I had to show him deer paths and other special ways of keeping in the clear. He was a brave little fellow, and everywhere I went he tracked right on behind me.

I knew by the first time I had got drove to the hospital that the sun was behind us then and it was behind us now, so it was back at the hospital and we were heading west just like we should be. They would naturally be wanting to get us back, but unless we lost our way I didn't think they could.

I asked my boy to promise he wouldn't hurt a soul and he said he had the need of a good killing to have that much of fun, but after I was the one that let him out he would follow my way and give the man a chance before



"Confucius say—erroneously, of course..."

we killed him. It looked to me like he was partly catching on.

When night came, the sun went down right where it was supposed to go, so we better cut a little, we were headed straight for King. Bogue County is below King, across Fornika Creek, and if we went through King I'd have a dozen friends to stop and tell. It got to sitting on my mind that we were up to a mighty unusual thing, but the base of it was right if we could hold the rest. We slept that night leaning up against trees and found a nice trickle of water to drink from just before we went to sleep and again when we woke up. Then we did a powerful lot of travelling before the sun got high.

I knew that this was Monday, and by the time we finally got to Bogue and to the special company, it was on the hour of closing. We could hear the lock clicking right in our faces while we were knocking under the sign that told the company name. My boy was knocking a mite too hard, I thought, and then before any more could happen a car that turned out to be the Sheriff's drove up right by our curb and two men hopped out and grabbed my boy and threw him in the back and drove off with him. This after all that walk and him not having anything to eat for over a whole day. I tried my best to climb in with them so's to explain about our business, but the police pushed me away and drove off with the fire alarm turned on. I hoped they couldn't hurt him for hard knocking.

Stood there a minute, guessed I better turn around and walk back to the hospital, but it was a powerful long way and my legs were given out. I was still standing there about to drop I was so tired, and grieving too about my boy, when a kind looking old gentleman opened the door and told me I was late. They closed at five sharp, he said, but he wanted me to come in and tell him what was going on, who that boy was, trying to knock his door down, and why the police got him. I was lucky to have a hair left on my head, the old gentleman said, running around with such.

I excused the fact that his first question seemed like he knew the answer to

it, because at least I would have the luck now to tell him about the natural yellow wood, and how they didn't understand the box that they had marked in when they put their signing on. He did so know who the boy was, because he went and got a file and opened it on his desk. I must of mixed things up, he said, by getting myself so tired. He was a very nice man—religious too, because he had pictures of the Holy Family hanging everywhere, and Jesus on the Mount dividing up the fishes. He took a spell of staring at the ceiling, and he said his problem was trying to be fair to everyone. He could see what I was driving at, but he would have to start from scratch to learn me any business and with his supper ready and his wife as old as he was he would have to make it short. And he straightened out his hands inside his cuffs.

You couldn't force people to have plenty of money, he said. Some people wouldn't no matter how you tried. The Bible pointed that out, he said—the poor are always with us. Now he was a dedicated Christian person, trying to do all he could right at this desk giving people money to get started. They had every right to go out and pay off their debts and make more with what was left instead of burying their talent like the lazy servant had. But instead of doing this they gave way to

everything under the sun they didn't need, just like this yellow furniture in the file—four hundred eighty dollars—and he had to try to get his loan money back before the next fellow came along in a bigger mess than they were. This boy was a good example, he threatened to kill because the law of the land had worked. It was terrible, he said, but there it was, and he gave me credit for understanding both sides of the matter and seeing all the problems.

Well, I thanked him for the chair rest (he gave me a writing pen with the company's name on it) but I was way out on the street again and starting for the hospital (got a ride all the way, thanks to the Good Lord, and made it back that night) before I understood that in spite of his good knowledge—the finance-company man—he hadn't ever known he had the chance.

—BERRY MORGAN

He bakes the fish 50 minutes in oiled paper, sprinkling the whole with dry Chablis in which a bouquet garni and chopped shallots have been briefly cooked.

Once out of the oven, Mr. Bolard cuts the top off the paper and coats the bass in a "polonaise"—fresh bread crumbs lightly colored in butter... The fish is then sprinkled with Cognac and flamed at the table.—*The Times*.

By the perspiring Mr. Bolard.



"I'll be up in a minute, hon. I'm topping off my tank with Jim Jensen."

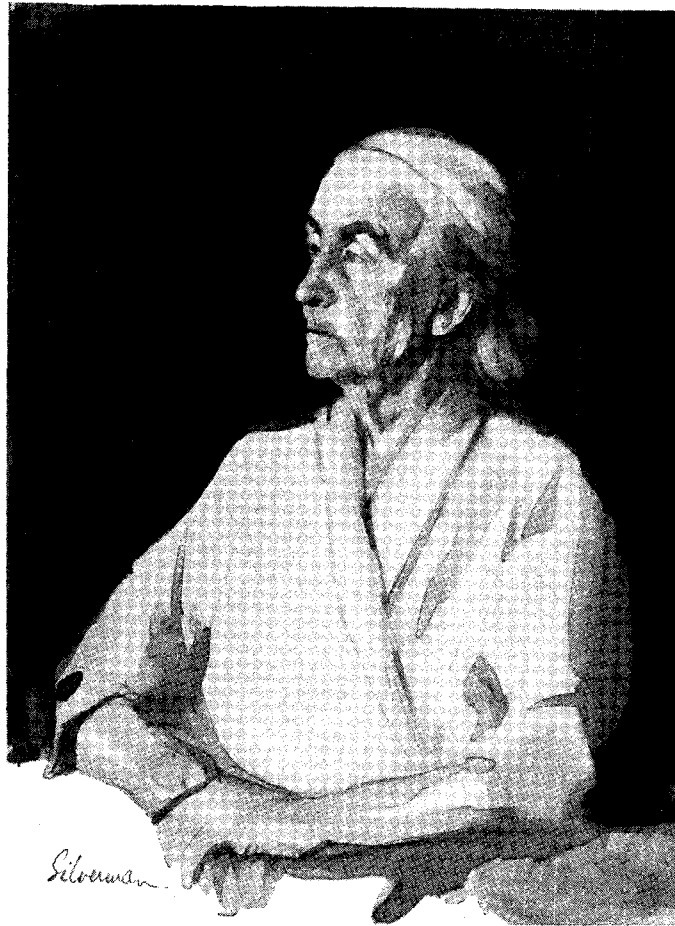
PROFILES

THE ROSE IN THE EYE LOOKED PRETTY FINE

FROM THE FARAWAY NEARBY. 1937. Oil on canvas.—Bleached-white antlers branching from the dark skull fill most of the picture space. A range of low hills occupy what would be the foreground except that they are drawn in distant perspective—a faraway desert landscape over which the deer's skull presides neither symbolically nor realistically, an image not susceptible to interpretation, an O'Keeffe. Years ago, she said she had no theories to offer. Her painting, she said, was "like a thread that runs through all the reasons for all the other things that make one's life."

Georgia O'Keeffe, who is eighty-six, spends almost no time thinking about the past. "You'd push the past out of your way entirely if you only could," she said to me one morning last fall, sitting in the open patio of her house near the Ghost Ranch, in the New Mexican high desert, seventy miles northwest of Santa Fe. What interested her at the moment were the wild purple asters that grow so abundantly at this time of the year, when there has been enough rain. It was largely because of the purple asters that after lunch she asked Juan Hamilton, her young friend and assistant, to take us to the Monastery of Christ in the Desert, a seventeen-mile trip over barely navigable dirt roads. Although the asters at the monastery were less plentiful than she had remembered them, she spent a pleasant hour chatting with the Benedictine monks and admiring the chapel, built in 1965 by George Nakashima and furnished as austere as her own house, with split-log benches, wood carvings by a local artist, and a gory wooden crucifix in the Spanish manner. Miss O'Keeffe had visited the monastery several times, most recently for the dawn service last Easter, and the monks were pleased to see her. On the drive back, bouncing imperturbably in the rear seat of her Volkswagen bus, she said that it would be a very simple thing for her to convert someone to Catholicism. "It has great appeal," she said. "Not for me, of course—but I can see the appeal."

Her voice is quiet and yet clearly audible. She was dressed entirely in



Georgia O'Keeffe

white—a white jacket of some durable material, a full skirt of the same stuff, white shoes. Jerrie Newsom, the woman who takes care of her and, in Miss O'Keeffe's words, "keeps me alive," told me that when people ask whether Miss O'Keeffe has only one dress, she explains that "Miss O'Keeffe has a hundred dresses, but they're all alike, except that some are black instead of white." The dress suits her, in any case. A slight, immaculate woman with white hair tied back in a smooth knot, she is as handsome today as she was at twenty-nine, when Alfred Stieglitz began his famous multiple portrait of her, now in the National Gallery, in Washington—a portrait that eventually included some five hundred photographs.

During the drive back from the monastery, she told me how she had discovered the Ghost Ranch. "I'd been staying down around Alcalde, east of here, for several summers in the nineteen-thirties. One day, the boy who was trying to teach me to drive said he knew of a place he thought I'd like better than any I'd seen, and he brought me up here. It was operating as a dude

ranch then. Before that, it had been a working ranch. I think the story is that a family was murdered there, and that from time to time a woman carrying a child appears in the original house—that's the ghost. Well, I came back a few days later, alone, and asked if I could stay. The owners said that I could stay the night but that unless some other guest failed to show up I'd have to leave in the morning. That night, a family moved out—the son had developed appendicitis—and I moved in. That was in 1934, and I've been coming up here on the plateau every summer since then. I knew the minute I got up here that this was where I would live." She bought her own house, which is about two miles from the ranch, in 1940. Some years ago, the Ghost Ranch was acquired by the Presbyterian Church, which now uses it as a conference center. Miss O'Keeffe has given the Presbyterians a sufficiently wide berth. "You know about the Indian eye that passes over you without lingering, as though you didn't exist?" she said. "That was the way I used to look at the Presbyterians at the ranch, so they wouldn't become too friendly."

Although she owns a larger and more comfortable house in the village of Abiquiu, sixteen miles south of the ranch, Miss O'Keeffe has always felt more at home up on the plateau. The solitude, the stillness, and the harsh, dry, splendid landscape are more her world. Animal skulls and bleached antlers hang on the walls of her patio, and rocks picked up on her walks and camping trips spill in profusion over low tables and shelves. A few years ago, when Miss O'Keeffe and several others were going down the Colorado River—a week in a pontoon boat, sleeping under the stars every night—her friend Eliot Porter, the photographer, found a particularly beautiful stone, which Miss O'Keeffe very much wanted for her collection. Porter said he was keeping it for his wife. Matters were a trifle touchy for a time, but then, a few

weeks later, the Porters came to Miss O'Keeffe's house for dinner and presented her with the stone. "When she wants something, she makes people give it to her," Stieglitz once remarked. "They feel she is fine and has something other people have not." Not that she wants many possessions. "I like to have things as sparse as possible," she told me. "If you have an empty wall, you can think on it better. I like a space to think in—if you can call what I do thinking."

Miss O'Keeffe sometimes feels that she ought to sell the Abiquiu house and live permanently at the ranch. "Last year, Jerrie and I were here into December," she said. "Being up here is one of the best things I know. There is nothing in this house that I can get along without."

LIGHT COMING ON THE PLAINS, No. II. 1917. Watercolor.—An impression of endless dark space under a vault of sky. A narrow, ragged beam of white near the bottom suggests the horizon, but not specifically; in O'Keeffe's work, nature is not so much analyzed as meditated upon, the result being an abstraction that does not look abstract. When she painted "Light," O'Keeffe was living on the wide, windswept plains of north Texas, teaching school. "That was my country," she wrote in 1919. "Terrible winds and a wonderful emptiness."

There is little to indicate why O'Keeffe should have felt at home in such a landscape. She was born and brought up in the gentler, wheat-farming country of southern Wisconsin, the second of seven children in a moderately well-to-do family. "My mother's and my father's families had farms that adjoined, and eventually my father bought my mother's property," she told me. "They raised all kinds of things there, even tobacco. I can still see the enormous loads of hay coming into the barns in the evening—I've never seen loads of hay like that anywhere else." On rainy days, their mother used to read aloud to her older brother, who had weak eyes. O'Keeffe always listened, even after she had learned how to read herself. Her favorites were stories about the Old West. "My memories of childhood are quite pleasant," she said to me, "although I hated school." Until she was twelve, she went to a small rural school near her home. For a while, she and two of her sisters also went into the town of Sun Prairie once a week for private lessons in drawing and painting. Today, she says she can't remember a time when she couldn't read music (although she doesn't remember taking music lessons), and it has sometimes seemed to her that she

might have become a musician. The family was not a terribly close one, and she rarely played with her brothers or sisters. One day when she was ten, she told her friend Lena, the daughter of the woman who did the family's washing, that she was going to be an artist. "I have no idea where that came from," she said. "I just remember saying it."

Because the harsh Wisconsin winters seemed to be undermining Mr. O'Keeffe's health, the family moved in 1902 to Williamsburg, Virginia. Georgia was sent away to boarding school at the Chatham Episcopal Institute—Chatham Hall today—where she was far from a model student. "I'd go for long walks in the woods, which wasn't allowed. I wouldn't read my French lesson aloud to myself three times, as we were told to do, and in class when the teacher asked whether I had done

it I would say no—that I didn't have the time for that. I always had enough demerits to be expelled if I got one more. And I never did learn to spell. My friend Doris Bry says now that I've ruined her spelling because I misspell with such confidence."

She was going to be an artist. After graduating from Chatham, she entered the Art Institute of Chicago, but a serious bout with typhoid the following spring caused her to withdraw, and she spent a long convalescence at home. In 1907, she enrolled in the Art Students League, in New York, where she won a prize for a still-life painting and a scholarship to the League's summer school at Lake George. O'Keeffe remembers that at the League she was everybody's pet. Her hair, which had only just started to grow in after her illness, was short and curly—a rare phenomenon at the time. Any number



"Sure you're a loser. But you're a darn good loser."

of fellow-students wanted to paint O'Keeffe, whose strong, clean features and intensely expressive hands and eyes would so fascinate Stieglitz a few years later. She disliked posing, and has occasionally said that her unwillingness to put others through such an ordeal ruled out any interest she might have taken in painting the human face or body. There was never any question about her talent. But the slick, academic imitations of European styles then being taught at the League by William M. Chase, Kenyon Cox, and others soon lost all interest for her. "I began to realize that a lot of people had done this same kind of painting before I came along," she told the art historian Katharine Kuh in 1962. "It had been done, and I didn't think I could do it any better." O'Keeffe decided to give up painting, and for the next four years she did not paint. Instead, she went to Chicago and became a commercial designer, drawing lace and embroidery for advertisements. In the summer of 1912, however, home on a visit to her family, who had moved from Williamsburg to Charlottesville, she was persuaded by one of her sisters to register for Alon Bement's summer art class at the University of Virginia. Bement was a disciple of Arthur Wesley Dow, the head of the Faculty of Fine Arts at Columbia University's Teachers College. A brilliant art educator, Dow had known and worked with Gauguin in France; he was also a friend of Ernest F. Fenollosa, the great Orientalist, through whom he had developed a profound appreciation of Chinese and Japanese painting. As O'Keeffe said after studying with Dow himself, "This man had one dominating idea: to fill a space in a beautiful way." Bement taught according to Dow's principles of design, which for O'Keeffe proved eventually to be a way out of the dead end of academic realism. Bement invited her to come back the following summer—and for the three summers after that—to teach with him at the University of Virginia, and at Bement's urging she went to New York in 1914 to study with Dow. Until then, she had been earning her living as an art supervisor in the public schools of north Texas.

"It came about because of a girl I had known at Chatham Institute," O'Keeffe told me. "The girls there all thought I was pretty strange, and I thought they were pretty strange, mainly because we spoke so differently. There was one girl named Alice Berretta, from Laredo, Texas, who hated me—or so I was told. Well, when I heard that, I bet some of the others

SPRING TRAINS

In spring one notices the trains more,
in their unaging childhood:
the rust-red boxcars, the blue-black coal scuttles on wheels,
stopped a long time, then imperceptibly moving
through the new green lash
of the willows. . . .

I think they will go by the windows of lonely peaked houses
where someone smudged and beautiful
draws one hair back over the seashell of her ear;
and I think they go to the night I once woke to,
dark peaks swinging from side to side of the sky,
and the rapids beneath, shades paler than the snow,
while the Mormon evangelist wheezed in the next chair;
and sometimes I think they go to a secret mountain
in the center of West Virginia
made of coal so black it is everywhere a mirror,
and you never know the moment of passing through.

—ALAN WILLIAMSON

that I could get her to like me, and I went to work on Alice. After we left Chatham, we corresponded. She began teaching school in Amarillo, and when the art teacher there left, she suggested that they hire me, and they did. I was hugely excited about going to Texas, because of all those stories that Mother had read to us. Texas was the great place in the world as far as I was concerned.

"I got very interested in teaching," O'Keeffe went on. "Later, I became head of the art department of the normal school in Canyon, about twenty miles away. What I enjoyed was teaching people who had no interest in becoming artists. Dow's teaching had been based on the idea that the same principles applied no matter what sort of work you were doing—pottery, making wallets, anything. He thought everybody had to use these principles in everything he did. Dow gave us exercises in the arrangement of color and shape, dark and light, smooth and rough, and so forth. One of his exercises was to take a maple leaf and fit it into a seven-inch square in various ways. Of course, when I got to north Texas there was nothing

like a leaf to use. The only tree around was the locust, and its leaves were too small to do anything with. There was just nothing for the children to use, and they were too poor to go out and buy an orange. I'd get them to draw a square and put a door in it somewhere—anything to start them thinking about how to divide a space. Pretty soon, I got so interested in teaching I wondered why I should be paid for it.

"And then, of course, I liked everything about Texas. I didn't even mind the dust, although sometimes when I came back from a walk I'd be the color of the road. Oh, the sun was hot and the wind was hard and you got cold in the winter—I was just crazy about all of it. I remember one morning I got up very early to catch a bus from Amarillo back to Canyon—I sat up in front with the driver, because the smell of whiskey and cigars in back was too awful—and we saw the most extraordinary sunrise. When we got to Canyon, I thought maybe that was something I could paint. It was really what started me painting again. I worked in watercolor, because I never had the time for oils."

Although much of the new work looked wholly abstract, it was always based on something she had seen in the landscape. The "Light Coming on the Plains" series had its origin in what she often saw in the very early morning, before the sun rose. "The light would begin to appear, and then it would disappear and there would be a kind of halo effect, and then it would appear again. The light would come and go for quite a while before it finally came. It was the same with the trains. You could see the morning train coming a





"Charisse, are we too sophisticated to order some Girl Scout cookies?"

long way off, and then it would disappear, and then you'd see it again, closer. The country was so flat, but there were slight depressions in it, and things would drop out of sight. Anyway, my teaching schedule was usually arranged so that I had two hours a day to myself, and that's when I used to paint. It was a good time for me. I was getting very interested in what was mine."

RADIATOR BUILDING—NIGHT, NEW YORK, 1927. Oil on canvas.—A tall black office building with a brilliantly illuminated tower and patterns of dark and light windows, part of the precise nighttime geometry of Manhattan. Colors as intense as neon. On the left, on top of another building, a big electric sign spells out the words "ALFRED STIEGLITZ."

They met for the first time in 1916. O'Keeffe, of course, had often visited the Stieglitz gallery at 291 Fifth Avenue, had seen her first Matisse and Picassos there, and had certainly over-

heard Stieglitz talking to other visitors in his volcanic style, preaching the cause of modernism and upholding the artist's integrity against the multiple corruptions of the age. But they did not actually meet until the spring of 1916, when O'Keeffe, learning that Stieglitz had hung a group of her recent drawings in his gallery without her knowledge or permission, came to make him take them down. Stieglitz was not even there the first time she appeared—he was on jury duty. She returned a day or so later and confronted him indignantly. O'Keeffe, who has grown exceedingly tired of this story over the years, will say only that he managed to talk her out of removing the drawings. "He was a good talker" is the way she puts it.

The drawings, which came before the first Texas watercolors, were the earliest fruits of her decision, in 1915, that everything she had painted up until then was influenced by one or another of her teachers, and that from

then on she would paint only what was in her head. "I hadn't thought before about doing what was in my head," she told me. "I hadn't even known anything was there. But when I began to think about it, it seemed very simple." The series of charcoal drawings that she did soon after this decision were for the most part abstractions based on forms in nature. O'Keeffe sent a group of the drawings to her friend Anita Pollitzer, in New York, but asked her to show them to no one else. O'Keeffe had met Miss Pollitzer in Arthur Dow's course at Columbia. She was currently the secretary of the New York branch of the National Woman's Party—"a very lively little person," in O'Keeffe's description, "who used to carry everything under one arm—books, sketch pad, notes, brush and comb—and who usually had some paint on her face or in her very long hair." Miss Pollitzer took the drawings straight to Stieglitz, who looked at them and made his

famous remark "Finally, a woman on paper." He kept them for several months, and then exhibited them the following spring, along with work by Charles Duncan and René Lafferty.

A year after that first meeting, Stieglitz gave her a one-man show—her first—at 291. O'Keeffe was in Texas at the time, teaching, but when she heard that her show would be the last ever held at 291—the building was to be torn down—she took all her money out of the bank and came East to see it. The show had been dismantled before she arrived, but Stieglitz rehung it for her. Before she went back to Texas, he also photographed her for the first time. The following spring, Stieglitz offered to pay her living expenses for one year, so that she could devote herself entirely to painting,

and that summer O'Keeffe resigned from teaching and came to New York to live. She became a member of Stieglitz's inner circle, which included the painters John Marin, Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, and, later on, Charles Demuth and the photographer Paul Strand. "I met a *great* many people," O'Keeffe said, recalling those days. "There was Stieglitz's circle, and there was also the circle around the Stettheimer sisters—Florine, the painter, and Ettie, the writer, and Carrie, who built the doll house that they and their friends decorated. Whenever Florine finished a painting, she would invite everybody in for tea. Nothing in her house looked as though it had ever been used. Once, I made this comment about a red cushion, and Florine said very indignantly, 'I sit on it every day!'"

Another time, I remember, I was sitting there just behind the new painting, and Marcel Duchamp was in a chair facing me. I finished my tea, and Duchamp got up from his chair and took my teacup from me with the most extraordinary grace—with a gesture so elegant that I've never forgotten it.

"Demuth was very elegant, too. He was also more amusing than any of the other artists I knew. He had diabetes, and he would come to New York from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where he lived in a house that had been in his family since the seventeen-hundreds, and would eat and drink everything he wasn't allowed to eat and drink, and get quite sick. In my memory, he is the only artist who was any fun to be with. We were always going to do a large picture together—a flower painting—but we never did. He had a clubfoot, and the effort of walking must have been terrible for him—his collar wilted even on the coldest days. The first time we met him, he was ill and very thin, and his ears stuck out from his head like horns. He always had lunch or dinner with Stieglitz and me when he came to town, and we always enjoyed it."

When Stieglitz and O'Keeffe began their life together, in 1918, she was thirty and he was fifty-five. He had been married; she had not. In addition to being the greatest living photographer—the man who had managed almost singlehanded to revolutionize the medium and to force its recognition as a legitimate means of producing art—he was the center of the modern-art movement in America. He often described his exhibition galleries—first 291 and later the Intimate Gallery and An American Place—as laboratories for experiment rather than places where pictures were sold, and not infrequently he refused to sell to people whose motives he mistrusted. "Stieglitz liked the idea of a group," O'Keeffe said. "He wanted something to come out of America—something really important—and he felt that you couldn't do that alone." O'Keeffe, for her part, did not like groups and was never comfortable in them. For almost thirty years,





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she lived without complaint the kind of life that Stieglitz's public role demanded. (They were married in 1924.) "I never knew how many there would be for dinner," she said. "It seemed as though anyone who was around the gallery in the late afternoon would come back afterward." During those years, living on the thirtieth floor of the Shelton Hotel and later in an apartment near the East River on Fifty-fourth Street, she managed, in spite of interruptions, to get a considerable amount of painting done. In the summer, they went to Lake George, where the large and somewhat contentious Stieglitz clan came together in a house filled with Victorian furniture and knickknacks. "There would be from fifteen to twenty people at the table, and four times as much food as anyone could eat," O'Keeffe recalls. "It was hard for me to work there, because I can never bear to have people around me when I'm working, or to let anybody see what I'm doing or say anything about it until it's finished. Stieglitz never could understand that. Stieglitz did almost all his own photographic work in the summer. In the winter, people were his work."

Dozens of the people Stieglitz knew and influenced have tried to write their impressions of him, but O'Keeffe feels that no one has come close to describing him accurately. "Stieglitz was a very contradictory person," she said last fall. "For example, he would start out in the morning saying one thing, and by noon he would be saying the exact opposite, and then in the evening he would have changed his mind again. He thought aloud, you see. He could become very enthusiastic about someone's work and then forget about it. But he said everything with such conviction that people always believed him. He had such power with words. Stieglitz used words in a unique, almost violent way, which nobody has ever been able to reproduce. It was appalling to me the way he could tear somebody to pieces—and that person would accept it because it was Stieglitz talking.

"His mind was quicker than mine, of course, but

when I really knew I was right I could often wear him down. I seldom argued with him, though. He was the sort of person who could be destroyed completely if you disagreed with him. Actually, for someone who moved in the world as widely as he did, Stieglitz was something of a child. You had to humor him a good deal. When I was first with him, his breakfast every morning would be exactly six pieces of zwieback and a cup of cocoa made with water—and that would be all he had until six in the evening. There had always been too much food at his family's; I think he reacted against that by never eating enough.

"The relationship that Stieglitz and I had was really very good, because it was built on something more than just emotional needs. Each of us was really interested in what the other was doing. I think what he did in photography was one of the great documents of the period. Of course, you do your best to destroy each other without knowing

it—some people do it knowingly and some do it unknowingly. But if you have a real basis, as we did, you can get along pretty well despite the differences."

In a letter to the *Sun's* art critic, Henry McBride, during the nineteen-twenties, O'Keeffe described her own "particular kind of vanity." She did not in the least mind being ignored, she wrote, "but I don't like to be second or third or fourth," and added, "I like being first, if I'm noticed at all. That's why I get on with Stieglitz. With him, I feel first. And when he is around, and there are others, he is the center and I don't count at all." And some years later, again to McBride: "I see Alfred as an old man that I am very fond of—growing older—so that it sometimes shocks and startles me when he looks particularly pale and tired. . . . Aside from my fondness for him personally, I feel that he has been very important to something that has made my world for me. I like it that I can make him



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feel that I have hold of his hand to steady him as he goes on."

BLACK IRIS. 1926. Oil on canvas.—The first of O'Keeffe's paintings of greatly enlarged flowers appeared in 1924. To many people, the swelling forms and mysterious dark voids bore unmistakably sexual overtones, and any number of critics in discussing them made heavy use of Freud. O'Keeffe was offended. She had painted the flower image big, she later wrote, so that people would "be surprised into taking time to look at it" and would then perhaps see it as she did, in all its miraculous shape, color, and texture. "Well," O'Keeffe wrote, "I made you take time to look at what I saw, and when you took time to really notice my flower you hung all your own associations with flowers on my flower, and you write about my flower as if I think and see what you think and see of the flower—and I *don't*."

Although O'Keeffe's work has been extravagantly praised from the very outset of her career, she has not been overly impressed by what critics have found to say about it. Attempts to uncover the sources of her imagery fill her with amazement. "Sometimes I know where an image comes from, sometimes not," she told me. "I think Arthur Dove was that way, too. Often, a picture just gets into my head without my having the least idea how it got there. But I'm much more down-to-earth than people give me credit for. At times, I'm ridiculously realistic."

After a pause, O'Keeffe continued, "I'll tell you what went on in my so-called mind when I did my paintings of animal skulls. There was a lot of talk in New York then—during the late twenties and early thirties—about the Great American Painting. It was like the Great American Novel. People wanted to 'do' the American scene. I had gone back and forth across the country several times by then, and some of the current ideas about the American scene struck me as pretty ridiculous. To them, the American scene was a dilapidated house with a broken-down buckboard out front and a horse that looked like a skeleton. I knew America was very rich, very lush. Well, I started painting my skulls about this time. First, I put a horse's skull against a blue-cloth background, and then I used a cow's skull. I had lived in the cattle country—Amarillo was the crossroads of cattle shipping, and you could see the cattle coming in across the range for days at a time. For goodness' sake, I thought, the people who talk about the American scene don't know anything about it. So, in a way, that cow's skull was my joke on the American scene, and it gave me

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pleasure to make it in red, white, and blue."

To the critics, of course, O'Keeffe's skulls signified death, with overtones of crucifixion. O'Keeffe did not think of them that way at all. "The bones," she wrote in the catalogue for one of her New York exhibitions, "seem to cut sharply to the center of something that is keenly alive on the desert even tho' it is vast and empty and untouchable—and knows no kindness with all its beauty." When she painted desert flowers with a skull ("Summer Days," 1936), she says, there was no symbolism intended. Nor was there in "Horse's Skull with Pink Rose" (1931). O'Keeffe explained to me that she had a collection of artificial flowers, which the Spanish people in her part of the country used for funeral decorations. "I was looking through them one day when someone came to the kitchen door," she said. "As I went to answer the door, I stuck a pink rose in the eye socket of a horse's skull. And when I came back the rose in the eye looked pretty fine, so I thought I would just go on with that."

Throughout her career, in a kind of counterpoint to the precise, stripped-down realism of her more familiar work, O'Keeffe has continued to paint abstract or semi-abstract pictures. Abstraction, of course, was very much in the wind when she first began going to exhibitions at 291. Arthur Dove was painting in a style of pure abstraction by 1910—whether Dove, in America, or Wassily Kandinsky, in Munich, got to pure abstraction first is a matter of critical dispute. O'Keeffe doesn't really know how she came to her own form of three-dimensional abstraction, characterized by strongly modelled forms and intense, luminous color. "What happens is that you pick up ideas here and there," she told me. "If you mention any particular source, it gives that too much emphasis." Her work, in any case, was nothing like the flat, lyrical abstractions of Kandinsky or other Europeans. Brancusi, on seeing O'Keeffe's painting, said, "There is no imitation of Europe here; it is a force—a liberating free force."

In recent years, several critics have come to see O'Keeffe as an important precursor of much contemporary American art. Eugene Goossen suggested in a 1967 article that O'Keeffe's work is in the true line of a native American aesthetic tradition, which was rudely interrupted by European influences as a result of the Armory Show, in 1913, but which reemerged during the late nineteen-forties in the explosion

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of Abstract Expressionism. O'Keeffe is also seen as having anticipated the more recent color-field abstraction of Kenneth Noland, Ellsworth Kelly, and others. She herself is particularly interested in Kelly, whose paintings, composed for the most part of flat, unmodulated areas of pure color, are nevertheless based, like O'Keeffe's, on natural shapes. "Sometimes I've thought one of his things was mine," she said last fall. "I've actually looked at one of Kelly's pictures and thought for a moment that I'd done it."

PURPLE HILLS NEAR ABIQUIU. 1935.
Oil on canvas.—"I climbed way up on a pale-green hill and in the evening light—the sun under clouds—the color effect was very strange—standing high on a pale-green hill where I could look all round at the red, yellow, purple formations—miles all around—the color all intensified by the pale grey-green I was standing on."—O'Keeffe, letter to a friend.

Georgia O'Keeffe and Rebecca Strand, an artist who was married to the photographer Paul Strand, spent the summer of 1929 in Taos. They stayed in one of the houses there that belonged to Mabel Dodge Luhan, the rich woman who had married an Indian from the Taos pueblo, and who liked to be surrounded by artists and writers. It was the same house that D. H. Lawrence and his wife, Frieda, had lived in for a summer. O'Keeffe had fallen in love with New Mexico in 1917, when she passed through Santa Fe with her younger sister Claudia on a vacation trip to Colorado. "From then on, I was always trying to get back there," she has said, "and in 1929 I finally made it."

Stieglitz continued to spend his summers, as usual, at Lake George, but from 1929 on he did so without O'Keeffe. The separations were painful for both of them. O'Keeffe was torn between her obligation to Stieglitz and her obligation to her work. In the high, wild desert country of New Mexico, she felt very close to something that she had been trying to reach in painting. "Lake George is not really painting country," she remarked last fall. "Out here, half your work is done for you." Once, O'Keeffe suggested in a letter to Mabel Dodge Luhan that she sometimes found it necessary to help Stieglitz by not getting in his way, and that this was why she came West in the summer. But the problem was obviously more complex. "The difficulty in getting out here was enormous, but I came," she told me quietly.

That summer of 1929, she painted

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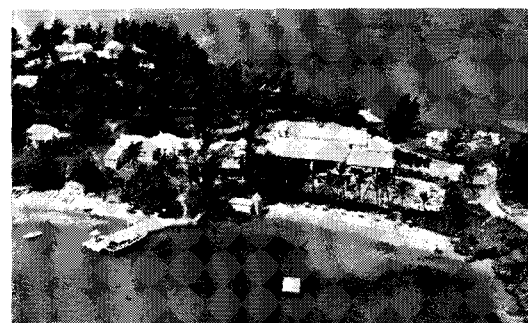
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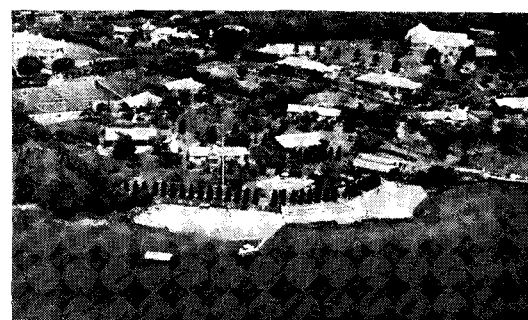
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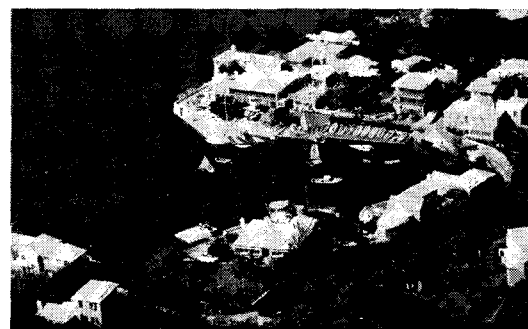
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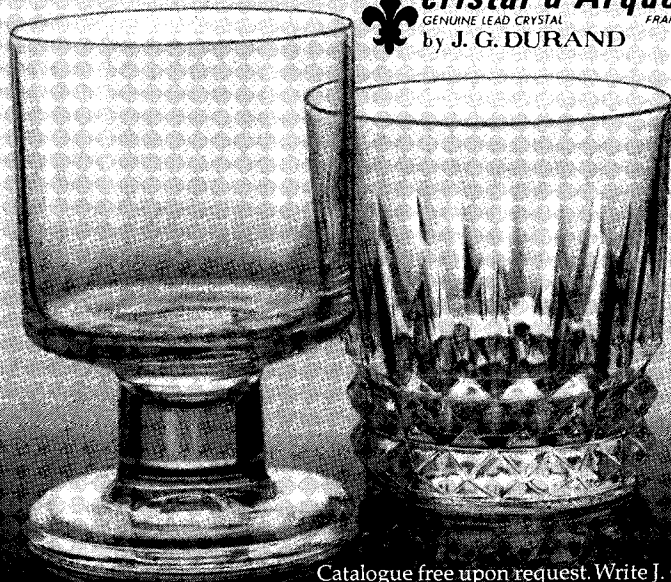
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the country around Taos, working directly from nature. "In the evening, with the sun at your back, that high, sage-covered plain looks like an ocean," she said. "The color up there—the blue-green of the sage, and the mountains, and the wild flowers—is a different kind of color from anything I'd ever seen. There's nothing like it in Texas, or even in Colorado." Much to Mabel Dodge Luhan's annoyance, O'Keeffe spent only one summer in Taos. She had discovered the country to the west—the Rio Grande Valley, near the little village of Alcalde. "It was the shapes of the hills there that fascinated me," she said. "The reddish sand hills with the dark mesas behind them. It seemed as though no matter how far you walked you could never get into those dark hills, although I walked great distances. I've always liked to walk. I think I've taken a bath in every brook from Abiquiu to Espanola. Irrigation ditches are fine for bathing, too. They're just wide enough to lie down in. I found I could work in a place for two days before anyone bothered me. After two days, people would turn up and be curious, and then I'd move on somewhere else. If I hadn't finished, I would come back in a week and spend two more days. I was painting what I saw, as best I could. Sometimes I succeeded, sometimes not."

It may be assumed that O'Keeffe also wanted to keep a certain distance between herself and the Taos art colony. She rather liked Mabel Dodge Luhan—was amused by her, even when Mabel was at her bullying worst. Mabel and Dorothy Brett, the painter, and Frieda Lawrence, who had settled near Taos after D. H. Lawrence died, in 1930, carried on a running three-cornered feud. They had all idolized Lawrence, and each considered herself in some way his true muse—a situation that reached lunatic heights during their protracted squabble over Lawrence's ashes. To prevent Mabel from stealing and scattering the ashes (as she claimed Lawrence had wished), Frieda finally had them mixed with a ton of concrete and formed into a block.

"Frieda was very special," O'Keeffe recalls. "I can remember very clearly the first time I ever saw her, standing in a doorway, with her hair all frizzed out, wearing a cheap red calico dress that looked as though she'd just wiped out the frying pan with it. She was not thin, and not young, but there was something radiant and wonderful about her. They were a funny crew over in Taos. They'd have terrible fights, and

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Wine glasses tinted red, blue and green were introduced in the Victorian age in order to mask the large amount of sediment present in wines at that time. Better bottling techniques have been developed since then, and tinted glasses have become a thing of the past.

5. WHO INVENTED CHAMPAGNE?

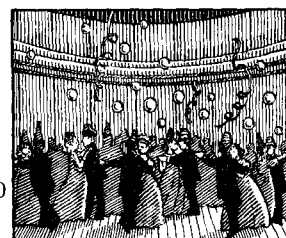
When Dom Perignon first tasted his luscious creation in 1705, he said, "Come quickly, I am drinking stars." He is also credited with the invention of the cork.

6. WHAT WAS THE BIGGEST PARTY EVER THROWN IN A WINE VAT?

Back in 1897, Italian Swiss Colony of Asti, California decided they needed a wine vat.

Since they were already a very big winery,

they didn't mess around. They built a vat capable of holding 500,000 gallons of wine, which was at that time the world's largest wine vat, underground or not. In order to celebrate the event, they threw a party in the vat. It was large enough to hold a 15 piece military band, and 100 couples who danced and drank for 2 days and 3 nights.



7. IS IT TRUE THAT THE BIGGER THE BOTTLE, THE BETTER THE WINE?

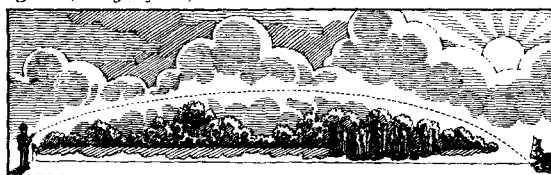
It doesn't make a bit of difference with Champagne. But with a claret, burgundy, or port, the wine will age more slowly in a larger bottle, the end result of which is a fuller-bodied wine.

8. WHAT IS THE VALUE OF 1 ACRE OF LAND IN THE NAPA VALLEY?

The Napa Valley is one of the finest wine producing areas in the world, often compared to the Bordeaux region of France. To buy 1 acre of grape producing land there could cost you as much as \$10,000.

9. WHAT IS THE WORLD'S DISTANCE RECORD FOR A CHAMPAGNE CORK?

According to the 1973 edition of the Guinness Book of Records, the longest distance for a champagne cork to fly is 73 feet 10½ inches, popped by A. D. Beaty at Hever, Kent, England, on July 20, 1971.



10. WHAT WAS THE HIGHEST RECORDED PRICE EVER PAID FOR AN AMERICAN WINE?

The price was \$5,000 and the wine was a 12 bottle mixed case of Inglenook Cabernet Sauvignon and Pinot Noir produced between 1887 and 1900, and sold at auction in 1971. This should come as no surprise, since this is an ad for Inglenook. What is surprising is that we make these same wines today as if we were still in the 19th Century.

For instance, our wine cellar in the Napa Valley probably could have been replaced long ago with an easier-to-maintain structure. But its 3 foot thick stone walls keep our wine at a perfect 56° year around. And our 200 year old German wine barrels could probably be replaced with more modern steel vats. But the

Black Forest oak has a mellowing effect on our wine that we couldn't get any other way.

In addition, we still produce estate bottled wine at Inglenook, which is about as practical as making Tiffany shades these days.

But growing, crushing and fermenting our grapes right there where we can keep our eyes on them, gives us the control necessary to produce a great wine year after year.

That's the way they do it in Europe. And that's the way we do it at Inglenook.

That way, a case of 1968 Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine will be worth a small fortune another hundred years from now.



Inglenook



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not speak to one another for days. But there weren't that many interesting people around, so sooner or later they would make up. Mabel could be pretty mean, of course. She had the ability to paralyze a whole room. She would invite a lot of people to her big house and seat them around in a circle, and they would be so intimidated by her that nobody would say a word. And then the next day Mabel would go on about how everyone in Taos was so stupid. Mabel and Tony Luhan really met their match in each other, I always thought. Tony stayed top of the heap, and he did it through silence. Sometimes he'd get mad at Mabel and fling his blanket around him and say he was going to go to the pueblo. Mabel always worried that he'd decide not to come back. But the time Mabel went East to have an operation, Tony lay like a log across her bed for days, missing her. They needed each other—no doubt about it.

"One summer, Mabel was going away on a trip, and she invited me to come and use her studio. I thought that might be nice for a few days, so I went, but I stayed only one night. The next day, I went over to the Sage Brush Inn, near Taos. Well, Mabel came back early from her trip, and demanded that I return and stay with her. I explained that I couldn't work all day and then be with people in the evening—it just wasn't possible—but I said that if I had a day when I wasn't working I would call her up and come over. I did call her one day, and Mabel said, 'Oh, no, you can't come. Tony's invited the peyote singers here, and we have too many people already.' Later that afternoon, Tony came to the inn to pick me up. I told him what Mabel had said, and Tony came into my room and sat down in a rocking chair in the corner. 'I go to lot of trouble, get peyote singers,' he said. 'She no invite my friend, I not go.' And he didn't. He sat there all evening, rocking in that chair. Mabel was furious."

O'Keeffe and Tony Luhan were great friends. Tony used to take Rebecca Strand and her on camping trips to Mesa Verde, Inscription Rock, the Canyon de Chelly, and other places. (Mabel had periods of minding and periods of not minding, according to O'Keeffe.) On occasion, Tony even confided to her his deep feelings about his wife. Mabel, for her part, was a great but rather frustrated admirer of Stieglitz. "She had known Stieglitz long before I did, and she always wanted to get him out there," O'Keeffe told me. "He never came,



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The Shenandoah Story. Unlike other so-called Early American collections, each of these bedspread patterns is an exact replica of an original which has been fastidiously researched and duplicated.

Kirsch went a lot further in recapturing the beauty and charm of these Early American quilts than meets the eye! We devised a method for stitching two or more different quilting patterns for the look of real handmades. Then we specified a polyester filling which feels remarkably like the cotton batting of yesteryear. Finally, we used muted colors to simulate the fading inherent in the originals.

Only Kirsch brings you such authentic Early American patterns plus quality workmanship as modern as tomorrow.

So do something not only historic but dramatic for your bedroom. Something that will immediately transform it into one of the most distinctive rooms in your home.

A short history of each pattern in The Shenandoah Collection.

HERITAGE: Sometimes called a "burning quilt," this pattern, which shows a distinct Elizabethan influence, was among the first of its kind to appear in Colonial America. It was a tradition for friends and neighbors of a new mother to prepare an elaborate bed-covering for her which was used on the occasion when they welcomed the new arrival.

ROSE WREATH: The rose has always topped the list as the most popular of all flower designs. Instead of a singular pattern, it was sometimes interspersed with other designs because of its light, well-balanced look. This color combination follows that of the original hand appliqued silk spread of the early 1800's.

LOG CABIN: Patchwork quilts are uniquely American. They evolved out of the frontier

women's ingenuity in utilizing every scrap of material that was salvageable, usually from dressmaking leftovers. This Shenandoah pattern was copied from sections of an original early 19th century patchwork.

FRIENDSHIP: Like many Early American quilts, Friendship patterns were the collective work of women who combined their individual skills at quilting bees. Friendship quilts, however, were usually designed as special gifts for leading citizens.

SNOWFLAKE: Inspired by their simple beauty, pioneer women worked nature's geometric compositions into many of their quilts. The snowflake was one such design. But, unlike other Early American patterns, the snowflake color combination seldom varied from blue and white. Like all the other patterns in The Shenandoah Collection, this one was taken from an authentic Early American original.

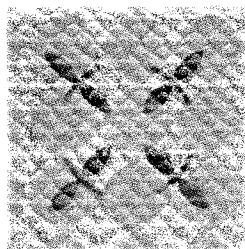
EIGHT-POINT STAR: Another popular geometric design was the star. Its symmetry led early quiltmakers into literally hundreds of variations, with the most popular star patterns being named after every state in the new Union, other nations and famous men.

The Shenandoah Collection can be found at fine stores throughout the country. For the name of the one nearest you, write: Kirsch Company, Sturgis, Mich. 49091.

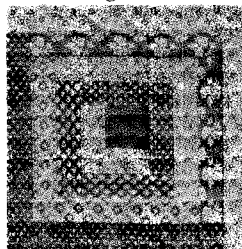
Heritage



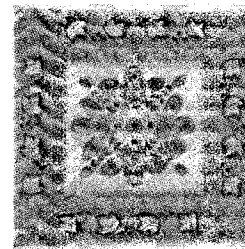
Rose Wreath



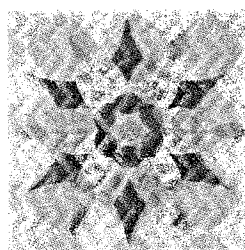
Log Cabin



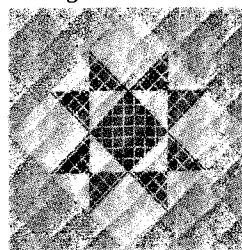
Friendship



Snowflake

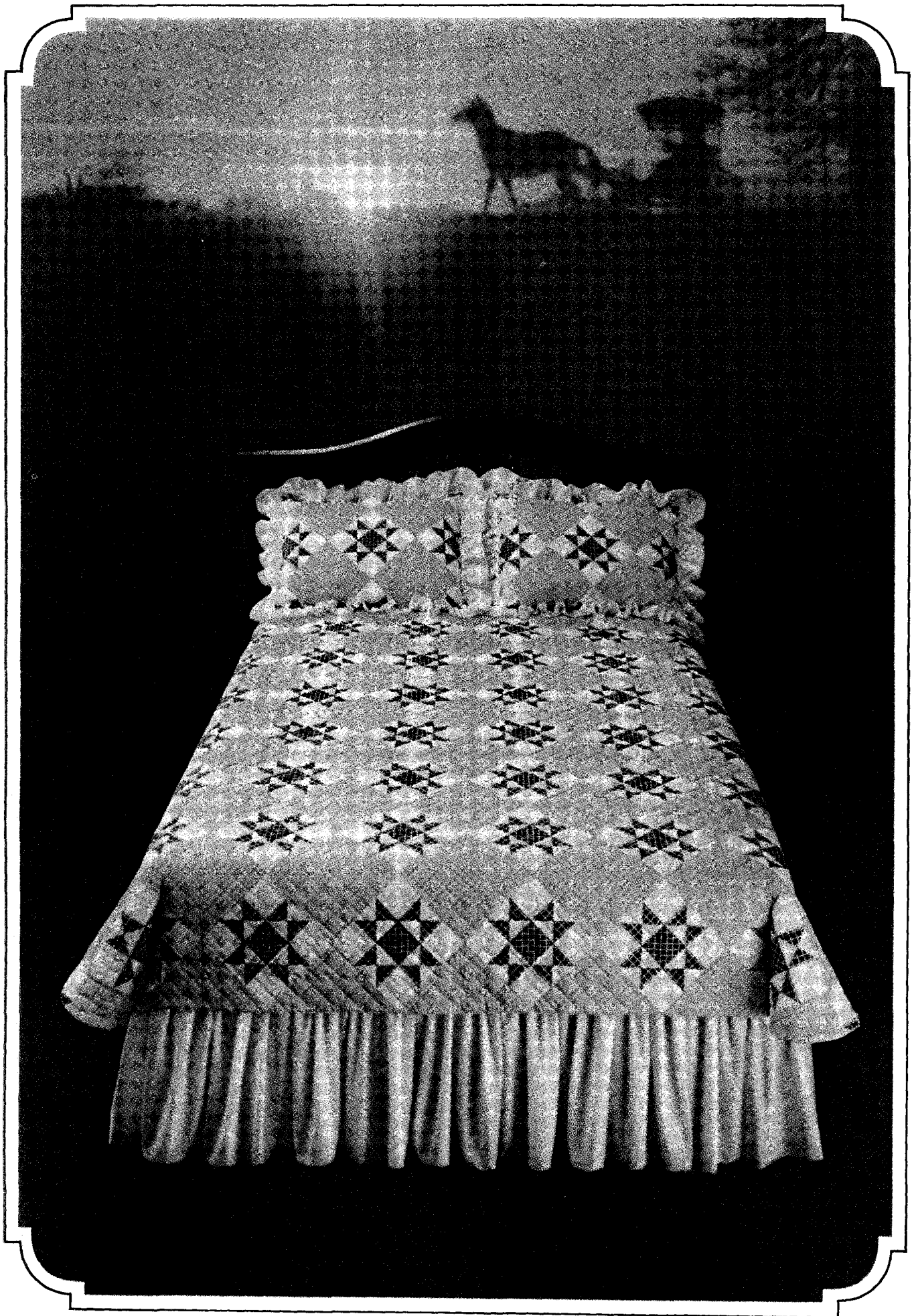


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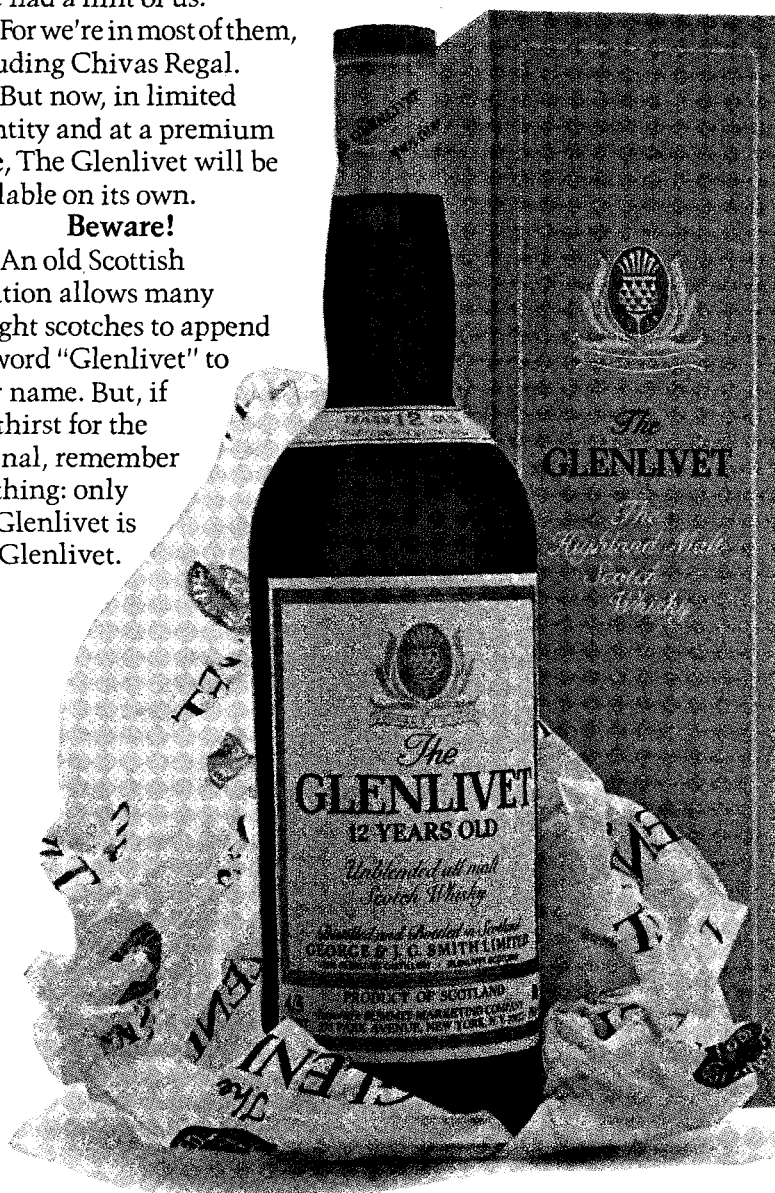
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which was just as well. He was such a worrying person—he had the sort of mind that wouldn't have let me drive five miles to market without worrying." (His anxieties might have been understandable. Around Taos, O'Keeffe's difficulties in learning to drive a car were legendary.)

Every fall, O'Keeffe returned to New York and to Stieglitz, who remained very much the center of her life. After his death, in 1946, she spent three more winters in New York, settling his estate and dividing his extensive art collection among six different institutions, including the National Gallery, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Metropolitan Museum. Stieglitz had wanted his collection to be kept together in New York, but she had always told him that she thought it had to be divided, and he left the decision up to her. In 1949, she moved to New Mexico for good.

BLACK ROCK WITH BLUE, No. V. 1971. Oil on canvas.—The smooth, rounded rock form fills the canvas, nearly touching the edges at either side. Black rock, white ground, blue sky—three simple colored shapes. The painting hangs on the end wall of O'Keeffe's studio in Abiquiu. "I felt that I'd done what I wanted to do in it," she said. "I don't always get what I try for, you know."

The Abiquiu house was in ruins when O'Keeffe bought it in 1945. She had had her eye on the place for years—ever since she drove by in a car one day and saw, through a break in the adobe wall, an enclosed garden and a tumbledown house. The man who owned it said he planned to put up a motel there but would sell for six thousand dollars. Too much. A few years later, the man died and left the property to the Catholic Church; O'Keeffe was told that she could have it for less, but by this time she was in the process of buying the house at Ghost Ranch. Then the war came, and gas rationing, and only one trip to town a week to buy fresh vegetables, and she began to think again about the walled-in garden at Abiquiu. It took three years to rebuild the house and make it livable. The place was roofless and crumbling to dust. All available building supplies in the area were still going to the atomic facility at Los Alamos, and it was almost impossible, she says, to buy a nail. By 1949, though, when she moved West for good, the Abiquiu house was ready.

"I've never wanted to make it look Spanish, or Indian, or anything like that," she told me. "I wanted it to be my house." There is more furniture

than at the Ghost Ranch, but not much. O'Keeffe lives mainly in the studio, a long white room that used to be the stable, with wide windows overlooking the Rio Chama Valley. The best of her hi-fi systems is in the studio, and so is a large proportion of her record collection, which runs to instrumental music from the sixteenth through the nineteenth century. (Monteverdi is a favorite.) Two of her own paintings hang here—a 1950 abstraction in blue, black, and white, and the 1971 "Black Rock." The only other work of art in the room is a print by Hiroshige—a snow scene in three panels—which she keeps covered with a cloth against fading. Large worktables take up one end of the room, with matters of current interest in neat piles all over them—magazines and books, reproductions, correspondence, a photograph clipped from a newspaper of a Viking ship with a prow that rises to an extraordinary curling peak. The floor is carpeted in white.

In Abiquiu, O'Keeffe becomes managerial. She confers at length with the cook and with her sister Claudia, who presides over the well-irrigated garden that provides all the fruit, vegetables, and corn for both houses; she answers the telephone and attends to correspondence. Since her big 1970 retrospective exhibition at the Whitney Museum, there has been an increase in correspondence with museums and galleries that want her to lend paintings, which she does rarely and only under the strictest conditions. In the art world, her reputation now is as high as it has ever been, or higher, and her prices have always been impressive. (In 1927, Stieglitz sold an O'Keeffe flower painting for three thousand dollars and another painting for six thousand.) Recently, and through no efforts of her own, she has become something of an idol to the new generation of feminists, whose tactics sometimes cause her to wonder how they can hope to accomplish much, "jumping around that way." But then O'Keeffe herself has never had much trouble accomplishing what she wanted to accomplish. "Dealing with Georgia is very easy, provided you do exactly what she wants," a museum director said last fall.

She has contributed generously to her adopted village. For some years, she has helped needy children get through school. She has built a gymnasium for the village, and has given funds to improve the water system. Except for O'Keeffe, the storekeeper, and the Catholic priest, the population of Abiquiu is Spanish-American and In-



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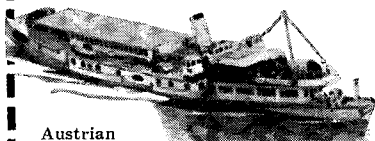
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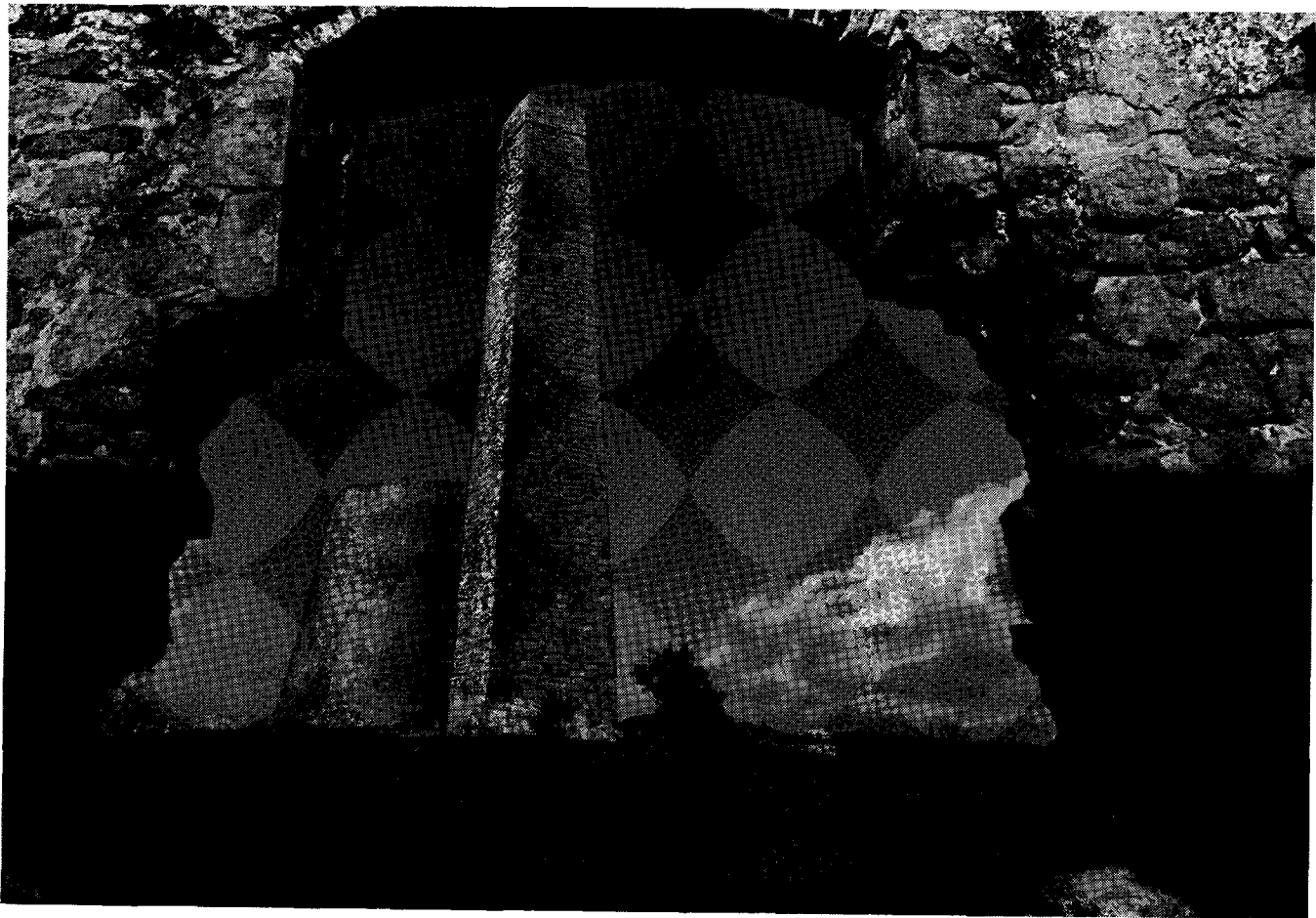
dian. "When I first moved here, the children had nowhere to go when it got dark," she told me. "They'd play out in the street in front of the cantina until sundown and then sometimes they would come in here to see me. After a time, I took to sending them in my car when they had games with other schools. Once a week, I sent them to the movies in Espanola. The boys used to talk a lot about having a gymnasium, and eventually I had a gymnasium built. Now those same boys are grown up and have children of their own." A man who knows and likes O'Keeffe and who lives in another Spanish-American village some distance away, insisted years ago on giving her two large and aggressive blue chows for protection. She came to adore the dogs but has never felt any need for their protective qualities. "I find the Spanish-American people very gentle and immensely polite," she says.

The sitting room at Abiquiu is fairly luxurious by O'Keeffe's standards. There are three comfortable chairs, a built-in adobe bench with cushions, and a glass-topped table, which she likes because, as she says, "it looks as though it almost didn't exist." The end window faces the garden, and its wide sill holds some of the choicest rocks from her collection. On a low table against the wall are art books and a small oil by Arthur Dove—an abstraction called "Golden Sunlight." Her own "Sky Above Clouds," one of the series that grew out of her travels by jet plane, fills the wall at the far end. A delicate black Calder mobile hangs near the fireplace. It is a cool night—cool enough for a fire in the rounded, hivelike little fireplace, where the piñon logs stand up on end and are ignited by piñon shavings.

"I think Dove came to abstraction quite naturally," O'Keeffe says, reflectively. "It was his way of thinking. Kandinsky was very showy about it, but Dove had an earthy, simple quality that led directly to abstraction. His things are very special. I always wish I'd bought more of them. And all the people Dove influenced, who are better known now than he is! The Museum of Modern Art never gave him a really important show—I don't know why. Dove used to paint a lot of small pictures, little landscapes, that didn't look particularly distinguished at first, but in them he would get the feel of a particular place so completely that you'd know you'd been there."

O'Keeffe has often said that she does not much like pictures. When she

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WINE TALK

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travels, as she has done extensively since Stieglitz's death, she spends little time in museums or galleries. The heights of Machu Picchu, the Lipizaner horses of the Spanish Riding School, in Vienna, the ruins of Angkor Wat—these are the sort of thing she goes to see, and she is never disappointed. "But I mentally destroy the pictures I look at," she said, with an amused smile. "I'm very critical. I don't seem to have the kind of pleasure I know a lot of other people have in pictures. That's why I was so surprised when I went to the Prado in 1953—because everything there was so exciting to me. Maybe the fact that the pictures had not been cleaned had something to do with it.

"It's funny to me that I enjoy Goya so much," she went on, after a moment. "One of the first things I ever bought was a reproduction of a Goya in the Metropolitan—I hope it's still considered a Goya. It's a portrait of a man in knee breeches. Goya seems so foreign to me, and yet I enjoy him as much as any other Occidental artist. His prints—a lot of them, anyway—show some pretty terrible things, things that usually make me squeamish. But not the way Goya does them. Of course, my favorite is Chinese painting. I'd still say it's the best that's been done."

She got up to put some more wood on the fire. When she was in her thirties, she said, she was troubled with arthritis, but it had disappeared years ago; she thought the secret was in keeping warm enough. "Now I haven't a creak. I suppose that's remarkable."

The conversation turned to the number of letters she gets these days from young artists and would-be artists who want to see her and show her their work. O'Keeffe does not believe in giving advice. "Go home and work." That's all I can tell anyone," she said. "You can't help people that way. I think one of my best times was when nobody was interested in me. That may have come from my not being the favorite child in the family, and not minding that I wasn't—it left me very free. My older brother was a favorite, and I can remember comparing myself to him and feeling I could do better. In my case, I never cared anything at all what other people thought. I always knew I could earn a living doing something else besides painting, so I wasn't worried. I could just do what I wanted to do, and I didn't have to care what people thought. Oh, if I'd followed people's advice it would have been hopeless. That



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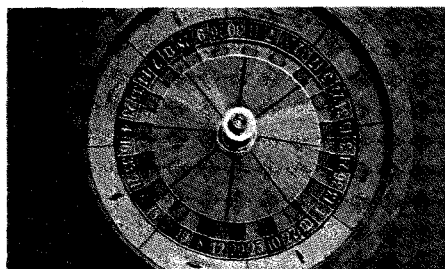
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man Bement gave me some very good advice. He told me things to see and do, and he was very helpful. But if I'd really done in painting what he wanted me to do, nobody would ever have thought anything about me.

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O'Keeffe was silent for a time, gazing at the bare adobe wall beyond the fireplace. "I just think that some people are very lucky," she said.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[From the London Times]

A girl aged 16 is to appear at Duns Sheriff Court, Berwickshire, in March accused of ill-treating prawns, a charge brought under the Protection of Animals (Scotland) Act, 1912.

Eleanor Donoghy, a fish worker, of Springdale, Tweedmouth, Northumberland, is alleged to have ill-treated prawns by putting them on a hotplate at a factory and watching them jump about before they died.

Entering a plea of not guilty at the court today Mr. Robert Mackay, her solicitor, challenged the relevance of the case on two grounds. He claimed that to be relevant the charge must refer to animals. Under section 13 an animal was classed as any domestic or captive animal.

Prawns were not mentioned. Under another section the Act refers to birds, fish and reptiles in captivity. If a prawn was a fish he believed the word "captivity" meant being kept alive in an aquarium. After referring to the *Standard Natural Book* he was convinced a prawn was not a fish but an insect.

Sheriff James Paterson said if this were so, the prosecution could have grave difficulties. Mr. Hamish Stirling, procurator fiscal, said the charge referred to the cruel ill-treating and torturing of animals. The question might be whether a prawn was an animal.

Sheriff Paterson said he would want to hear expert evidence from a zoologist. He fixed the trial for March 8.

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SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

BRIAN FRIEL's new play, "The Freedom of the City," which opened and closed at the Alvin before it had a chance of finding an audience, is an allegory in which the author passes judgment on the murderous folly of the conflict that has been racking Northern Ireland for so many years now; by extension, he is passing judgment on the murderous folly of the human race at large, whether the place in which we confront and destroy one another be Kent State, South Africa, or Cambodia. The title of the play is a characteristic irony of Mr. Friel's, and echoes the irony of the title of Frank O'Connor's celebrated story "Guests of the Nation." In "The Freedom of the City," a protest march is being held in Londonderry in the year 1970; with rubber bullets and tear gas the police and Army authorities disperse the peaceful demonstrators, three of whom manage to take refuge in the grandly furnished headquarters of the Lord Mayor. (A door leading from a side street into the Lord Mayor's private office just happens to be unlocked and unguarded; in allegories one gains little by challenging the implausible.) It is in these quarters that His Worship is accustomed to present the freedom of the city to distinguished visitors. His three uninvited, thoroughly undistinguished visitors are presented not with the freedom of the city but with death, which they meet astonished, having done nothing to deserve it. In a further Frielian irony, they are robbed even of their innocence by the unctuous hypocrisies of the priest who buries them; he is ready to substitute for the meaninglessness of their fate one of two contradictory explanations—that they have sacrificed themselves in the noble cause of a united Ireland, or that they have been punished as the sorely deceived agents of the godless left. Either way, the savagery of their extinction is accounted for and cosmetized; they can be fitted back into the

fabric of society, which is then at liberty to make whatever use it likes of them. Their joint funeral becomes a state occasion, helpful to people in high places, and a star turn on the telly.

Mr. Friel has taken a formidable chance in the construction of his play, and it does not succeed. The action begins a moment after the shooting down of the three demonstrators; their corpses are lugged brutally offstage, and an inquiry is opened into the facts of the case. Five or ten minutes into the play and there will be no more surprises; we march step by step to the predictable last words of the last scene. Because the plot is a trifle too neat and movielike for its own good, our interest in it must be sustained by the interestingness of the three main characters, and here Mr. Friel does very well. Two young men, one of them virtuous and the other a scamp, and a middle-aged housewife, mother of eleven, warily acquaint themselves with each other as, whiling away the time, they drink the Lord Mayor's liquor, mischievously don his gorgeous robes of office, sign the guest-



book, and put in an occasional phone call. They are besieged—the authorities mistakenly assume that forty or fifty armed revolutionaries have captured the Guildhall—and they grow alarmed by their plight, but they cannot take it seriously; what they reveal about themselves as they chatter and bicker and tittle is both funny and touching, and it is a tribute to Mr. Friel's skill (and perhaps to his Irishness) that in a context of tragedy we are so often moved to laughter.

Though the play faltered, the production at the Alvin did everything possible to conceal its flaws. Kate Reid, Lenny Baker, and Allan Carlsen were excellent as the housewife, the scamp, and the virtuous young man, and Joe Ponazecski was amusing in the readily excisable role of an American sociologist lecturing us upon the nature of the

poor. Henderson Forsythe capably enacted the oily priest, and Gordon Gould matched his oiliness drop for drop as a TV commentator. The superb setting was by David Jenkins, the lighting was by F. Mitchell Dana, the costumes were by Alicia Finkel, and the energetic direction was by William Woodman. Along with Mr. Friel, Mr. Woodman appears to have remembered that nobody had a livelier time at Finnegan's wake than Finnegan. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Swim in '45

"FASHION," which opened last week at the McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, is a truly musical musical comedy—the first to come along Off Broadway in ages—with a lively, lovely score by Don Pippin, and nimble, clever lyrics by Steve Brown. Among its other assets is the glowing presence of Mary Jo Catlett—plump, buoyant, funny, and absolutely terrific—in the leading role. There are nine women and one man in the cast. The setting is a living room in a mansion on Long Island, the women—all of them local matrons—are members of a dramatic club, the man is their director, and he is about to put them through the first full-cast rehearsal of his musical adaptation of Anna Cora Mowatt's "Fashion," an early American farce first produced here in 1845. The rehearsal is *not* a dress rehearsal; the ladies are wearing the prettiest evening clothes you've ever seen (costumes by Neil Bieff and Arturo Herrera). What we have here, then, is a situation where professional actors are playing amateurs and where women are playing male roles, and it leads at first to exactly the kind of pesky foolishness you'd expect. But only at first. Once the show takes off, it stays aloft. Anthony Stimac, who directed it, is also the adapter.

Anna Cora Mowatt's "Fashion; or, Life in New York" tells the story of Mrs. Tiffany, a newly rich woman who is determined to be in the swim of society and who almost succeeds in marrying her daughter off to a bogus French count. The count was actually a servant in the old country, and was also the lover of Mrs. Tiffany's French chambermaid. Mr. Tiffany, whose wife spends his money quicker than he makes it, has already promised his daughter's hand to his clerk, a nasty piece of goods and a blackmailer of the boss. Also present are a beautiful orphan girl, who seems to be employed as the family's music teacher; her suitor; and a gnarled, rough-hewn old friend of

Mr. T.'s from upstate New York. This friend is himself very rich and a spokesman for independence, thrift, and other American virtues, and it is he who straightens everything out in the end, unmasking imposture, confounding villainy, giving the lie to false accusation, and identifying orphan. I've never read Mrs. Mowatt's play, but there are plenty of indications even here that, for all the plottiness of its plot, it has true character and humor, and I wish that present company had found some way to do it without ridiculing it—for they do ridicule it, affectionately or not, with all manner of posturing and exaggeration. Last year, Mr. Stimac put together the same sort of show out of another early American play, called "The Contrast" (again with music and lyrics by Pippin and Brown), and the result was a campy disaster. This show works; its general air of well-being and delight is irresistible. Everyone sings well and performs well enough; Ty McConnell, Henrietta Valor, and Sydney Blake (f) are especially enjoyable. Susan Romann, the admirable musical director, plays both piano and family butler.

"DEAR NOBODY," at the Cherry Lane, is a dramatic recitation by Jane Marla Robbins of portions of Fanny Burney's diaries, a recitation justified by the very first entry. "I must imigion myself to be talking—talking to the most intimate of friends," Miss Burney wrote in 1768, when she was fifteen years old. "To whom dare I reveal . . . my secret thoughts of my dearest friends? my own hopes, fears, reflections, and dislikes? . . . Nobody!" So that's that. The diaries are priceless. Gossipy, shrewd, affectionate, humorous, loving, passionate, and bitchy, they are a record by one of Britain's most distinguished woman writers of life in eighteenth-century London in the highest literary circles and at the court of George III. Miss Burney's father, a musicologist, was a close friend of Dr. Johnson's and the Thrales', and her novel "Evelina" was an instant success; for a short, miserable while, she was a lady-in-waiting to the queen, and later, in a village outside London, she moved among such distinguished refugees from the French Revolution as Mme. de Staël and Talleyrand. Miss Robbins, a vivacious and very pretty young woman, has chosen well; the evening is consistently entertaining. Herself an American, she has the good sense not to try too hard to sound like an Englishwoman (her all-purpose, mid-Atlantic speech sounds just right)



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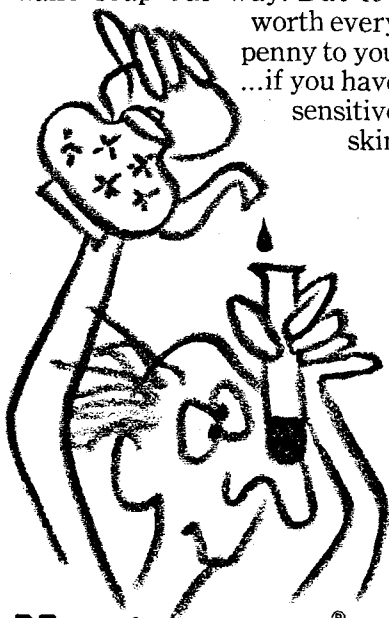
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but the bad judgment to attempt pocket impersonations of people (Irish, German, French) whom Miss Burney met on her daily rounds, impersonations for which Miss Robbins has no knack whatever. Patricia Zipprodt has designed beautiful costumes for her, and the effective lighting is by Martin Aronstein.

THE C.S.C., a semi-professional group with its own theatre on East Thirteenth Street, has now added to its distinguished repertory a very creditable production of Tom Stoppard's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead." On Broadway, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern" was verbally so dazzling—the English language seems a treasure chest just opened for Stoppard—and the acting was so polished that one tended to think of it as the most exciting, witty intellectual treat imaginable. It is that, of course, but much more. In the midst of all the word games and punning, even in the first scene, as the two young heroes toss that coin in the air and it comes down heads time after time after time, feeling seeps in—bewilderment, gathering melancholy, and, finally, tragedy—so subtly that the line, near the end, "There must have been a moment, at the beginning, where we could have said no" comes as a shattering and sobering surprise. "Rosencrantz" is, among other things, about having no control over events, over what happens next. Why didn't I realize the first time that these two were waiting for Godot? Christopher Martin, the director, has extended the dumb show to cover much more of "Hamlet," and has added many lines from "Hamlet" to Stoppard's script, a justified emendation, I think, when actors such as these are not yet strong enough, for all their good work, to get by the emptiness—the perfect emptiness—of the original. Mr. Martin is also artistic director of this valuable troupe. C.S.C. stands for Classic Stage Company.

—EDITH OLIVER

REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT FIZZED, EXPLODED, GRUMPED, CROAKED, OR SPAT

[From "Venus with Pistol," by Gavin Lyall]

"Foutez le camp!" he fizzed.

—Page 71.

"Foutez!" he exploded.

—Page 71.

Henri grumped: "Arab sheiks don't have friends."

—Page 81.

He croaked: "Qui est là? Il n'y a pas que six heures."

—Page 86.

"Cézanne!" he spat.

—Page 88.



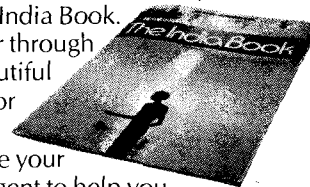
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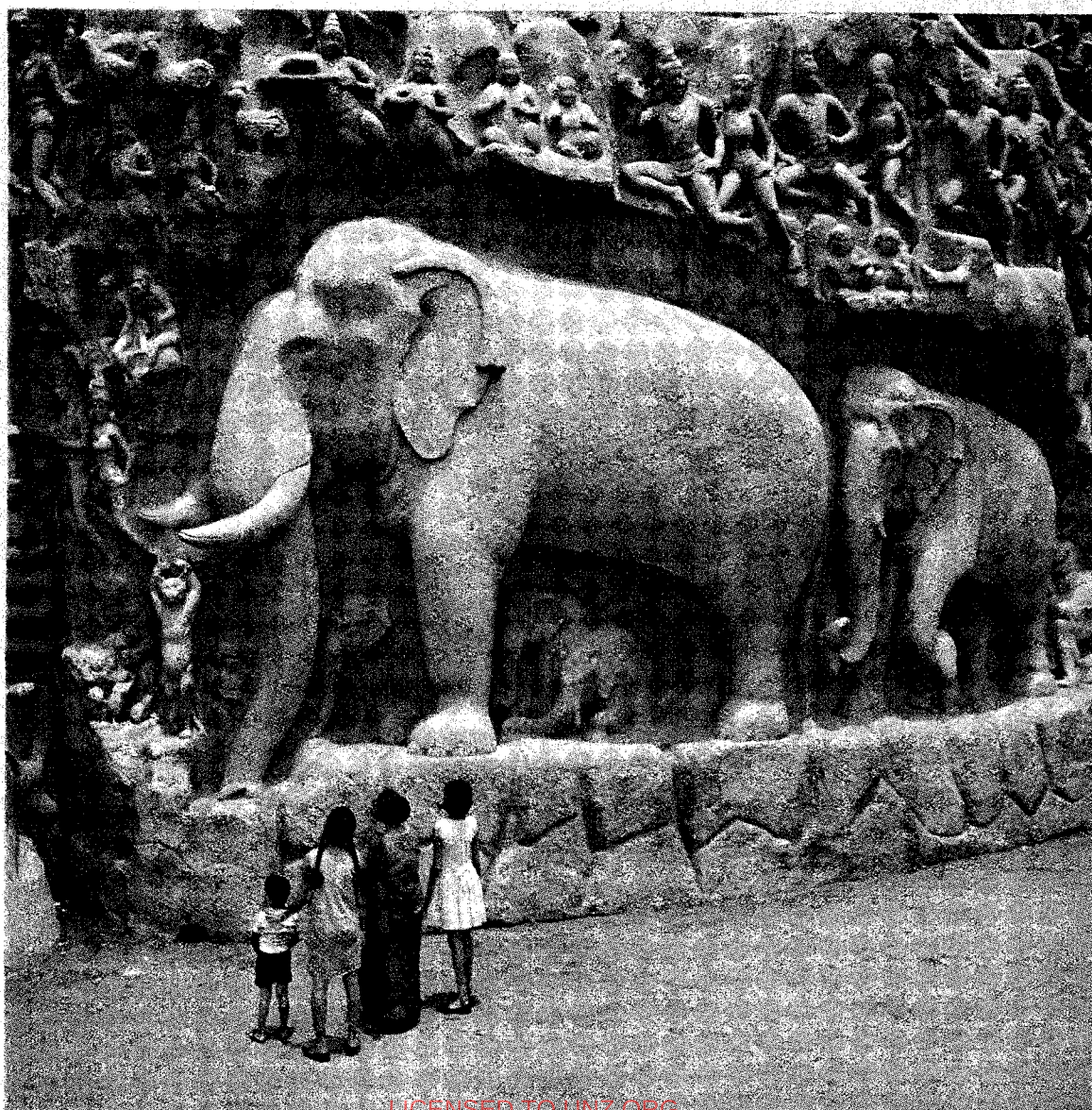
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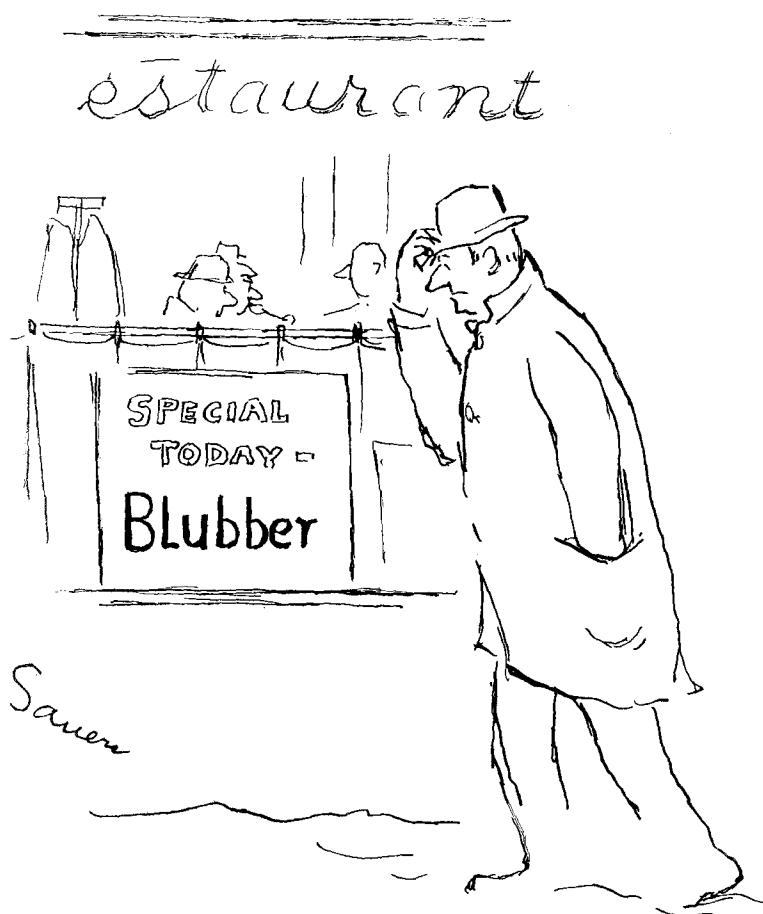
who are not: Jo Jones, Milt Hinton, Hank and Thad Jones, and Zutty Singleton.) But the most recent episode in this headlong rush of jazz and the Establishment toward one another is the appearance this winter of no fewer than two jazz repertory companies—the National Jazz Ensemble, founded and directed by the bassist Chuck Israels, and the New York Jazz Repertory Company, founded and headed up by George Wein. They make it official: jazz has a Past.

Repertory companies, devoted until now to formal music, drama, and dancing, have long been considered ongoing and beneficial. They provide paid, on-the-job training, they delight audiences by giving them delusions of critical grandeur, and they keep worthy works alive. But such companies are by nature interpretive, whereas jazz is largely an improvisatory music—which raises all sorts of troublesome questions: How should a jazz repertory company re-create, say, Jelly Roll Morton's 1926 “Grandpa's Spells”? Transcribe the entire recording, thus precluding any improvising? Transcribe the ensembles and allow new solos? Or simply let loose musicians still conversant

with Morton's style? Should the company play Ellington when Ellington can still play himself supremely well? How should it treat great recorded solos? Transcribe them or improvise on them? Should it fool with material that is readily available in night clubs or on records? Should it commission fresh works? And here is a genuine puzzle—how should it bring to life one of the great recorded performances by Frankie Newton, Sidney Bechet, J. C. Higginbotham, and Sidney Catlett, when most of its beauties flowed from the musicians' unique, inimitable timbres and attacks? To date, the two companies have each given two concerts, and they have raised as many questions as they have answered.

The National Jazz Ensemble, based in tidy Alice Tully Hall, is the Little Brother of the two. It has a single, sixteen-piece orchestra, limited funds, and a schedule of four concerts this season. The New York Jazz Repertory Company, based in big Carnegie Hall, is a behemoth in comparison. Its many orchestras are drawn from almost a hundred musicians of every persuasion, it is amply funded, and it will give fifteen concerts this season. But Little Brother, by opening its series on November 21st, got off the mark first. The concert, by turns, was charming, ingenious, dull, exciting, and esoteric.

Its twelve pieces were by Louis Armstrong, Ellington, Charlie Christian, Charlie Parker, John Carisi, Thelonious Monk, Israels, Bill Evans, and Miles Davis. The band included, to name a few, Randy Brecker and Lew Soloff on trumpet, Garnett Brown on trombone, Jim Buffington on French horn, George Barrow and Sal Nistico on tenor saxophone, Benny Aronov on piano, Pat Martino on guitar, Herb Bushler on bass, and Bill Goodwin on drums. Israels conducted and occasionally played. The first number, which lasted less than a minute, very nearly topped everything that came after. It was a transcription of the thirty-two-bar solo Louis Armstrong took in his 1927 Hot

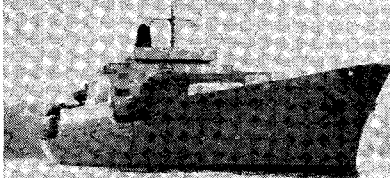




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Five recording of "Struttin' with Some Barbecue." The few rough spots in the solo had been ironed out, and the band, playing the solo in unison, soared. One of Armstrong's most adventurous early solos became a new, highly lyrical, almost avant-garde statement that had a sculptured, larger-than-life quality. And this became even clearer when the number was repeated at the close of the evening. The next selection was a mistake. It was a thinly voiced, somewhat stiff reading of Ellington's great, complex, sashaying "Rockin' in Rhythm." Since every Ellington composition comes in three interlocking parts—the melody, its orchestration, and the band's rendition—any other version is necessarily incomplete. (Relish this triple phenomenon now; it is irreplaceable.) Moreover, "Rockin' in Rhythm" is very much a part of Ellington's current repertory. In the next number, Charlie Christian's "Seven Come Eleven," the band caught a good deal of the lissome flow of Christian's melodic lines, as well as the smooth, pedalling sound of the Goodman sextet, but Martino's solo—he gets a jangling, five-and-ten sound—was obtrusive. Then came an apt study, carried forward by a trumpet and an alto saxophone, of the startling ensemble figure that Charlie Parker wrote in his "Confirmation." Israel made it triumphantly plain that not enough has been done about Parker's ensemble lines, which, in their complexity, daring, and originality, sometimes exceeded the solos they enclosed. (It should be pointed out, though, that the original recordings of "Seven Come Eleven" and "Confirmation" are available.) Israel's notions of what a jazz repertory orchestra should do took unmistakable shape in John Carisi's "Israel." The tune was first recorded by the Miles Davis Nonet in 1949. Israel, however, used the arrangement Carisi devised in the fifties for Gerry Mulligan's big band and interpolated a transcription, played by his trumpet section, of Davis's solo in the Nonet version. It worked, even though the long solos that were added tended to weaken the over-all design of the piece. The big-band arrangement written by the late Hall Overton in 1959 of Monk's "Little Rootie Tootie" followed, and it included a transcription of Monk's solo from his early trio recording of the tune. The first half of the concert was closed by Israel's own three-part variation on "Stella by Starlight." This had written and improvised solos, and sections that fleetingly recalled the "Rhapsody in Blue" and "L'Histoire



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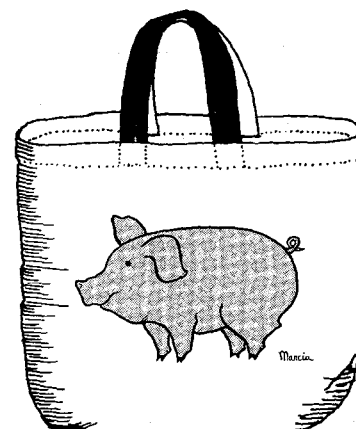
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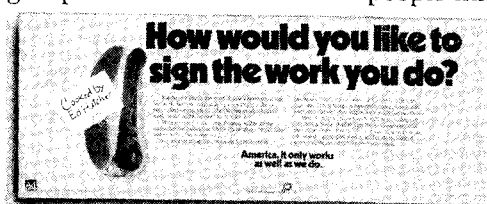
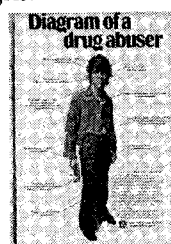
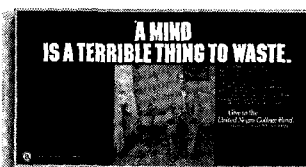
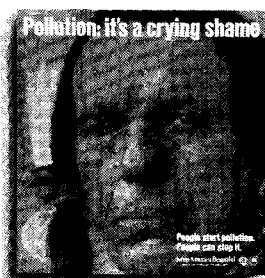
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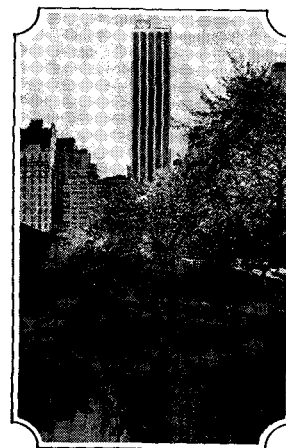
du Soldat." It was clever, closely woven embroidering.

Bill Evans sat in for the second part of the evening and reaffirmed the curious fact that he is far more relaxed as a sideman than as a leader. His unflaggingly brilliant solos were full of leap-frogging Bud Powell runs, short, intense phrases clustered around one or two sharply struck notes, and rich chordal fillings. When he is in such superb shape, he is the premier pianist of his generation. Israel's boxes-within-boxes devices were also in full view. "Nardis Variations" was an orchestration of a 1963 Evans trio recording, and on it Evans erected a whole new solo. And in the densest effort of the evening, Miles Davis's "All Blues," Israel, according to the program, "transcribed the melody as Davis played it on the record, and then orchestrated Evans' accompaniment to Davis's improvised solo, fleshing it out so that Evans [could] use it as a springboard for a new piano solo." Henry James would have relished such intricate, sneakered footwork.

The National Jazz Ensemble's second concert, given late in January, was largely an extension of the first. "Lester Leaps In" incorporated an ensemble transcription of Lester Young's original 1939 solo. Horace Silver's "Moonray," written in 1958, was a salute to Silver's trumpet-and-tenor-saxophone ensemble, which was padded out here and there by the whole band and broken up by Randy Brecker and Sal Nistico solos. Miles Davis's "Solar" was a variation, both improvised and written, on Davis's original recorded solo. Ornette Coleman's "Tears Inside" was given similar treatment, but it failed to pin down the singular texture and timbres of the Coleman-Don Cherry version. The rest of the evening included, among other things, a new Herb Pomeroy piece, "Jolly Chocolate," which was an Ellington stew salted with Charlie Mingus polyrhythms; Charlie Parker's "Bloomdido," in which sections of a transcription of Parker's solo were dropped in between new solos; and "Dolphin Dance" and "Maiden Voyage," by Herbie Hancock, which served as miniature concertos for their composer, who sat in.

So Israel's approach to a jazz repertory orchestra appears set. His tastes are catholic ("Struttin' with Some Barbecue" was played again that night), but he specially favors the music he grew up with (he is thirty-seven, and his idols include Parker, Clifford Brown, Davis, Bill Evans, with whom he worked for five years, and John Col-

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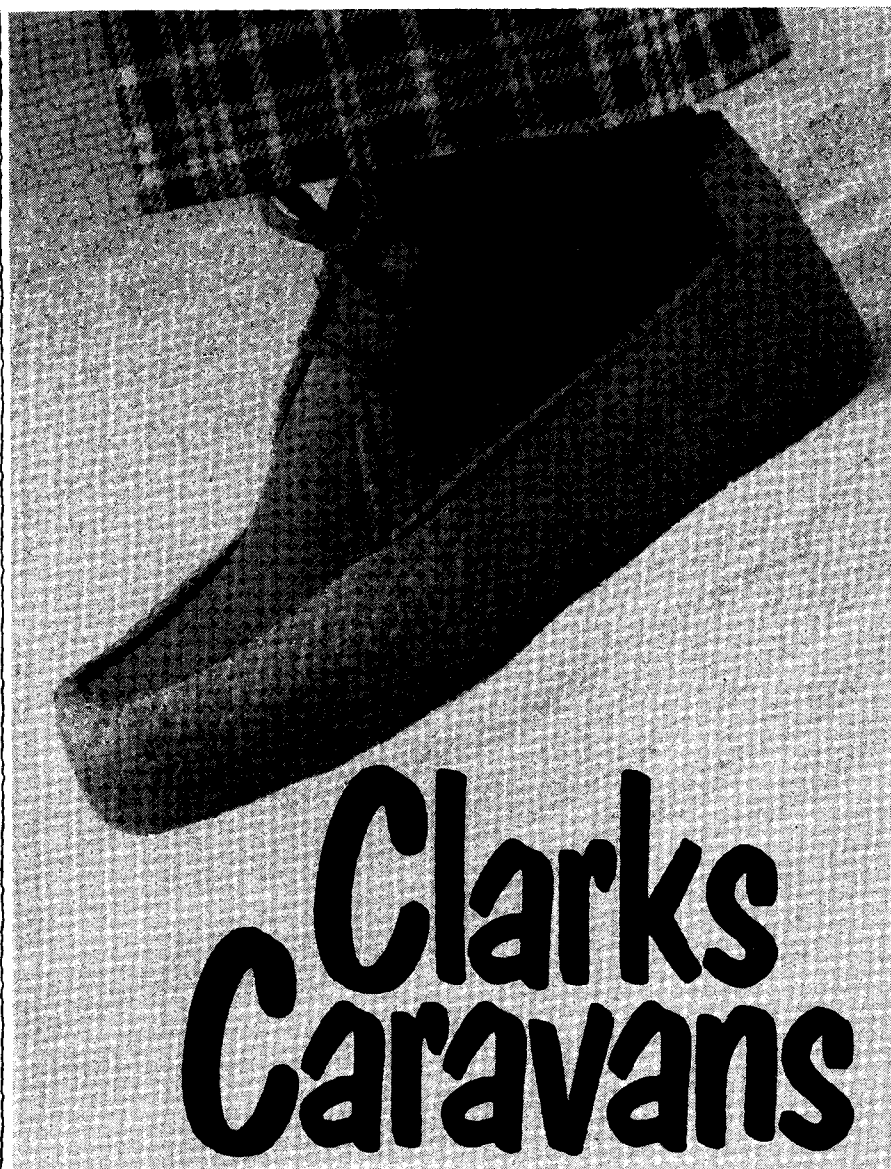
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trane). He rejoices in improvisation, and he celebrates it intelligently with his transcriptions and adept orchestrations. And he enjoys intellectual catch-me-if-you-can musical games. His band for the most part serves him well. It is primarily an ensemble group, whose soloists, though sometimes long-winded, are largely icing on the cake. The band does not always swing, but some of the mazes Israel takes it through discourage such refinements.

FOUR days earlier, Big Brother puffed into Carnegie Hall for its first concert, breathed heavily for three hours, and brought forth a mouse. The concert was in three lengthy parts. In the first, a seventeen-piece band, which included such as Zoot Sims, Budd Johnson, Eddie Bert, Joe Newman, Jon Faddis, Jimmy Lyon, George Barnes, and Panama Francis, played eleven of Sy Oliver's arrangements for the old Jimmie Lunceford band. (Oliver is one of the musical directors of the New York Jazz Repertory Company. The others are Billy Taylor, Gil Evans, and Stanley Cowell.) The Lunceford band, with its predilection for two-beat rhythms, short solos, vocal trios, and showmanship, had a strong Mickey Mouse streak, and this trait was emphasized on the occasion as we bounced through "Ain't She Sweet," "By the River Sainte Marie," "Margie," "My Blue Heaven," "Cheatin' on Me," "Annie Laurie," "Organ Grinder's Swing," and "Tain't What You Do." But the Lunceford band had a serious, driving side, too, and such redoubtable numbers as "Yard Dog Mazurka," "Battle Axe," "Chocolate," "Impromptu," and "Uptown Blues" should have been aired. (These last are not Oliver arrangements, but limiting the program to his work suggests the sort of ego-tripping that has no place in a repertory company.) How fine it would have been to hear the slow, majestic "Uptown Blues," and to have had its stark, affecting solos by Willie Smith and Snookie Young scored, respectively, for the reed and trumpet sections! But this N.Y.J.R.C. orchestra, which, ironically, played Oliver's arrangements better than Lunceford did, was doubly wasted. It ignored Lunceford's better half and it played material that Oliver's own band has used all over town for the past several years.

There was more waste in the second section of the evening, which was devoted to material that Gil Evans has been parading in night clubs. A curious thing has happened to Evans in the past



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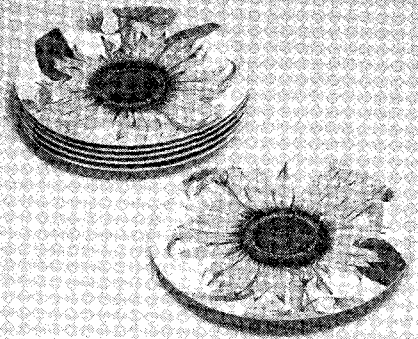
couple of years. His best work is still ahead of its time, yet he has been trying to keep up with what he has already passed. That is, he has loaded down his sumptuous orchestrations with a synthesizer, rock rhythms, amplifiers, interminable solos, and a congested percussion section. The results suggest Jacob Marley's famous trip up Scrooge's stairs on Christmas Eve. The last section of the concert centered on a five-part piece, "Collection Suite," that was written, arranged, and conducted by the trumpeter Charles Tolliver and played by a thirty-piece group—a big band plus a four-man percussion group, a tuba, and eight strings. The music, tossed back and forth between the strings and the horns, and interlarded here and there with suffering solos, had severe Kentonitis. It was the sort of vanity music a jazz repertory company should run like hell from.

The next N.Y.J.R.C. concert was as inscrutable as the first. Dizzy Gillespie brought a seventeen-piece band onstage for an announced program of his big-band pieces from the forties, and one looked forward to such eminences as "Ow!", "Two Bass Hit," "Things to Come," "Ool-Ya-Koo," and "Woody 'n You." Instead, the band played his lovely but later "Con Alma," and then settled into a grim, twenty-minute Gillespie composition, "The Burning Spear," which was arranged by Chico O'Farrill and is full of busily changing tempos, ostinato figures, and a discordant "free" ensemble passage. But there were half a dozen muted and open Gillespie solos, as well as one stand-up-and-shout moment. It came in the fourth section, a medium blues, when Jon Faddis, a brilliant young trumpeter, fashioned four choruses in a high, bulling, singsong way that gave the effect of slow-motion frenzy. If Faddis keeps his head and chops in shape, and curbs his tendency to overblow, he will be a marvel.

A twenty-two-piece band conducted by Billy Taylor completed the evening with two Oliver Nelson compositions, "Soundpiece for Jazz Orchestra" (1964) and "Jazzhattan Suite" (1967). Both are reminiscent of the "modern" sound-track music that Neal Hefti, Henry Mancini, André Previn, Lalo Schiffrin, and others have been turning out for Hollywood—a blues-tinged, brassy, baritone-bound, rhythmically bombastic music. These men have swept away the Dimitri Tiomkins, but, in their own way, they have become as insistent and as static. Again there was a saving moment, and it

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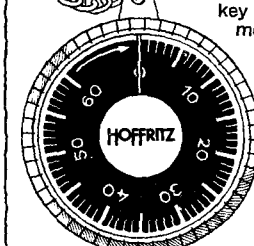
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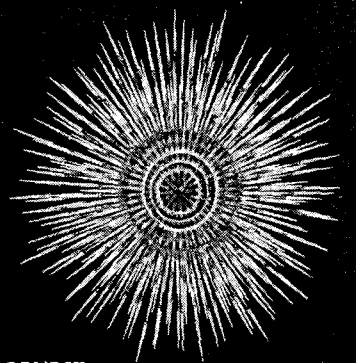
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came in "Jazzhattan Suite." Jimmy Knepper, using a plunger mute, took several stunning blues choruses, which offered an abundance of his curiously turning phrases, his surprisingly placed notes, and his unique, rumpled tone. The sound throughout the evening was unsettling. Microphones were used only for the soloists (but not for pianists and guitarists), while the various sections, sounding as if they were in the next county, were left to blow themselves purple.

THE next New York Jazz Repertory concert will be on March 4th, and the National Jazz Ensemble will reappear April 10th. Israel's is already on his special, intelligent way, but Big Brother needs retooling. In the meantime, here are some suggestions for music to be studied, re-created, or distilled by the two companies: the 1940-41 Cab Calloway band, a surprising number of whose alumni are still playing (the band *was* reassembled during the last Newport Jazz Festival, but it ended up largely as accompaniment for Cab Calloway's vocals); a big-band program of Benny Carter tunes and/or arrangements; the Miles Davis Nonet; the Gerry Mulligan sextet; the John Kirby band; and transcriptions of such great solos as Louis Armstrong's in "Basin Street Blues" (1933), Bix Beiderbecke's in "I'm Coming Virginia," Charlie Parker's in his first "Embraceable You," and Don Byas's in Count Basie's 1942 small-band version of "St. Louis Blues." —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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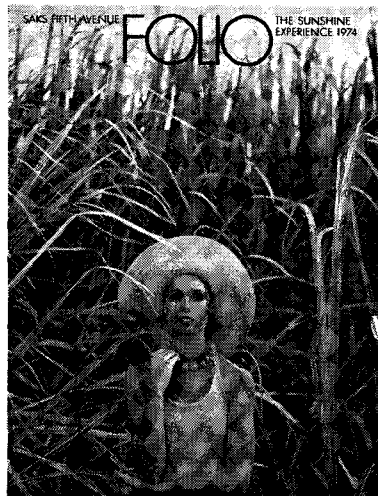
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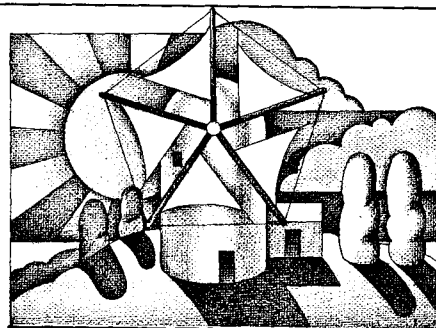
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THIS vitally important, perhaps historic election is like no other that people can remember. In contrast to the 1970 campaign, which looked as though it would have an easy, foregone conclusion and did not, the issues that are being fought over, and the way people are discussing them, are exceptionally confused, and difficult to add up into a confident assertion of a clear victory for Mr. Heath or Mr. Wilson. The only thing that seems clear to thoughtful citizens in all parties is that how England chooses a government on February 28th will settle with finality how the country wishes to tackle the sombre future, about which there is no choice at all. While the country is making up its mind, the crisis is quietly ticking away like a taxi meter, adding up a ruinous total that the passengers will have to pay when they stop arguing and come out into the harsh light of March.

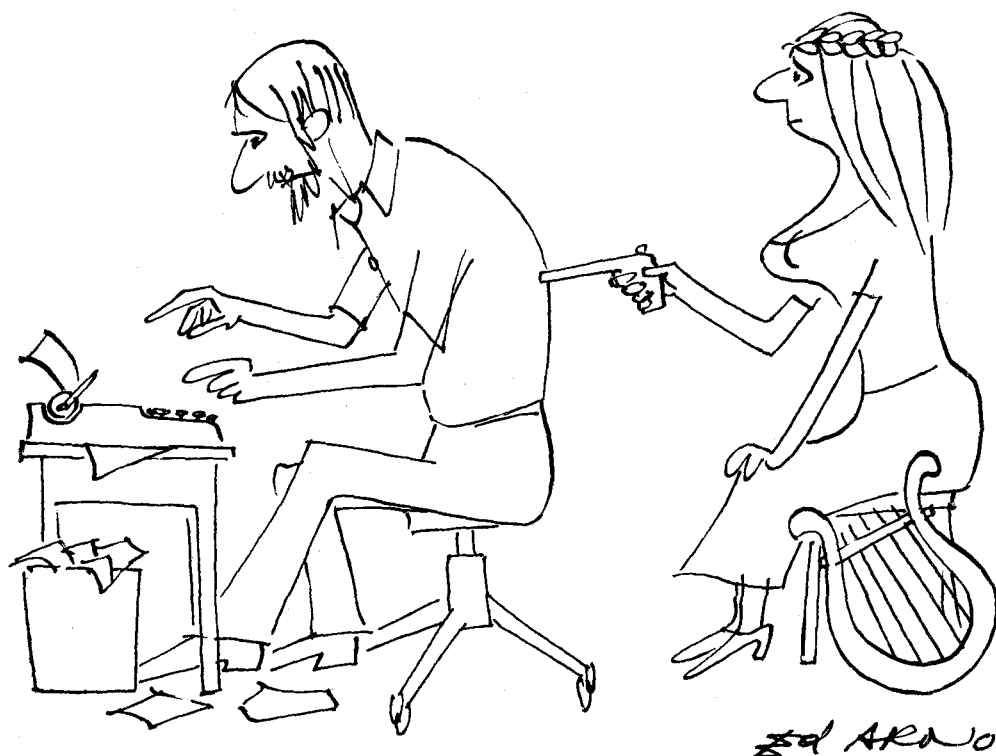
The Prime Minister chose to go to the polls at a time that has all the deterring features of a Conservative campaign manager's nightmare, though Mr. Heath appears, it should be added, calmly undeterred. Many of his worried supporters wish that he had decided on an earlier date, for election day will follow pat (as the Party knew it must) on the shock of several sets of published official figures that will provide splendid ammunition for delighted Labour and Liberal candidates and are making for acute nervousness among Conservatives. The revelation last weekend of a

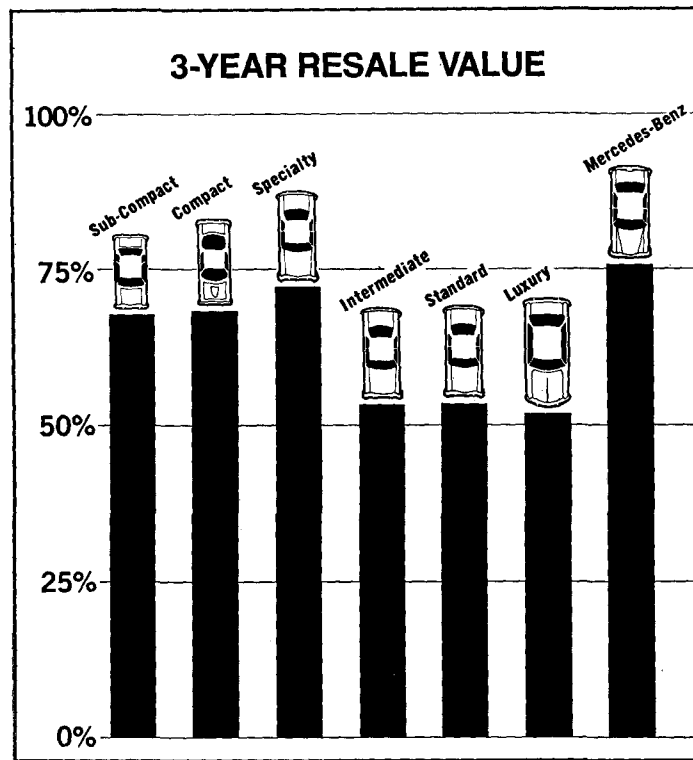
huge rise in the index of food prices was not news to housewives, who have been loud in their lamentations for months, but it has certainly turned up awkwardly to plague the Government. The price of a loaf of bread has risen to fourteen and a half new pence, or thirty-three cents. Petrol went up by eight new pence, to fifty pence (or a dollar and fifteen cents) an imperial gallon, so rationing will now presumably be by the purse, thanks to Britain's freewheeling deals outside the European Economic Community, about which many British feel angrily disapproving. Garage owners have mostly taken down the "Sorry—Regulars Only" signs from their pumps, and the honor principle of no Sunday driving seems to have been tacitly forgotten. Before polling day, new unemployment and trade figures will have come out, to add their flat black-and-white testimony to the universal worry over loss of money and what the three-day week is relentlessly doing to jobs and small businesses. About the only thing that people have noticed and been cheered by in the national dimout is that management and workers all over the place are reportedly uniting to meet the challenge, as the odd British character unfortunately appears to do only in times of war or extreme crisis. Many people consider that if Mr. Heath turns out to be next week's winner, it will be because numbers of perhaps wavering voters will have concluded that a man who selects this rough and stony ground to fight on, and continues loud

and clear and unwavering to announce his reasons for asking them to follow him into the fray, may possess the best temperament for the long, painful haul that everybody, however incredulous, is beginning to see stretching ahead. The miners lost much public sympathy by refusing to postpone their strike while the campaign was on. As one of them bluntly told a reporter, it was all the same to them whether Labour, Conservatives, or Liberals got in down there in London. Sitting in their tight, isolated communities, cut off from public opinion as they might be on the moon, they seemed interested only in seeing the money they have been striking for put down on the table pretty fast by someone or other.

The great question that voters want answered is what will happen after February 28th if the Conservatives get back in and the Pay Board, now sitting to give its verdict on whether the miners are to be placed at the top of the wages league, should award them less than they claim, and the strike goes on. It is taken for granted that if Mr. Wilson wins he will settle immediately; then the country will get back to work, and industrial history will probably soon repeat itself. The Prime Minister has been greeted with shouts of "Don't give in!" from his supporters as he tours the country, but a queer dichotomy seems to exist in citizens' minds over the miners and their pay. People tell you that they want to see Mr. Heath stand firm over not letting any section of the community breach his incomes policy, but they add that at the same time they think it only right that the miners should get their money. No one knows how this woolly bit of doublethink is going to knit itself up into votes next week.

At the moment, some of the effects of the strike seem to have retreated a bit from voters' preoccupied minds, the Government having tactfully (but unwisely, people consider, because coal stocks are dangerously dwindling) postponed, for the duration of the election, doing what the new Government will surely have to do quickly. Householders who had been warned that tough electricity cuts were about to be clamped down, because appeals to economize voluntarily had not always been heeded, were told that blackouts would not come during the campaign. So they have been switching on lights and gadgets in the home with new abandon, of course. The ten-thirty TV curfew to save power, about which everybody grumbled, was also lifted for the duration—inexplicably, it is considered, since the disputed saving is plainly even





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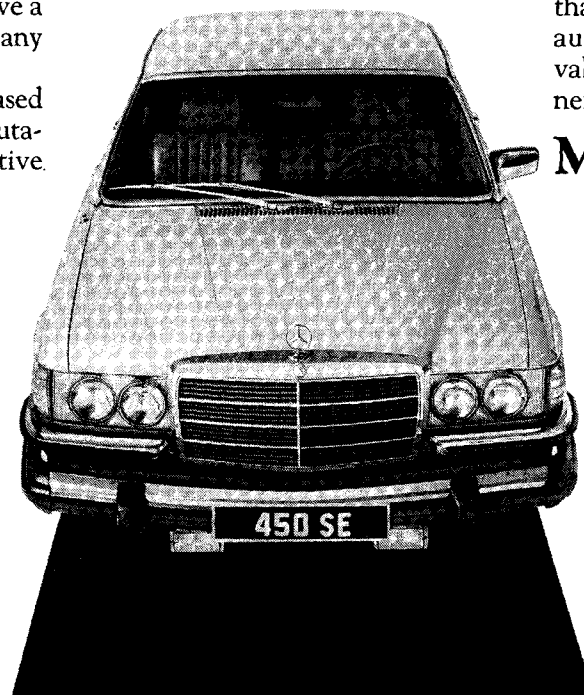
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more critically necessary now. Families sitting gloomily surveying the endless parade of political faces spouting a torrent of recriminations, promises, and dire warnings into their living rooms do not seem as grateful as they might be for the restored time. The train drivers, likewise, temporarily halted inflicting miserable one-day stoppages on the travelling public, in answer to an appeal by Mr. Wilson, which was immediately construed as a request not to goad public opinion further. Some of the commuters who suffered most in the railway paralysis have already indicated tartly that they will know just how to vote on the twenty-eighth, all the same.

The campaign, which was widely expected to be bitter, and even violent, has so far been neither. Labour candidates are giving voters a tempting view of a promised (and, Conservatives say, a wildly inflationary) land of increased pensions, price controls, and heavy taxation on inherited and come-quick wealth, like that amassed by their most reliable Midas symbol, the property speculators. Wages and salaries would be left to run free—with, according to Mr. Wilson, the proffered help of the trade-union leaders to hold back their members from queering a Labour Government's pitch. The trade unions have just indicated, however, that they promised nothing of the kind. There is much Labour talk of more social equality, a keynote in this election which turns up constantly on Liberal platforms, too, and is varyingly interpreted as the redistribution of wealth by fiscal means or the not new idea of more participation between bosses and workers. But this week Mr. Wilson has suddenly switched his main attack to soaring food prices, perhaps remembering that it was Mr. Heath's constant hammering on the theme that won him the last election, and much ill will since for failing to bring them down. Mr. Wilson's accusations that membership in the European Economic Community and the machinations of the European farming lobbies are responsible, just as he predicted before Mr. Heath dragged Britain in, will probably sound more reasonable to his audiences than Conservative candidates' plugging away with figures to show that countries outside the Community are suffering even worse from the same world disease. The present spectacle of the floundering European partners has come as a gift to Mr. Wilson, and he is using it well. His promise to hold a referendum immediately upon his return to power on the possibility of taking Britain out



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of the 'Common Market' if he cannot get better terms, is certain to sound good to discontented citizens who insist that their elected representatives in Parliament did not really speak for them. Mr. Heath has remained silent, or nearly so, on the disparity in the Community. Many Conservatives who backed Britain's entry think that he has lost his opportunity to put over the European idea with imagination and may now lose votes from the many who cordially detest it.

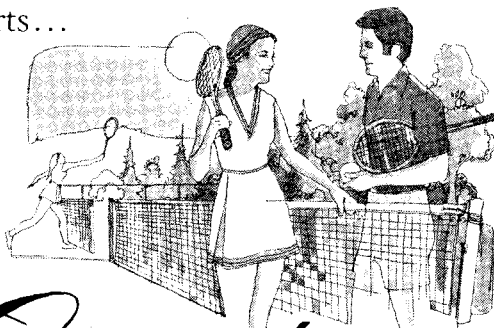
The Liberal Party's prospects at the polls are being watched with extreme interest. It won some by-elections unexpectedly last year, but there has been talk before this of a real Liberal revival, which has always melted away, somehow, in the heat of a national fight. This time, however, the Liberal Party's leader, Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, is talking cheerfully of gaining at least sixty seats. It is indisputable that Liberalism appeals to many radical hearts that do not feel at ease with either Labour or the Tories. If the election turns out to be tilted almost evenly between the big parties, it could be that the Liberals will find themselves balancing the seesaw of power—a possibility that brings joy to none (except, of course, Mr. Thorpe), for it would inevitably lead to another election before long.

The campaign seems to be turning more and more into a personal contest of leadership between Mr. Heath and Mr. Wilson. To the journalists who crowd into morning press conferences at the Conservative and Labour headquarters—only a stone's throw from each other in normally peaceful little Smith Square, Westminster—Mr. Heath gives the impression of being as fresh as a daisy, absolutely relaxed, and in good-tempered, sharp-witted command of his facts and his questioners. He speaks without a note, selecting the required information unhesitatingly from his well-stocked brain. Until this week, Mr. Wilson had seemed to the assembled press to be strangely far from his usual crackling professional form, with few flashes of the barbed wit and turn of phrase that make him such a formidable platform performer. But this week he is getting enthusiastic audiences for his acid diversionary sallies against the Conservatives' economic management of the country, so Labour spirits have picked up wonderfully. Even so, there is a good deal of nervousness all round. So great is the anxiety about this election that one hears quite often of people who have cancelled ducking out briefly from the gloom for a bit of some other country's

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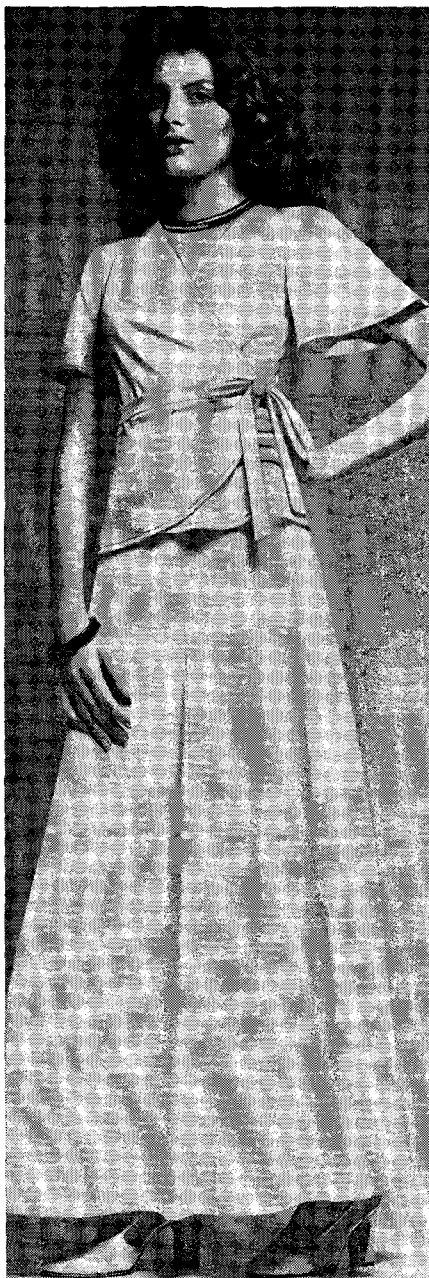
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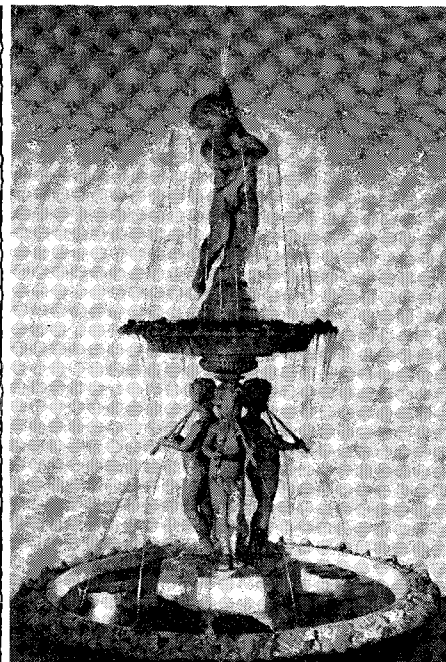
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cheering sun, in the unusual civic resolve not to lose their vote on the day.

THE theatres are reportedly suffering from the effects of the crisis; many people feel hard up, suburbanites, until recently, have been uncertain about trains, and other people do not like the idea of a chilly auditorium. "Own Generator" is now printed in the newspaper theatre lists as though it were a more glowing recommendation of a show than any critic's rave. Consequently, very many Londoners are settling for staying at home and watching whatever entertainment television offers between the bouts of election items. B.B.C. 2, the channel that is, roughly, highbrow in its presentations, has just launched a vast, ambitious, beautifully dressed and mounted serial version of Anthony Trollope's political novels—all six of them—under the title "The Pallisers." The prodigious job of adaptation has been done by the novelist Simon Raven, naturally not entirely to the liking of ardent Trollopeans, who have criticized the early installments as being pretty pastiche, missing the novels' marvellous, shrewd sense of mid-Victorian social and moral values. The series may not be as popular as "The Forsyte Saga," for the flavor of high aristocratic society and high politics is more elusive than that of Galsworthy's comfortable bourgeois mansions. Susan Hampshire, who was so engagingly in period as Fleur Forsyte, is rather less happy as the kittenish Lady Glencora Palliser, who will have to mature later into the Prime Minister's wife. A tall, handsome actor, Philip Latham, perfectly suggests Plantagenet Palliser's kindness and dullness, so comically sparked into animation only by his prophetic passion for converting England to the decimal system. The one member of the cast so far who is splendid, authentic Trollope is Roland Culver, who plays Planty's uncle, the Duke of Omnium, with a basilisk eye staring awfully out of his pouched face when it is not giving a roguish wink to an old flame. In readiness for a great run on the novels, as there was a sudden Galsworthy boom after the Forsyte serial, new editions have been brought out. Older citizens remember how voraciously Trollope was read during the war, as though Barsetshire and the world of the Pallisers offered a wonderful escape from the struggle. For twenty-six weekly episodes, no less, viewers are going to be able to take the same out, no doubt with much the same feelings.

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"THE MOTHER AND THE WHORE" is made from inside the state of mind that is thought of as Village or Berkeley-graduate-school or, as in this case, Left Bank. It's about the attitudes of educated people who use their education as a way of making contact with each other rather than with the larger world. Their manner of dress and behavior is a set of signals; they're telling each other that they're illusionless. Their way of life is a group courtship rite, though they court each other not in order to find someone to love but in order to be loved—that is, admired. They live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. The characters in "The Mother and the Whore" belong to the café life of St.-Germain-des-Prés, and so does the film, which can be said to represent the dead hopes of a decade and a generation. The Don Juans of this group hardly need to be ambulatory; they cruise from their coffee-house chairs. The hero, Alexandre (Jean-Pierre Léaud), is a thirty-year-old puppy; in his milieu the less you do the cooler you appear. Alexandre has the glib, attitudinizing male-intellectual vanity that is the educated bum's form of machismo. He's a harmless, lightweight liar; he cultivates his whims; he lies for the fun of it. He's an amusing put-on artist, with no visible convictions or depth of feeling. When he sees an old girl friend who's about to be married (Isabelle Weingarten), he makes a declaration of undying passion merely for the pleasure of hearing himself sound passionate. She's smart enough not to take him any more seriously than he takes himself.

Alexandre has no interest in a profession; he's just a professional charmer. He's able to live without working because he has found a "mother"—a mistress who takes care of him. Tough, good-natured Marie (Bernadette Lafont) runs a dress shop, but she's far from being a bourgeoisie. She's a coarse, unpretentious working-class woman trying to enjoy herself; she's the solid world that Alexandre returns to from the hours of preening at the café. All his energy goes into his poses and paradoxes, and the strategies of coolness. But when he plots a little campaign to make himself important to Veronika—a new girl he spots—it's wasted effort. Veronika (Françoise Lebrun), a young, bone-poor nurse, has a tired, stolid madonna face, but she's so whorishly

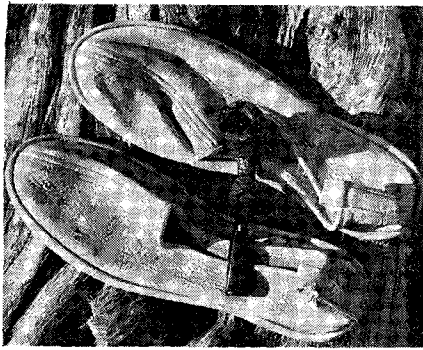
available that, as she says, "it turns a lot of people off." The movie is a fugal series of monologues and dialogues among Alexandre, Marie, and Veronika, almost entirely on the subject of sex. It was shot in grainy black-and-white that's deliberately dark and streaked; there's no musical score—only "natural" sounds and an occasional scratchy record played on a phonograph—and it's three hours and thirty-five minutes long. A viewer's response to this debauch of talk will be determined by whether he can accept the whorish madonna Veronika's monologues as revealing the truth or thinks they're the familiar rant of Catholic women on the sauce. If the former, the film, which was written and directed by Jean Eustache, may seem a depressive-generation masterpiece; if the latter, a sour conceit. I think it's part one and part the other—but the parts are inseparable.

The rough-and-tumble Marie is warmly played. Bernadette Lafont, whose large, generous features make her a natural for working-class women, is open-hearted in the role—crass and likable. The filmmaker goes in for

paradoxes, too: Marie, the "mother," resembles the traditional understanding whore of French films (such as Arletty in "Le Jour Se Lève"), and her relationship with Alexandre is an updating of the whore-pimp relationship. Alexandre (and the graduate-school little bohémias of the world are full of Alexandres, though generally they sponge off their parents as well as friends and girl friends) is, in fact, a spoiled-infant pimp, who lives off Marie and doesn't even provide a pimp's protection. He has nothing to offer but his taste, his classy prattle, and some body warmth. He considers that his presence—when he's around—is gift enough. Léaud doesn't just walk through his role (as he sometimes does); he projects the shallow Alexandre's emotional states, and he gives what is probably his most deeply felt performance as an adult. Alexandre is onscreen throughout, reacting to the women, cajoling them, trying on attitudes—so infatuated with his own pranks he hardly cares what effect they have on others. Alexandre likes to perform, and his dry facetiousness is often funny (probably considerably funnier if one knows French well enough to get the slang). Though Jean Eustache has said that he wrote the roles specifically for the performers, Léaud's performance is nevertheless a feat of giving oneself over to a role. He



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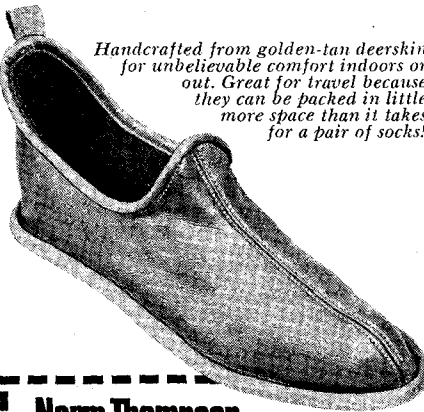
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never drops the mask, he never slips away from Alexandre.

However, the picture stands or falls with the character of Veronika (and she's a very creepy, dolorous character), because it's Veronika who carries the burden of Eustache's emotionalism. She looks Slavic (she says she is of Polish origin), and she appears to be Eustache's holy-whorey Sonia, an updated version of the heroine of "Crime and Punishment;" she's there to awaken silly Alexandre's soul, though he's no Raskolnikov. The only thing that keeps Alexandre from being the Léaud specialty—a pet—is that he's forced to listen to Veronika's recital of her ugly, seamy deprivations and her nausea. She's drunken and insistent; once Alexandre has gone to bed with her, he can't get rid of her. She hounds him; she comes to Marie's apartment and climbs into bed with them. Veronika, who wears her hair saint-style, braided around her head, is a sexually abused character; her tiny garret room in the nurses' quarters of a hospital is like a penitential chamber. She volunteers for abuse; she seeks sex and feels humiliated by it. She's the biggest bundle of guilt ever to be hurled on the screen, and once she stops listening to Alexandre and starts talking she never shuts up—except to vomit up all the sex-without-love that she has subjected herself to.

Bernadette Lafont, who made her first screen appearance in the leading role of Truffaut's short "Les Mists" (1957), and Léaud, whose long scarves here stretch back to his appearance as the twelve-year-old boy in "The 400 Blows" (1959), have been the emblematic New Wave performers; and the characters they play here are further extensions of the characters they've developed over the intervening years. (Even Isabelle Weingarten, who played the lead in Bresson's "Four Nights of a Dreamer," carries that credential.) But Françoise Lebrun, a graduate student in modern literature who has never acted on the screen before, is completely Eustache's; she gives the picture its sullen, scratched soul. One may guess that her sad, deceptively placid face, with its suggestion of a badly used madonna, inspired Eustache. She has the sort of young-old face that a moviemaker could easily project onto; she's like a beat-out version of the young Dietrich, with her pale-gold braid around her head, as the innocent peasant, soon to be a fallen woman, in "The Song of Songs," the hokey old Mamoulian-Sudermann film of innocence betrayed. Lebrun's wide-eyed face is blankly opaque—the face of a

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woman locked in her miseries. She keeps a sullen, suffering deadpan, and as the torrent of obscenities and complaints pours out, we can all project onto that face. "The Mother and the Whore" is a psychodrama that keeps shifting and redefining its terms; those terms are ironic until the last hour, when Veronika is exempted from irony and we are asked to identify with her and to see her as an icon of modern loneliness and suffering and degradation. She's a martyr to callous sex.

Eustache has no distance from Veronika. That's why the movie seems so arbitrary—you may feel that you've been a good sport to sit through it, that it's been an endurance contest—but it's also what gives the film its distinction. Eustache is right in there. His method is rather like that of a French Cassavetes; he's trying to put raw truth on the screen, and this film might be his "Lovers" to set next to Cassavetes' "Husbands." Cassavetes tries to give acted material the look and sound of *cinéma vérité*; Eustache goes even further. He puts in dead stretches and trivia, building in boredom so that the material will seem lifelike; he prolongs the movie after one thinks it's finished—the prolongation seems almost like a director's joke. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, yet the randomness here is not a matter of indifference but a conscious goal. Chance is the illusion that Eustache seeks. He didn't allow the actors to deviate from the three-hundred-page script, but he keeps the framing a little rough and insecure, as if the cameraman were looking for the action, and it took three months of editing to make this film seem unedited. Eustache wants the look of chance because he's determined not to be ingratiating. It's as if he felt that only by pushing us beyond patience, only by taking us away from the surface pleasures of cinematographic elegance and a full score, only by rubbing our noses in his view of reality, can he make us *feel*. (He may equate us with the infantile, pleasure-seeking Alexandre.)

It's true that films tend to look too rich and that they're often rotten with meaningless "production values"—and sometimes rotten with "beauty." But those who try to strip them down to naked fundamentals usually seem to be puritan aesthetes—and a pain. "The Mother and the Whore" proclaims its honesty and its purity in a way I can't stomach—as if its messiness and its characters' messy lives were holy. The

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religiously inspired polarity of the title suggests that Eustache sees himself as Alexandre, divided, torn between the mother and the whore. And it's part of the emotional tone of this period to reject the mother and to identify with the whore. Like Veronika, Eustache is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you," and, like Veronika, he confuses rag-chewing and revulsion with holy revelation.

Art and disgust are closely related in the thinking of a number of modern filmmakers of religious background. Paul Morrissey's films seem to be made by a dirty-minded altar boy, and the concept that messy anguish sanctifies is at the very heart of Cassavetes' films. "The Mother and the Whore" is not a negligible film: it's unmistakably a personal expression, and it does achieve moments of intensity. No doubt some people will say more than moments, and some will consider Veronika's ultimate monologue cathartic, though the fact that it signals reprieve for the exhausted viewer may contribute to that feeling. (The three hours and thirty-five minutes feel so long that you want to think you've had something to show for it, and catharsis is big stuff—worth squirming for.) But is Alexandre ultimately moved to ask Veronika to marry him because he's a fool who loves grand gestures, or are we really meant to believe in the authenticity of what she represents? For me, it was as if Alexandre were pressured into confessing a crime he hadn't committed. Veronika rants so much that finally he assumes the guilt for all the men whom this obsessive woman has landed in bed with and then felt lacerated by. He assumes the guilt for the whole world's failure to love. Alexandre may be just trying on his new deep feelings, but she, I'm afraid, is intended to be the real thing. It turns out that Eustache is a sin-ridden bohemian of an earlier school and that the movie is about the penance that must be done for sex-without-love. He has welded together the disaffection of a generation and his own sexual disgust. Isn't that really what Veronika's diatribe is all about? Isn't she really saying "I want to be loved"? I suspect that that's why the movie will appeal to people who feel stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Antonioni explored the theme of sex without love, but he placed it among the affluent; in placing this theme among the students and those who go on living like students, Eustache makes direct contact with the movie audience. Antonioni's bleak atmosphere



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spoke of spiritual emptiness; Eustache's atmosphere is like a spiritual mange, and probably many people in the aging-young movie audience feel mangy and lost and degraded and have had their share of miserable sex experiences. They may be willing to embrace Veronika's loathing of her life, and perhaps willing to look to the healing power of Christian love. The film is designed to be a religious experience, but the musty answer it offers to the perils of sexual freedom is actually a denial of sexual freedom. In "The Mother and the Whore," the New Wave meets the Old Wave. —PAULINE KAEHL

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with our tongues,

we disappeared
into the deep
run

of our blood,
as invisible,
as clear

as the white of a cup
we took to drink
the snow from.

Mouth upon mouth
the human sphere—

from the first
your look was without fear.

II

But a forest is still
these trees
finding their way together,
as the body

melts into pure delicacy
when lost among them,

and the heart somehow
within its secrecy

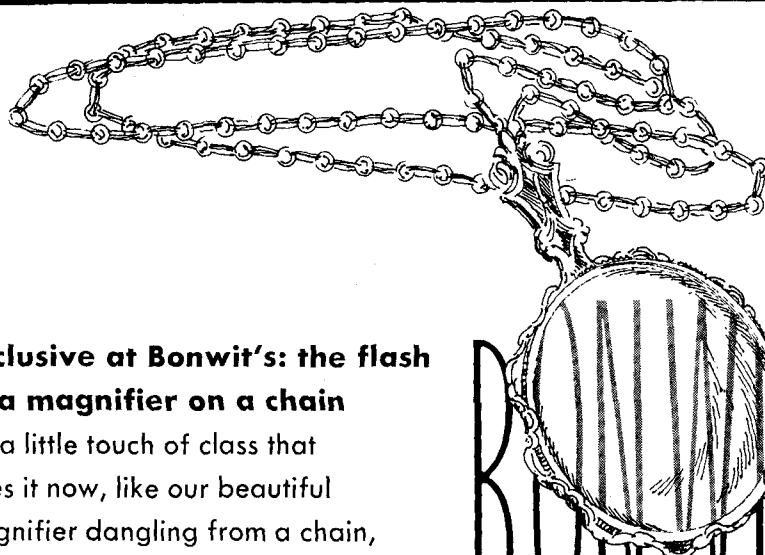
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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 22

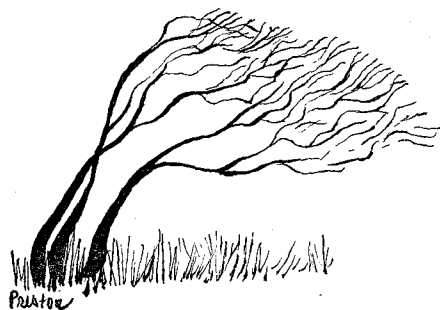
DESPITE a certain amount of disappointment over recent by-elections, White House sources—a term that nowadays often refers to men who have seen men who have been granted an audience with Ron Ziegler—report that Richard Nixon's spirits have lifted noticeably of late and that he is in splendid trim for the coming battles over impeachment. This seems confirmed by recent photographs and a certain crispness in tone of voice—though hardly by his renewed waspishness toward critics in the White House and elsewhere who persist in mistaking what he sees as the manifest vigor of the country as a form of sickness. If there is in fact an improvement in Presidential morale, one can discern at least a few of the probable causes. Before the State of the Union Address, the polls showed a general “disapproval” rate of sixty-four per cent; many Americans must have found that piece of oratory bracing, for in the next tally he picked up five points. He might also have found some solace in the views expressed on the desirability of his voluntary withdrawal from office; a while back, forty-six per cent favored it, whereas the figure today is a mere forty-two per cent. Though an upward trend is always welcome, these are not figures that can breed confidence in a politician in anything like the President's present fix. No doubt his major source of gratification is Henry Kissinger's successes in the Middle East, which have indeed been impressive, though it looks more and more as though we will be a long time paying for them, with further disruptions in our economy and those of our major allies. In one matter, though, the President has indisputably improved his condition. For once, he has acquired for his defense an attorney of unassailable integrity and skill—James D. St. Clair, of Boston, who, had he been recruited five years ago, might just possibly have spared the President and his colleagues their present plight. St. Clair's retention by the White House does it fully as much credit as the House Judiciary Committee is done by its retention of John M. Doar.

An attorney of Mr. St. Clair's resourcefulness, along with a number of accusatory witnesses whose credibility has often in the past been suspect or demonstrably nonexistent, may save the President from the penalties his opponents wish to impose. However, no

amount of legal wizardry seems likely to recover for the Administration anything like the degree of approbation it enjoyed as recently as a year ago. Nor will any conceivable outcome, even if the President is exonerated, restore much in the way of respect for our political institutions. Few, if any, Americans thought of Lyndon Johnson as a man of shining integrity—many, indeed, thought him as much a scamp as any man who ever held his high office—but it did not occur to his most unyielding critics that he would recruit the United States Secret Service or the Internal Revenue Service to assist him in his personal and political vendettas. (They might have thought it conceivable that he would manipulate the C.I.A. or the F.B.I. for questionable ends, but a close to wholesale attempt at corruption of the Civil Service was not to be found on the bill of particulars his opponents drew up.) The evidence has yet to be adduced that Nixon himself played fast and loose with any of these agencies, but it seems a fact well beyond dispute that he surrounded himself with men who saw no need to draw distinctions between the partisan and the nonpartisan organs of the American body politic, and that he did nothing to educate them in these fundamental principles. Whether he is convicted or acquitted of high crimes and misdemeanors, his Presidency will surely be remembered as one that reduced to myth (or *revealed* as myth) the long-held notion that the White House has an ennobling effect on its occupants. For as long as this squalid period is remembered, we will never be able to foist *that* one on our young. This is hardly to say that but for Richard Nixon we Americans would still be living in an age of political innocence; there is probably no infraction committed by any of Nixon's appointees that is wholly without precedent in our history—and, for that matter, in the political history of most organized societies. On the other hand, this Administration seems to have broken new ground in the number and

variety of the generally respected rules of the game which it has flouted. No previous Administration has so sanctimoniously invoked the doctrine of “separation of powers,” and no previous members of the executive branch have so frequently violated this doctrine which the Nixon people cite whenever they are charged with overlooking either the letter or the spirit of the Constitution.

In keeping with the proprieties of their quasi-judicial roles in impeachment proceedings, most members of Congress have been careful not to commit themselves publicly on their present leanings. But a good many have advised the President to resign, and it takes little in the way of clairvoyance to discern the views of certain others. There can be no reliable prophecies at this stage of the proceedings, of course, for the vote that will count, if it is ever taken—the Senate vote on conviction, which requires the concurrence of two-thirds of the members present—will come at least a matter of months from now, and perhaps a year. And if we know nothing else today, we know something about the speed at which the political climate can change. One thing seems reasonably certain; the Judiciary Committee will urge the House as a whole to hear and debate the case. If it were required that the case be heard tomorrow and the vote taken the next day, the President would in all probability be home free. For, as far as is now known, the country as a whole, though it disapproves the President's conduct of affairs, has yet to reach the point of wishing to see him compelled by law to give up the office to which it elected him by so staggering a majority. How strongly this reluctance is felt no one can now be sure, but in matters of this sort congressmen are slow to risk offending substantial majorities. If there are a few more signs of the kind given in last month's by-election for the former congressional seat of Vice-President Ford, however, it may seem reasonable to conclude that the tide is turning and that great changes of public opinion are taking place, in which case safety would lie in expressions of disapproval. There is a certain reluctance to assume that the first Democratic victory in Ford territory in two-thirds of a century signifies much about the country as a whole; it is suspected that there may have been a good deal of feeling in that part of Michigan that impeachment wouldn't be all bad, because it might lead to the installation of a native son in the White House. But a few more such upsets



may strengthen considerably the case for impeachment and conviction.

IN time, the books on Watergate and related matters will be closed by Congress and the courts, but the historians will be working long after that. Many have already started, and some have already finished. The simplest conclusion is that we put power in the hands of rascals, who should now be turned out. On the Left, Old and New, despite the fact that power rather than money was the primary aim of most offenders, it is held to be purely a matter of capitalism rampant—the imperialism of the Cold War and the tyranny of Presidential dominance made possible by the vast amounts of wealth that Nixon was able to command. But none of the traditional analyses account for the difference between the Nixon Administration and its predecessors. The Cold War was under way when Nixon entered Congress as a freshman, more than a quarter of a century ago, and, whatever may be said for it as a kind of cultural imperialism, it at no time offered possibilities of large-scale looting. Four Presidents before him waged the crusade, some with more zeal than he has ever shown, and did so without damaging any of our democratic institutions. (Johnson may be cited as an exception, particularly in his use of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution as a mandate far broader than Congress intended, but Nixon did as much and more when the resolution was repealed, with his concurrence, and he derived all authority from his incantations of “national security.”) The growth of Presidential power began a decade before the Cold War, but no President since then has shown anything like Nixon’s contempt of Congress. He has enforced its acts when it pleased him to do so and ignored them when it did not. In nominating Supreme Court justices, he has lectured the Senate on its “advice and consent” role, claiming that, whatever the Constitution says, its obligation was to “consent” to his “appointments.” Other Presidents have twisted arms and swapped favors under the table to get their way, but in recent times only Nixon has overlooked the uncontested meaning of simply stated Constitutional doctrine. The combination of a pusillanimous Congress and a President with exceptional powers of persuasion might make such a situation seem all but unavoidable, but in fact Nixon has sought to establish his dominance over an uncommonly strong-minded group of legislators,



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and with powers of persuasion that are anything but exceptional—and though he is in trouble now, his successes have been striking.

The years since the close of the Second World War have seen enormous changes in American life which were bound to have some impact on politics and government. Had electronic surveillance been available during the Civil War, Lincoln would probably have had as few qualms about using it as Nixon—though one supposes that he would have done so with a somewhat more exalted concept of the national interest. Nixon is far from being the only one of the postwar Presidents who have unquestioningly accepted the proposition that, with England no longer able to maintain a *Pax Britannica*, it has become our historic duty to exercise police power on a global basis, and although he has interpreted the role more broadly than Johnson did, there was really no great difference in principle between his Cambodian "incursion" and the clandestine activities in Indo-China of previous Administrations. Still, the sum of Nixonian irregularities is without either precedent or explanation. Practitioners of that new discipline "psychohistory" have rummaged around in what is known of his early life and found character traits that they regard as accounting for his deviation from the political norms, but since no two seem to agree, laymen will have to await a master synthesizer. In *The Columbia Forum*, Harold J. Abramson, a University of Connecticut sociologist, places the blame on the loosening of all kinds of historic ties—ethnic, religious, regional, and political. Leadership has become progressively enfeebled in almost every field, and dogma has become diluted. The political values that held the great coalitions together until fifteen years ago or so are no longer, as Ron Ziegler might put it, "operative," and in no American of prominence is this more clearly apparent than in Richard Nixon. In his championing of Billy Graham, an evangelical fundamentalist, it is all but impossible to find any remaining traces of the Quaker heritage Nixon is quick to remind us of when the occasion seems to call for it. The Cold War field marshal is a militant defender of détente. This leader of the party that once sought equality for black citizens is an ally of Strom Thurmond and a professed admirer of George Wallace. Nixon's Republicanism consists of an occasional nod to the memory of Dwight Eisenhower and, before suitable audiences, to the free-enterprise system.

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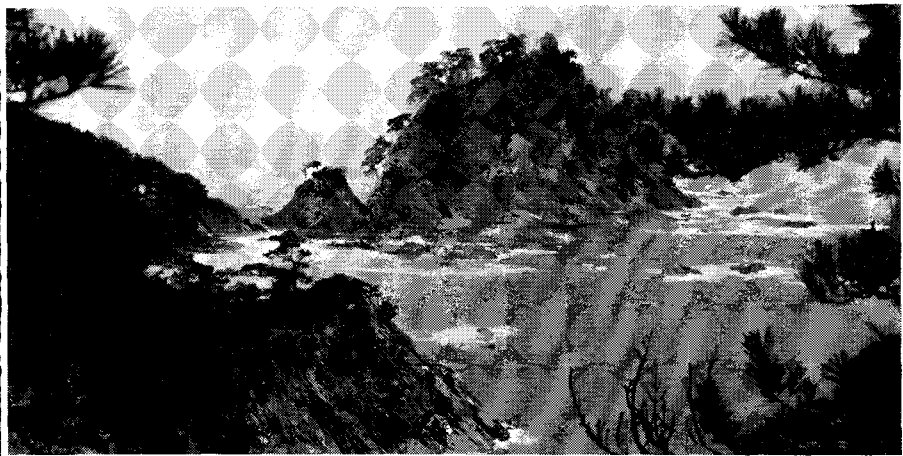
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During Nixon's years in politics, American capitalism has become a system in which the production of goods requires less energy, imagination, and inventiveness than does the distribution of what is produced, and the businessmen seeking political influence have not been old-fashioned captains of industry but newer breeds from the sales, promotion, and advertising departments. The nineteenth-century robber barons wanted political influence and purchased it with cash. But few of them became personally involved with politics, because their knowledge and experience did not qualify them for it. They were masters of the steam locomotive but not of what Lenin called the locomotive of history. In our time, however, what is generally regarded as business talent has less to do with production or engineering or even, for that matter, banking than with manipulative techniques that are not unlike those employed in politics. It is noteworthy that among the leading Watergate figures there was not one—unless the Senate includes Nixon among them—with any stature either in traditional professional politics or in industry in the old sense. Except for a few skilled electronic technicians who worked with "the plumbers," the key figures are all manipulators of one sort or another, and herein, perhaps, lies the key to both their successes and their failures. In many respects, our system fails us in preventing political wrongdoing, but it is plainly more vigilant toward politicians than toward private operators. It might have been expected that Nixon, with his decades of experience, would have thought of this, but clearly he did not, and this may just possibly be because he himself, though he has had no other career, has never seemed much at home in politics and has apparently preferred both the company and the methods of the operators to those of professional politicians, among whom the least thoughtful might have been expected to act with greater prudence. If there is a lesson in this, it ought to sink in for at least as many years as Watergate is remembered; as things look now, it will not be forgotten in this century, and perhaps not in the next one, either.

IN its early stages, Watergate was too complicated to arouse much interest abroad, but in time it did, and newspapers all over the world have been following it closely. It is too early to know whether it has done us much damage—most observers think it hasn't, and report an increased respect for us

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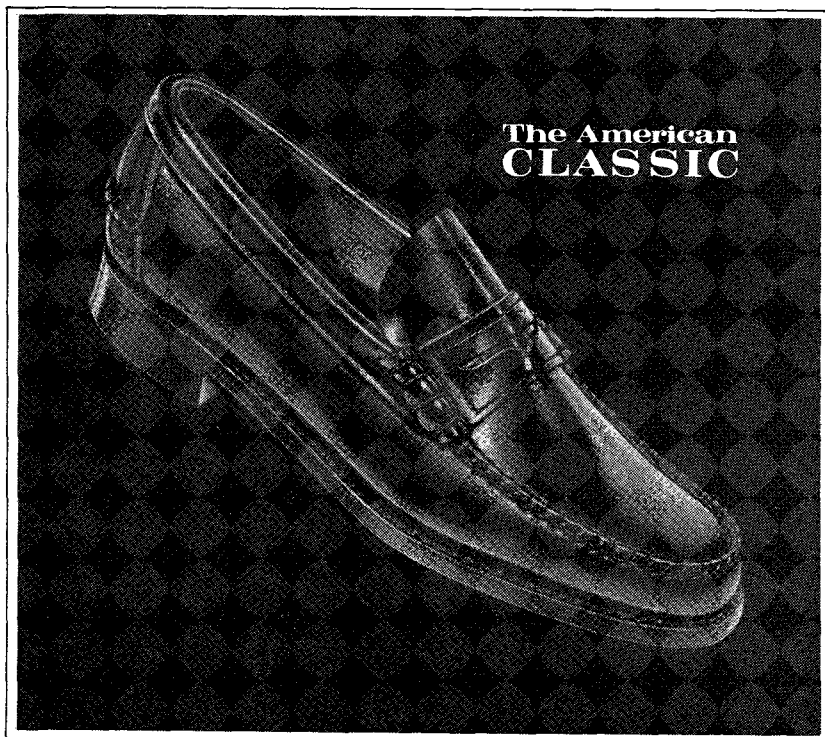
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because of the way we have pressed on with the investigation. In any event, one consolation is that few of the disorders in the rest of the world can be laid on our doorstep because of our internal disorders. If we had the most blameless leadership imaginable, we and the rest of the world would still have the energy crisis to deal with. It is hard to see how the best-intentioned of American governments could have done much to bolster the economies of Western Europe or Japan. Our role in Indo-China certainly contributed to the disorders there, but Nixon alone is not to blame for that. Had our traders been smarter, they might not have bungled the wheat deal and might thereby have left us in a better position to be of some help during the worldwide food shortage, although the shortage itself is largely due to factors beyond our control. We have often enough done things in the past to harm others, but for once we seem to have damaged no one but ourselves.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

CLEAR DAYS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

[From the minutes of a meeting of the
Disciples Divinity House Council,
University of Chicago]

6. *Admitting woman residents to DDH.* D. Landon asked the Dean to clarify the recent decision of the Board of Trustees concerning the admittance of women as residents in DDH. The Dean explained that the recent decision of the Board was only the adoption of guidelines: beginning next fall, on an experimental basis, DDH might admit women, provided there was at least one woman student who was a Disciple. Then, only either 2 women, or 4 women, or 6 women might be admitted, and they would occupy the rooms on the south side of the building. If 2 women, they would occupy the 2 rooms on the second floor; if 4 women, they would occupy the 4 rooms on the third floor; if 6 women, they would occupy the rooms on both the second and third floors. But, said the Dean, the preferable arrangement would be to have either 2 women or 6 women. For if there were 2 women on the second floor, only the 5 men on the second floor would have to go upstairs to use the lavatory facilities, whereas if there were 4 women on the third floor, then 8 men on the third floor would have to go down to the second.

The Dean requested that the decision of the Board not yet be made a matter of public information. Apparently, he observed, the news had leaked out shortly after the Board meeting, and one girl had applied immediately. But, said the Dean, there was something wrong with her, and she could not have been admitted under any circumstance.

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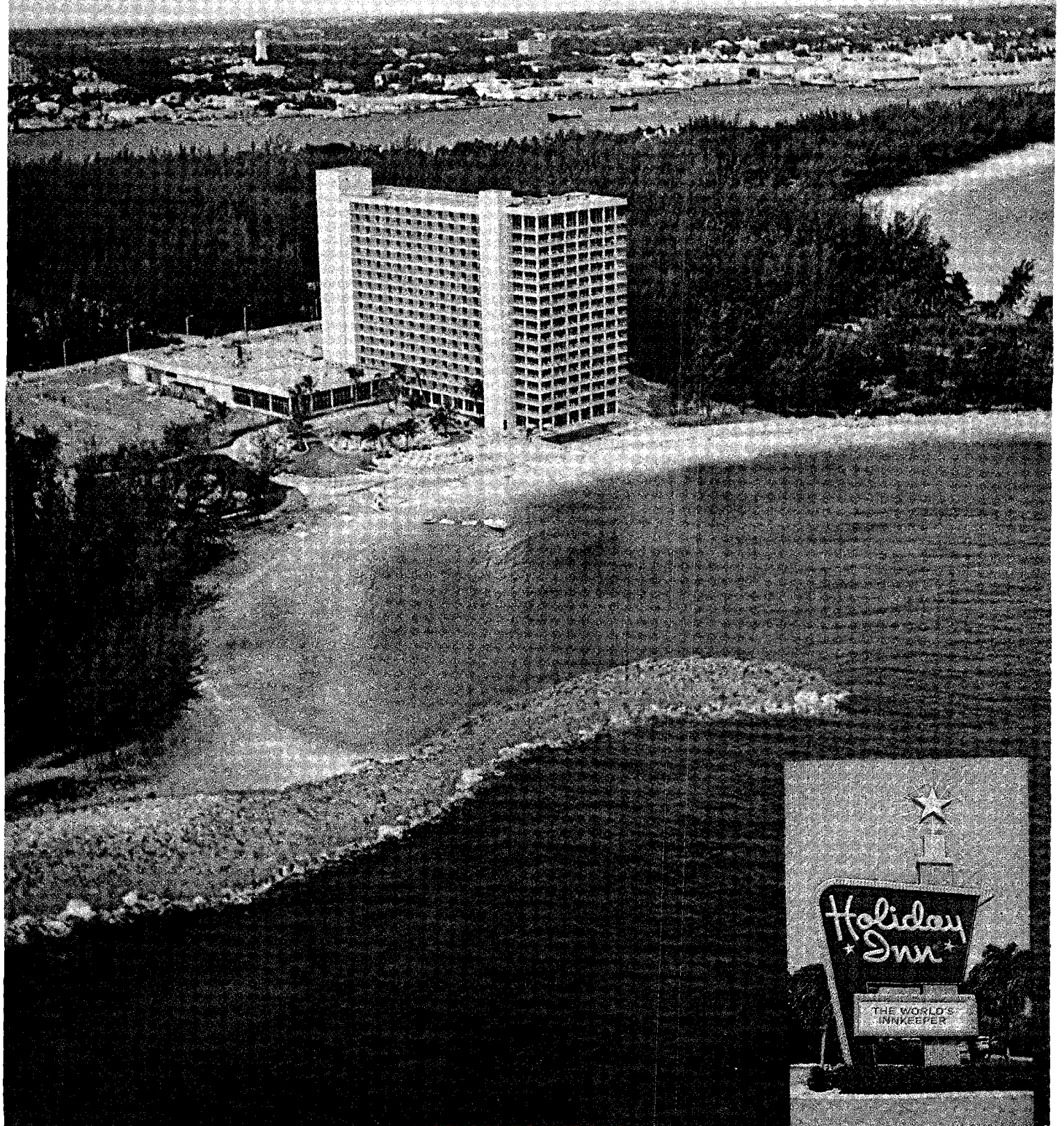
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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Ode to Joy and the Book of Job

THE music of Sir Michael Tippett, a remarkably young-looking composer who was born in 1905, has not hitherto made much impact on this side of the Atlantic. However—more by accident, it seems, than by design—a whole cluster of adjacent, and even simultaneous, Tippett performances has suddenly turned up, beginning in late February and extending into early March: in Toronto (the choral “Vision of St. Augustine”), in Chicago, in Boston, and in New York. These performances include some of the largest and most important of his recent scores, among them the Third Symphony (1972), which Colin Davis and the Boston Symphony have just brought to Avery Fisher Hall after a couple of performances in Boston, and the third of the composer’s three operas, “The Knot Garden” (1970), which has been enterprisingly staged by Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. Both these works have also appeared from Philips in excellent recordings: the opera in a two-disc album (6700-063), with the original Covent Garden cast, and the symphony as a single disc (6500-662), with the London Symphony Orchestra. In each case, the conductor is again Colin Davis, who has long been an ardent advocate of Tippett’s music, and who played some part in the initial inspiration of the symphony. Lastly, in Chicago, Tippett himself is to conduct the Chicago Symphony in three consecutive performances (March 7th, 8th, 9th) of the Third Symphony, together with the Piano Concerto of 1956.

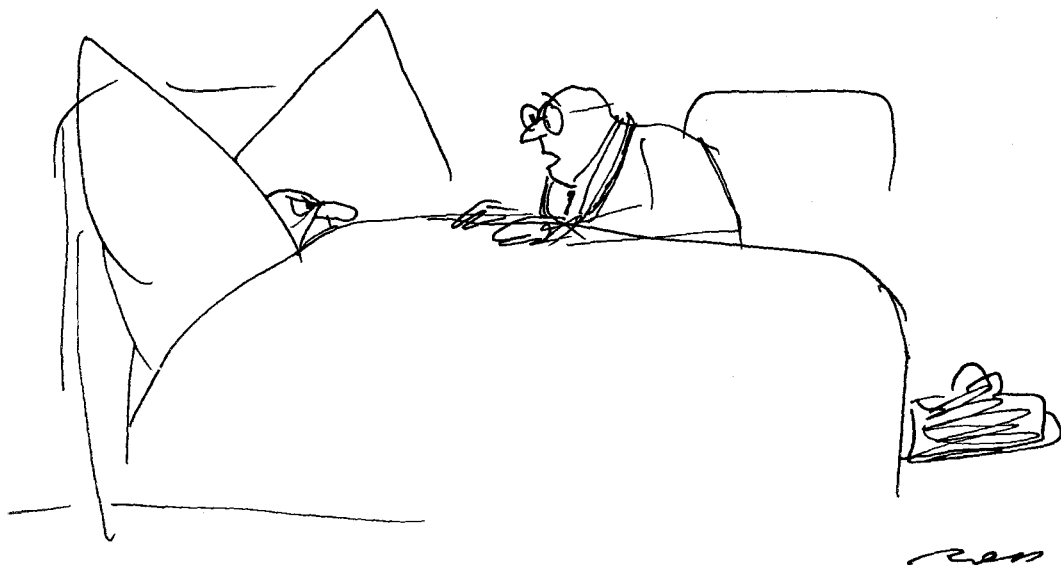
The symphony is a long work, in two roughly equal parts, which play, between them, for nearly an hour. The first half, an Allegro linked to a slow movement, is purely instrumental and, to all appearances, abstract. The Allegro is constructed from alternating blocks of material: on the one hand, compact nuggets of dense brass chords, with low-pitched percussion, somewhat aggressive in tone and containing what might be termed a powerful charge of electricity; on the other hand, racing, volatile, nimble figurations—like scudding clouds in a high wind—for strings, woodwinds, xylophone, piano, and high-pitched percussion. The composer calls the first

group “Arrest” and the second “Movement;” they begin as brief utterances of six and nine measures, respectively, but they are expanded at each restatement with abundant new matter, which always sounds natural and germane. The matter of the two contrasting groups eventually begins to interpenetrate and coalesce; at last, the music explodes into a sudden near-silence, a kind of void, in which we hear the faint stirrings of unseen life in the tinkling and ticking of the high percussion. The resemblance at this point to Bartók’s “night music” movements is marked—and hardly accidental, I should guess, in view of Tippett’s own descriptive phrase, “as it might be, metaphorically, the music of a windless night sky.” That phrase relates to the first section of the slow movement, which plays “in the heights;” but the structure is again dualistic, and there is also a corresponding music “in the depths,” which (as Tippett said in an interview) “comes up from below, like a tidal wave.”

This long, rhapsodic Lento contains the rich essence of Tippett’s solitary musings on nature and humanity and the silent, indifferent universe; so, at least, I hear it. The sense of a Wordsworthian nature poetry is strong, but there is also something almost Oriental in the music—in the long stretches of immobility, in the impression of ecstasy and of the annihilation of time, and, especially, in those curious and oft repeated motto-figures curling about themselves, first for solo viola and then (roughly inverted) for bassoon. Entirely Western, on the other hand, is the luxuriant writing for much divided

strings, in which the frequent scoring for violas above violins imparts a peculiar dark lustre to the tone. The Lento dies away, aloft; there comes a break—and Part II begins with a short, scherzolike section, in which five ideas are juggled together in reckless combination, in an almost Ivesian way, followed by a raucous climax, and a surprise. Beethoven is suddenly quoted, in the shape of the furious outburst that sweeps aside the previous movements at the beginning of the finale of the Ninth Symphony. No listener can miss the quotation, which returns more than once; allusions to Beethoven’s string-bass recitatives and to his Ode to Joy theme are not so easily detected. As in Beethoven, all this leads to a vocal finale; but in place of a chorus and four soloists we have only a soprano solo—in the Boston performances, as generally, the superb Heather Harper. With discreet amplification, the soloist sings Tippett’s own words—three settings in an elaborated blues style, followed by a dramatic scena.

What on earth is it all about? Nothing less than the Book of Job up-to-date: the eternal problem, as it now faces us, of Good and Evil; and the guilt felt by the happy in a world of appalling tragedy and pain. The idea arose, Sir Michael has said, from a remark made to him by Colin Davis after a successful performance of the Ninth Symphony—in effect, “What can all this outburst of Joy mean to *us* now?” The blues idiom is used—as Negro spirituals were used in Tippett’s oratorio “A Child of Our Time”—to universalize the problem. To the plangent and florid obbligato of a flugelhorn, we have first a Slow Blues of young innocence nurtured in sorrow, then a Fast Blues of brilliant, careless sexual adolescence, then another Slow Blues



“You have a very, very stubborn case.”

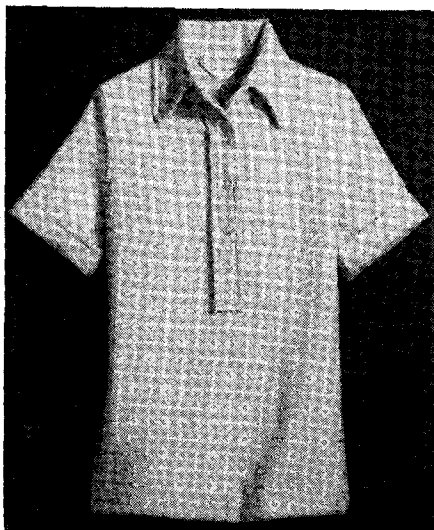
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of the arousal of mature pity and compassion for the maimed and misshapen. Lastly, the Blues are transcended, so to speak, and the soloist, with many significant orchestral allusions to earlier material, poses—no, hurls at us, and at Schiller's benevolent Deity—the logical impossibility of reconciling the irreconcilable. This is the climax of the whole symphony—the point toward which everything has tended. Blake's implied question (as Tippet remarks in his program note) "What true law of equity can be found in a Nature that has produced both the Tyger and the Lamb?" is strictly unanswerable. We must accept both elements, Tyger and Lamb, "as enduring states of our common humanity." But the soloist asserts, "What though the dream crack, we shall remake it," and the work ends with the hint of a positive statement, both verbal and musical: "We sense a huge compassionate power/To heal/To love."

In logical terms, Tippet's conclusion may seem bleak; but the music in which he has clothed it—vital, passionate, dancing, fiercely joyous—is anything but bleak. By stubbornly sticking to the truth of his own nature, he has insisted, in his moving poems as well as in his rich, strong music, on the possibility not, indeed, of Schiller's easy optimism but of something affirmative in a time of dire need, something good in the midst of evil.

The performance by the Boston Symphony, which seemed as wholly committed to the composer's cause as the conductor himself, was glorious; and Miss Harper excelled even her own previous achievements—it can be no easy task for a British soprano to stand up and deliver blues to the compatriots of Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong. Some members of the audience were enthusiastic; others seemed puzzled; quite a few left at halftime. While they did so, the conductor wheeled around with his back to the players, and watched their departure in icy silence. Though it was perhaps a mistake thus to dramatize the scene, one could sympathize with his annoyance—even guess the further lines from Schiller's Ode that might well have passed through his mind. In Lady Macfarren's translation: "Yea, if any hold in keeping/Only one heart all his own,/Let him join us, or else, weeping,/Steal from out our midst, unknown."

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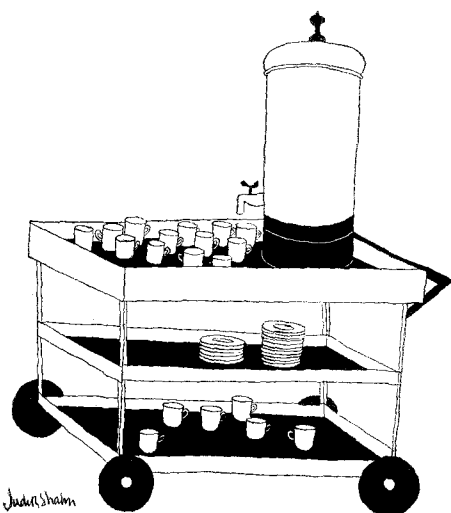
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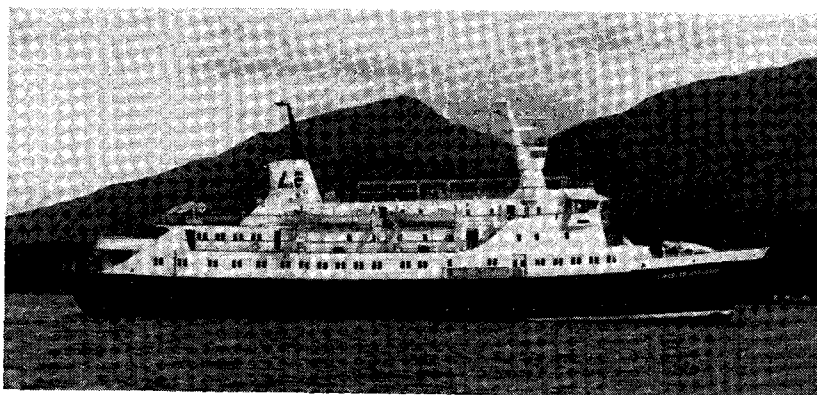
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Symphony of Mahler—the vast work that used to be such a rarity in the concert hall but now turns up quite often, both in America and in Europe, as a result of the Mahler vogue of our time. The four performances at Avery Fisher Hall were not enough to exhaust New York's desire to hear the symphony. It is a sign of the times—whether an encouraging sign or the reverse, I am not sure—that modern audiences have acquired a marked taste for the colossal, and will cheerfully accept flaws or dead patches in a composer's execution of projects conceived on the largest scale. One notes this attitude on all sides: in the enthusiastic response to Messiaen's "Turangalila-Symphonie" or his still longer "Catalogue d'Oiseaux," or to Stockhausen's "Hymnen," or Schoenberg's "Gurre-Lieder," or Wagner's "Ring." The optimist will applaud the new phenomenon as the musical equivalent of a reading public suddenly enamored of "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey," "Paradise Lost," and "The Ring and the Book," while the pessimist may conclude that discrimination and the sense of quality have vanished in the presence of magnitude, much as the finer points of architecture on a human scale have escaped a public bemused by the World Trade Center or the Sears Tower.

My analogy is faulty, however, in that the Mahler Eighth is what it is—a grandiose, uneven work—precisely because the composer, all too humanly, bit off more than he could chew. His aspiration was limitless—nothing less than a vision of "the whole universe beginning to vibrate and resound" as he invokes the creative spirit in the old Latin hymn of Part I, and then celebrates the mystical fulfillment of all human effort in Part II, in his setting of the visionary concluding pages of Goethe's "Faust." A sublime attempt; and Mahler, in the full flood of his



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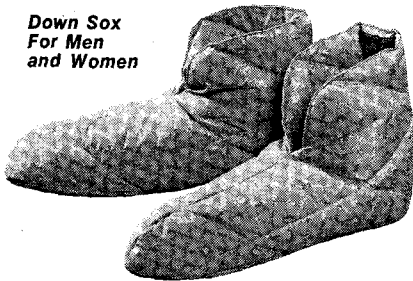
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powers, manfully strove to unify his grand conception by an elaborate system of thematic cross-references between the two parts of the score, and by throwing into the pot all that his ample experience as conductor and learned German musician could suggest. The result comes a good deal nearer success than, say, Delius's "A Mass of Life;" but both these works suffer from the same trouble—the impossibility of sustaining the moods of ecstasy and awe over a prolonged period of time. Yet the best pages are magnificent; the vision, for instance, of Goethe's heights and depths at the start of Part II, which makes Schumann's recently heard setting of the same passage seem so homely, and the final pages, in which the poet's "Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis" finds a musical shape that, once heard, strikes us as inevitable.

The cramped surroundings at the performing end of Avery Fisher Hall precluded (except for the extra brass contingent stationed at the back of the auditorium) the wide-spread spacing that is a part of the composer's idea; the boys' choruses, especially, good and confident as they were, would have sounded better if they had been physically detached from the main block of the admirable Westminster Choir. Besides, the hall does little to provide a numinous aura—something that is not, in any case, a Boulez specialty, even when he is directing "Parsifal" at Bayreuth. But he threw himself ardently into his task, animating the multiple strands of the music and clarifying much detail that tends to dissolve into a blur. Among his seven accomplished soloists, I particularly admired Edda Moser and Siegmund Nimsgern.

THE City Opera began its spring season with a further exploration of English history à l'italienne. This time we moved forward from the Tudor era to that of Cromwell, as it is depicted in Bellini's "I Puritani"—his last opera, and the only important one in which he did not enjoy the services of Felice Romani as librettist. The two had fallen out shortly before, and would presumably have come together again but for the composer's death, only eight months after the première. Although "I Puritani" was immensely successful (and justifiably so, in view of the beauty and prodigality of its melodic invention), the hand of Romani is sorely missed. Count Pepoli's libretto offers some fine chances to the composer—notably the cunningly prepared arrival of the tenor hero to claim his bride, a



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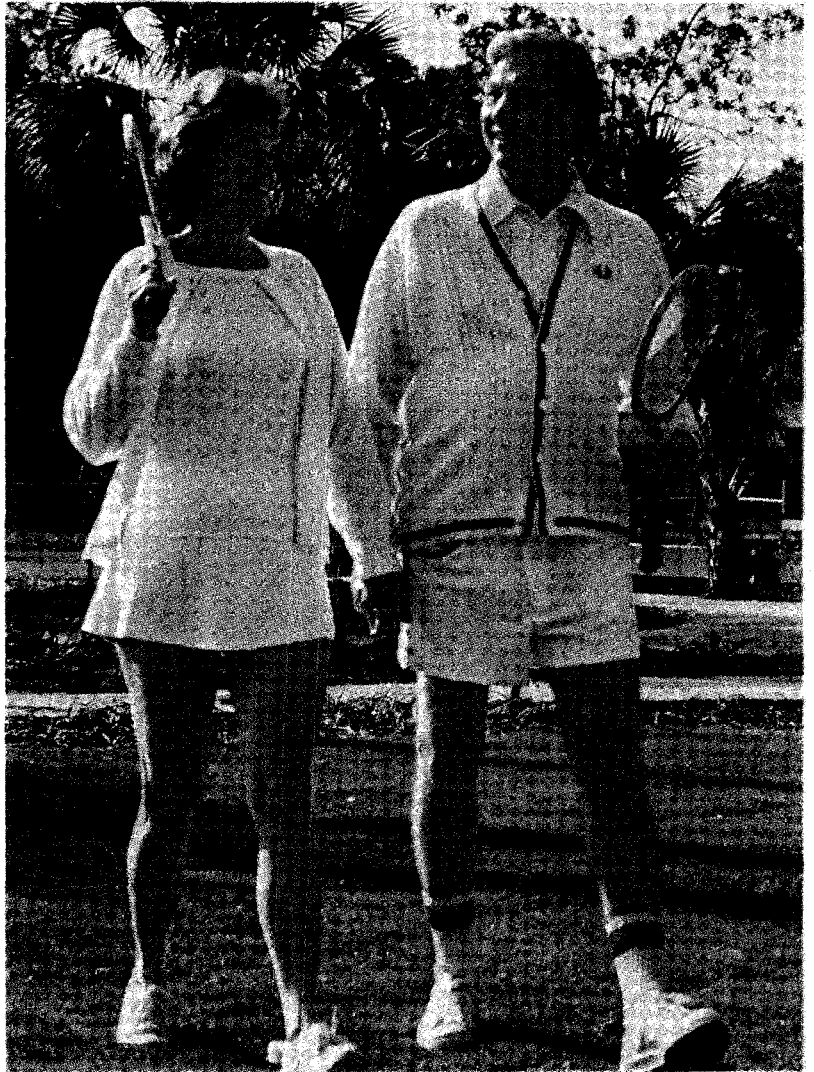
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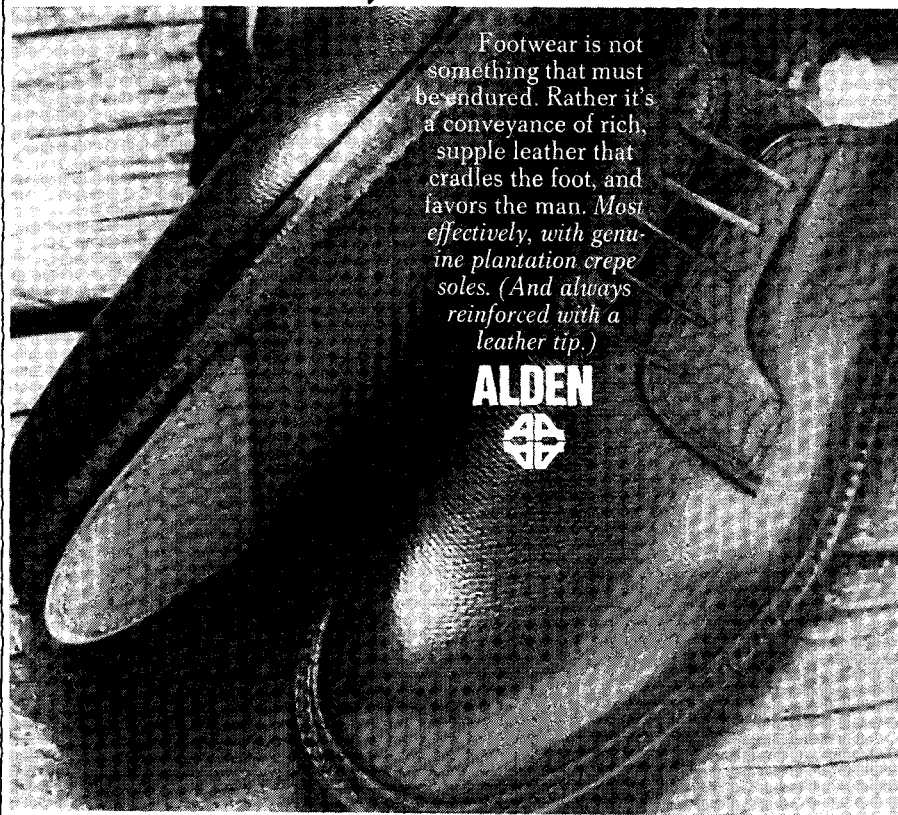
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romantic scene faintly prefiguring the arrival of Octavian in Act II of "Der Rosenkavalier"—but it is a clumsy affair, showing an uncertain sense of dramatic movement. Pepoli's handling of the heroine's routine bout of insanity (caused by her apparent jilting on her wedding day) is typical of his awkward touch: Elvira goes mad at the end of Act I; she stays mad throughout Act II; and she is still mad at the start of Act III. For the purposes of bel-canto opera, madness in moderation may be a capital thing; but, as the man said in the movie, this is ridiculous.

For once in a way, Beverly Sills does not play the queen (there *is* a queen, in the person of Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I, who does little more than service the creaking plot); of course, she plays the disordered Elvira, who is restored to sanity and happiness at the end. The role suits her perfectly; she sang it with a light and easy touch that was just right for the joyous *polacca* of the first act, and with a finely molded line in the justly famous "Qui la voce" of the second. This was altogether the best performance I have yet heard from Miss Sills, either on the stage or on records. She produced downward and upward diatonic scales that were brilliantly clear; and she performed the not inconsiderable feat of making the character seem almost real. My sole reservations concern the slight flutter in the tone which pervades her cantabile singing, and the style of her somewhat excessive embellishments.

The opera is as much a vehicle for the tenor as for the soprano; and by present-day standards Enrico Di Giuseppe acquitted himself well. In his entrance aria (which he sang, unlike Bonci and Lauri-Volpi, in the original key), he did not approach the "honeyed elegance" that Chorley admired in Rubini, the original Arturo; and the director, Fito Capobianco, did not help matters by making this gallant Cavalier stroll around the fortress in genial conversation with his Puritan hosts, as though arriving at his club, instead of being immediately presented to his waiting ride. But he has a genuine light, high tenor (capable of an undoubted high D), taken in full voice during the "Vieni ra queste braccia" duet of Act III), which he projects with assurance and kill and—in that last act—with commendable taste. The baritone and the bass, Richard Fredricks and Richard F. Gill, respectively, were less impressive; but the former was said to be fighting a cold, and there came a moment when it seemed as though he had passed it on to his colleague. Julius

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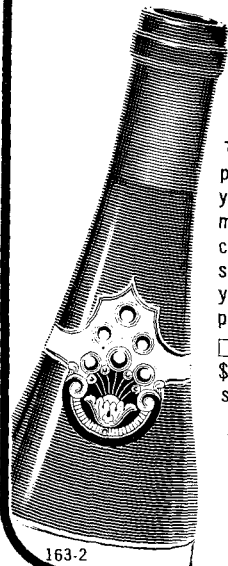


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Rudel made an unnecessary cut in the opening scene, which depicts dawn within the Puritan fortress and should include an effective offstage prayer; but his handling of the score was generally sympathetic and sound. So were Carl Toms' handsome, painterly backcloths and costumes. But either he or Mr. Capobianco shows an excessive affection, in the unit set that was used, for staircases and ramps that lead nowhere and leave the singers who bravely tackle them no option except (like mountaineers) to return presently to base.

"DER ROSENKAVALIER," with a strong cast authoritatively conducted by Karl Böhm, is one of the best things that the Metropolitan has given us in this troubled season. The four principals were all new to their roles in the house, and two of them—Brigitte Fassbaender as Octavian and Manfred Jungwirth as Ochs—were appearing there for the first time. Miss Fassbaender is delightful. She makes a handsome youth, full of aristocratic verve; ardent, impulsive, self-confident (with sudden, endearing lapses); dashing, loving, irresistible. She sings strongly, directly, well. Mr. Jungwirth, too, is a master of his part, and is very funny in the duel scene; but his lecherous Baron is a little on the old side, and he is not really a deep bass—his lower notes have to be taken on trust. Evelyn Lear contributed a good, cultivated Marschallin, careful to the verge of caution, but very musical in tone and phrasing. Edith Mathis sang agreeably as Sophie but was hampered by an unbecoming dress in Act II and by make-up (in the same crucial scene) that succeeded in making her look rather older than the Marschallin. Production and scenery were conventional and good; and the minor parts were mostly well taken. But Nathaniel Merrill's direction sanctioned the vulgarity of making Valzacchi and Annina dance and flounce around the stage (even waltz in one another's arms) to tunes that are merely running through the Baron's head. "Der Rosenkavalier" is an opera, not an operetta.

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Earlier in the week, the Fountain of Youth Stakes, a prep for this Monday's Florida Derby, was a lively affair. Fifteen three-year-olds ran, and Harbor View Farm's Green Gambados was the first one home in the scramble, rewarding, with an \$88.40 mutuel, those horseplayers who remembered that he had finished second in a division of the Champagne Stakes last fall. Seth Hancock's Judger, an odds-on favorite, came from last in the mile-and-a-sixteenth gallop to be second, and Mrs. Helene Sadacca's Eric's Champ was third. John Olin's well-fancied Cannonade, who was coupled in the betting with Judger, seems to have had the worst luck of the lot. It began the day before the race. As he was leaving the track after a workout, a stable pony ridden full tilt by an exercise boy slammed into him, giving him a whopping bump on his left hip. Then in the race itself he was crowded into the fence, hitting the same hip. No wonder he finished ninth. Needless to say, John Jacobs, who trains Green



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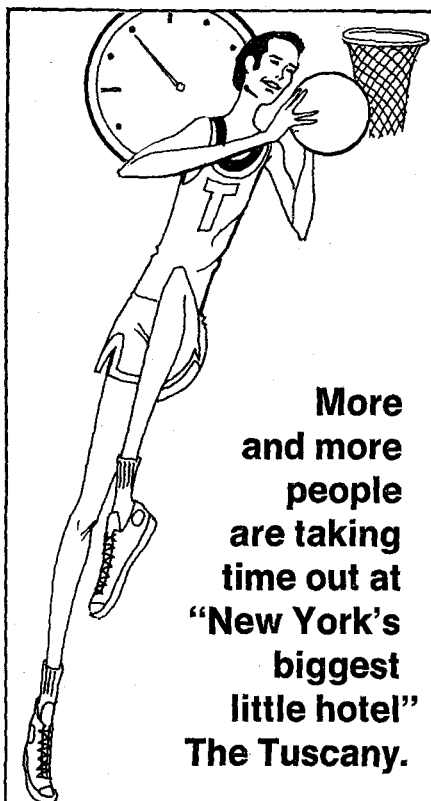
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Gambados, expects to start him in the Florida Derby. And while we are on the subject, Elmendorf's Protagonist won't run in the Derby after all. Johnny Campo, his trainer, has called him back to Belmont Park, along with Talking Picture and the other members of the stable.

BOWIE is having another big meeting, which is hardly news, because Bowie has been popular ever since it was called the Little Track in the Pines and opened the Eastern racing season the first of April and closed it the end of November. You know how long ago *that* was. This year, the weather has been clement—some days really springlike, and bringing out the daffodils. Horseplayers are happy, or as happy as horseplayers ever are, for up to last weekend thirty-four per cent of the favorites had won—a better-than-average percentage. Despite the gasoline shortage, a crowd of 12,323 came out last weekend for the \$50,000 Barbara Fritchie Handicap and saw Mrs. John Franklin's Twixt, an old local favorite, win. Establishing a good position early in the seven-furlong sprint, she went around the leaders on the stretch turn and won comfortably by a couple of lengths from Groton Miss and In the Mattress, who were a nose apart behind her. An even larger crowd—14,391—saw ten candidates for the classics have a lively gallop in the General George Stakes, the main event on the holiday card. The winner turned up in Edward Scharps' Sharp Gary, who came down from Belmont, where he has been wintering, and beat Jolly Johu, the favorite, by a length. The best performance by a three-year-old all week, however, was that of E. P. Taylor's Eastern Lord in the Oxford Purse at Bowie on Friday. He romped home by ten lengths.

ACCORDING to word from Santa Anita, Fred Hooper's Susan's Girl, winner of an Eclipse Award last year and the year before, injured an ankle in the recent Santa Maria Handicap, which was won by the Glen Hill Farm's Convenience. Susan's Girl has been shipped to Sunnyside Surgery, a horse hospital in Paris, Kentucky, where Dr. Robert Copelan will see whether she can be patched up for racing or must be retired to the stud. I hope she isn't lost to racing. . . . Big doings weekend after next: the Roseben Handicap at Aqueduct and the John B. Campbell Handicap at Bowie. Pick one.

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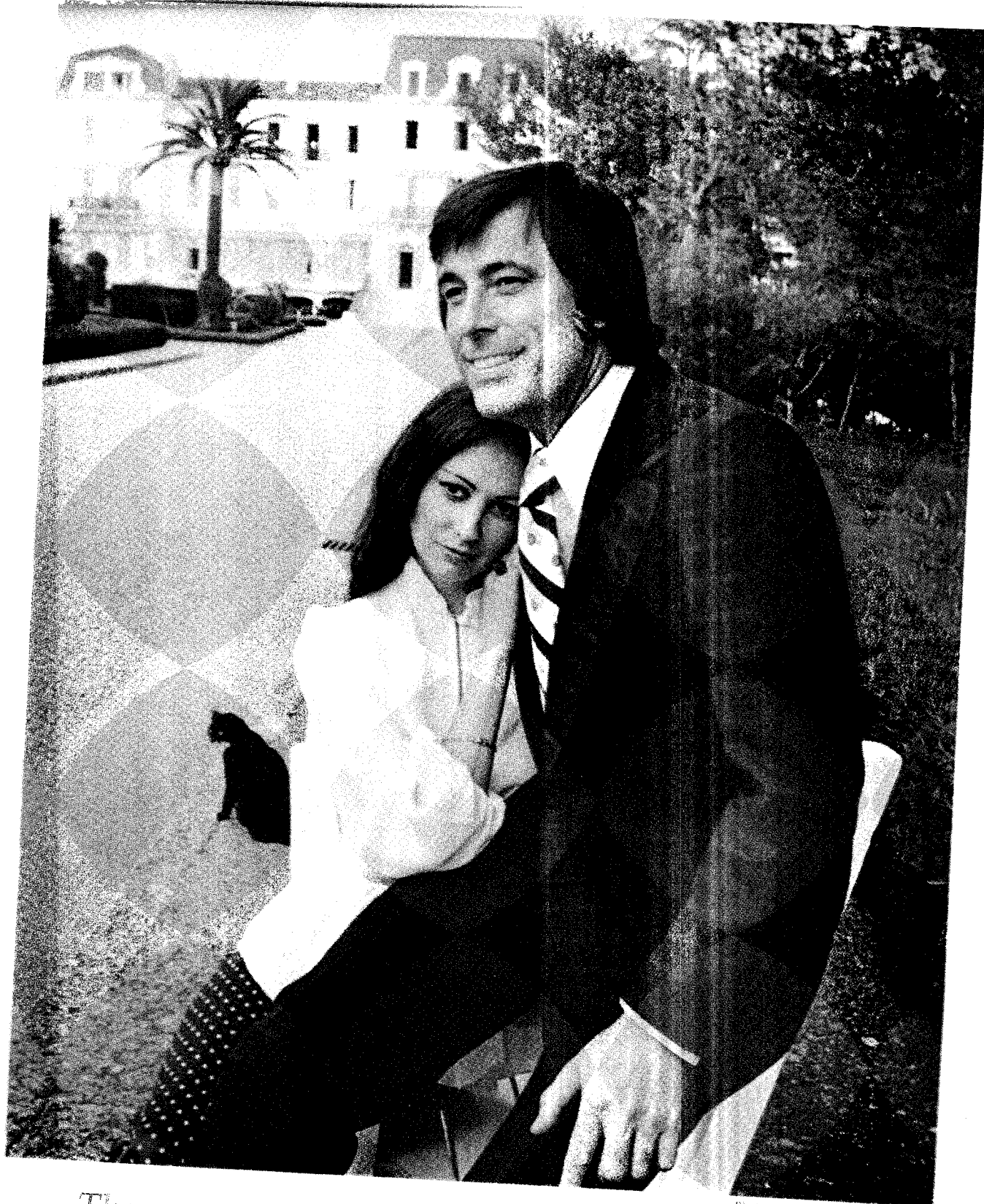
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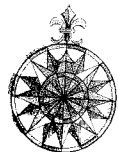
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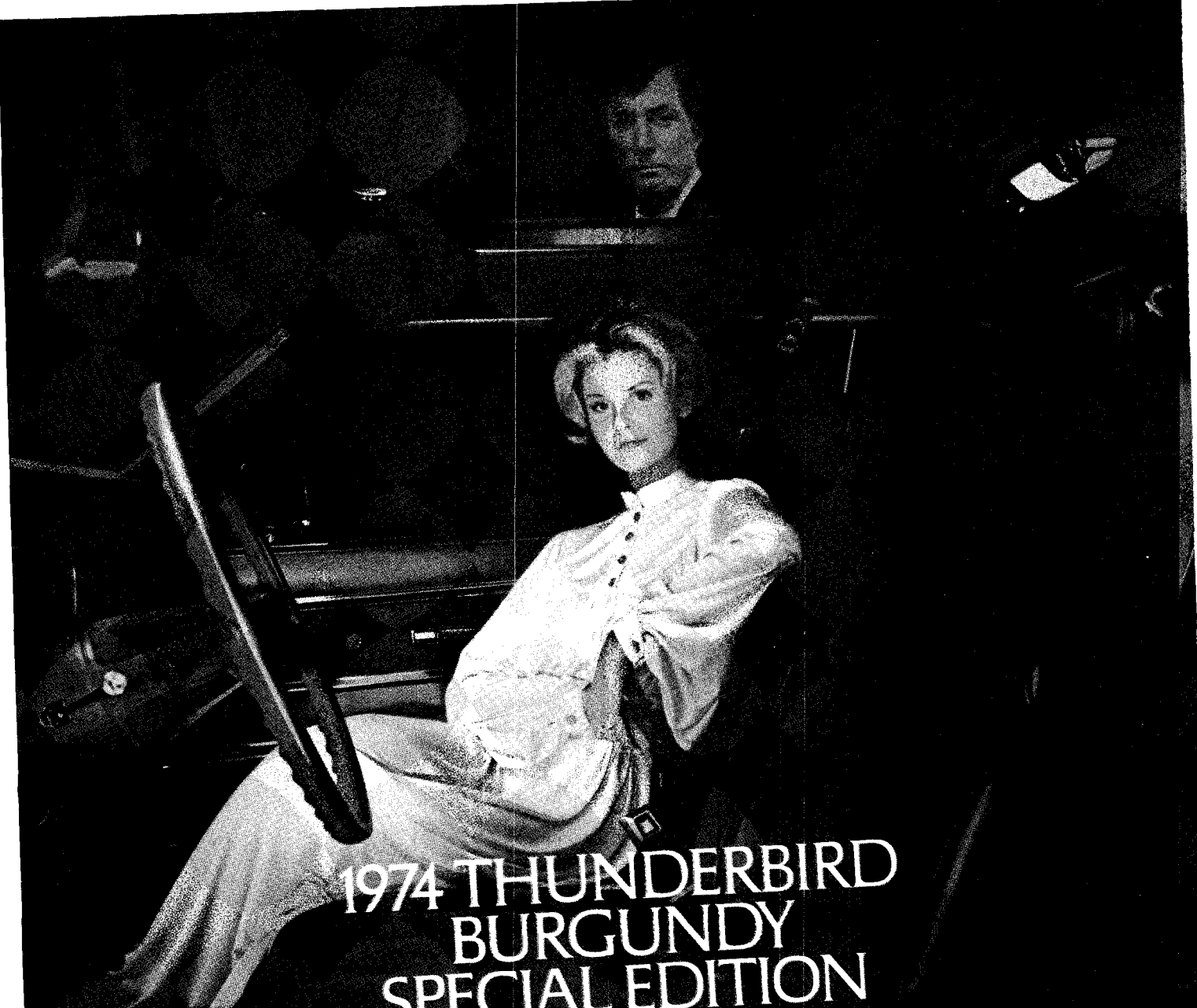


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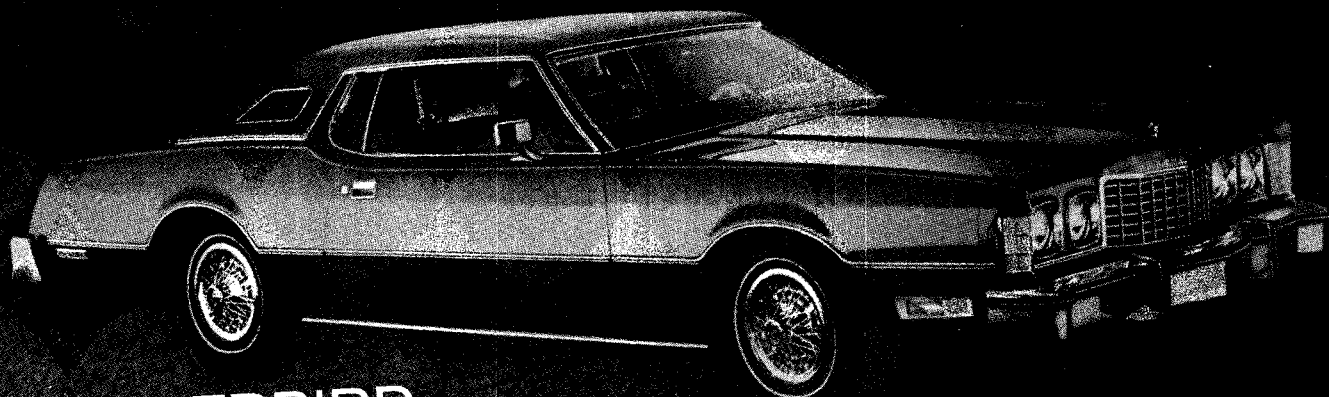
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BOOKS

Carnal Knowledge

IF there is a single key sentence in Patrick White's sprawling yet packed "The Eye of the Storm" (Viking), it is this: "Souls have an anus they are never allowed to forget it." That the diverse characters should break wind repeatedly and at significant moments—erotic, moribund, social, nutritive—is a bit of basic symbolic logic. As the Pythagoreans taught, the soul is a divine ghostliness of breath, a *pneuma*. But it inhabits the rank flesh. When a man or woman breaks wind, Patrick White dwells on the simpler monosyllable; soul and body meet in peculiar collusion. Love has pitched its mansion in the place of excrement, but so has spirit. It is this enigmatic intimacy and the grotesque realities it entails that fascinate White. No current writer has a more tactile obsession with the flesh. He is an archivist in his narrative of bodily functions; he details the feel of semen, of sweat, of ordure, of menstrual blood. Human beings have "weather-cured elephant skins, wedding rings eating into the leather." Roses flaunt "their earthbound flesh;" even pineapples turn into a sort of fleshy crab, are gouged, then returned to the shell. Often the carnality is made monstrous, nearly Surrealistic: "The sweat gathering in enormous balls round Basil's eyes was almost ready to fall; if it did he was afraid Sister de Santis might notice it bounce." Wherever the human body encounters objects, skin touches on skin: curtains are not drawn but "cracked;" the hand does not look for this or that in the suitcase, it "fossicks" and "rootles" like a starved lizard. No sublimity without stains, no motion of ecstasy without its *memento mori* of bodily need: nearing orgasm, Arnold Wyburd makes a snoring sound. Princely demise comes to one enthroned in the lavatory.

Because White is obsessed by the implication of soul, of transcendent vision in bone and bowel, he harks back relentlessly to the process of aging. Incontinence, the worn skin, the sour odors of senility, the toothless appetites and spasms of the old, are worse than farcical. They lay bare the ignoble, perhaps accidental fact that the spirit is so meanly housed. White, like the Jacobean dramatists, like the tomb-sculptors of the baroque, pries at the skull beneath the skin and the thought beneath the skull—hammering for exit. If the rose flaunts its earthbound flesh, it is "in an honourably failed attempt to

convey the ultimate." With old age this attempt grows desperate and ludicrous. Hence the studies of senescence in earlier novels by White—in "Riders in the Chariot," in "The Solid Mandala," probably his best. Hence, too, the brutal appositeness of Australia: a land, according to White, of strident muscularity, young, raw as new meat, hating the transcendent. To be old in Australia is to die twice.

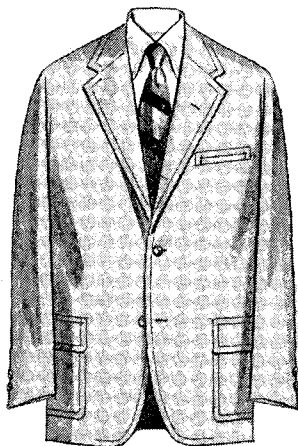
Dying is Elizabeth Hunter's final hobby. She has had others: a fitful marriage to rancher and financier Alfred, now long deceased; spurts of infidelity now remembered for their triviality, for their failure to satisfy even the randy flesh; survival in a cyclone; the begetting, by force of social convention, of two children. These things ebb and flow in the shrivelled, blind skull of the eighty-six-year-old woman,

helpless as a fetus, as she lies in the great house on Moreton Drive, toying with death. She endures in a half-sleep, mingling sharp memory with the blurred present. From time to time her intelligence, her infantile bodily demands wake. Her will darts out like a snake's tongue. She lacks sight but has insight of a malevolent, arch kind. Wyburd the old family solicitor, the three nurses who keep her alive, her housekeeper dance attendance. The housekeeper does so literally: Lotte Lippmann, ex-cabaret artist from Berlin, only survivor of a clan gone to Auschwitz, now balancing on one deformed foot and dancing for her blind mistress. "I expect your arabesque will be exquisite, darling, when it has firmed up a bit," says the mummy in encouragement.

The two offspring of her spectral



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loins are flying home in the hope of death and legacy: Dorothy—Princesse de Lascabanes, owing to failed French marriage, to a grotesque barter of anticipated Australian wealth for a title and the lecheries, avarice, cracked plumbing that come with it; and Sir Basil Hunter, waning star of the London theatre, hungry still for "Lear" but almost resigned to the new happening and improvisation ("The Naked You") being concocted for him by Mitty Jacka, who writes "poetry and things" on Beulah Hill (the *in extremis* of a London bus route). Neither of the Hunters has been back to Australia in lifetimes. They hate and fear the old woman who, by some opaque claim of memory, is their mother. They have long nourished contempt for each other: Dotty with her little black dresses and spiky mouth, Basil with his indiscriminate yet queasy lusts. The flights out have been bad. Now there is the terrible shadow of a woman to be humored, to be gently eased out of this great, wasteful establishment to a home for the moribund rich. There is Australia to be met again—the cutting light, the suburbs without cities, and the Australians:

Here they were, teeming around her, the older men like mattresses from which the hair was bursting out, or those younger, more disturbing ones, hipless, and over-articulated; the women, either in loud summery shifts, apparently with nothing underneath, or else imprisoned in a rigid armature of lace, shrieked at one another monotonously out of unhealed wounds. Some of the women looked as though they would expect to die in hats.

The action of the novel occupies the short weeks between the arrival of the Hunter brood and Mrs. Hunter's extinction—the last, most uncomely of the several deaths that have long inhabited her body. At one level, the narrative is all flashback: cavalcades of images, antique echo, resurrections of decayed feeling through force of nightmare, ennui, or alcohol. But at the surface it is crammed with strenuous, ludicrous incidents. Sir Basil beds Flora Manhood, one of the three nurses, and herself ravelled in a tangle of lesbian and marital temptations. The Princesse attends a drunken fiasco of a dinner party thrown in her honor by a childhood intimate. Brother and sister travel out to Kudjeri, the half-remembered childhood mansion (one of Patrick White's murderous vignettes of society in the bush). We learn of Arnold Wyburd's officious routine, of his dusty wedlock, and of the momentary indiscretion that binds him to his dy-



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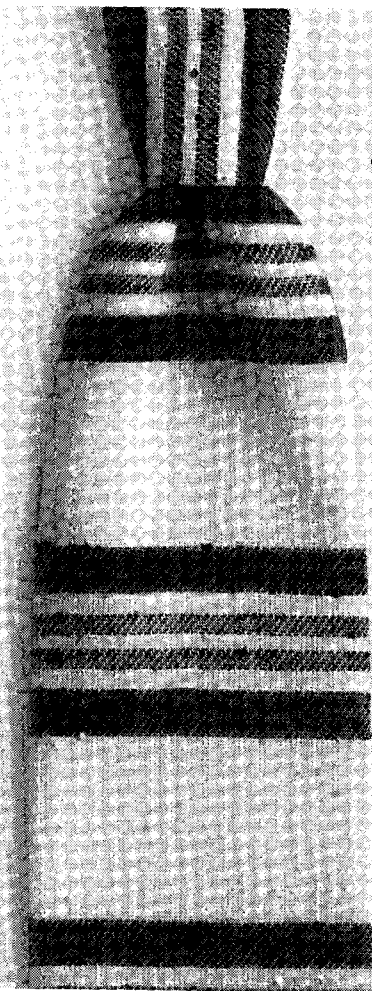
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ing client. Storms punctuate both consciousness and event. On her flight out, when turbulence piques Mme. de Las-cabanes, the Dutchman in the next seat tells her of a typhoon and of the calm beyond calm he and his ship found at its center. She in turn recalls how she fled from Brumby Island, the vacation retreat of family friends, just before a cyclone, and after nosing out her mother's scabrous designs on the other houseguest. Lightning forks outside the high windows on Moreton Drive, almost piercing the stack, oozing lids of the old woman. But amid the spinning eddies of human emotion, of greed, of sexuality, Elizabeth Hunter remains immobile, cocooned. Hers is the eye of the storm. In the instant of her eclipse, "the muslin curtain was waving from its rod as it did whenever a wind rose behind your back. The swollen curtain was filling the room."

The reciprocities of minute material detail and vast time sweeps, the thread of hysteria underneath the dreary crust, the play of European densities against the gross vacancy of the Australian setting, are the constant motifs of White's fiction. Lotte Lippmann is yet another in a harrowing gallery of Jewish survivors, of human ash blown from the holocaust into the emptiness of a continent without history. Because it is so absolute a ravage of the flesh, the holocaust is, to Patrick White, a privileged occasion of the mystery of the spirit, of the spirit's absurdity in seeking a lodging among men. And Sir Basil's love-hate of London, the reflection on drama suggested by his career, are familiar from White's "The Living and the Dead" and his plays.

Yet, exemplary as it is of White's distinctive powers, "The Eye of the Storm" remains a disappointing book. The formula is inherently lopsided. In plot, in carpentry, it is intensely Jamesian. More than one touch in the miserable matrimonial chronicle of the Princesse derives from "The American" and from James's repeated novellas of overseas innocence or social climbing entrapped in the sheer malignity of French aristocratic usage. Moreton Drive and its accumulation of heirlooms echo "The Spoils of Poynton," as does the entire condition of children, already long in the tooth, waiting on beneficent death. Patrick White shares the Master's feel for the constricting vitality of family structures, for the feverish opportunism bred of idle wealth. He has the selfsame trick of spinning a kind of verbal terror and complexity out of terms that are psy-

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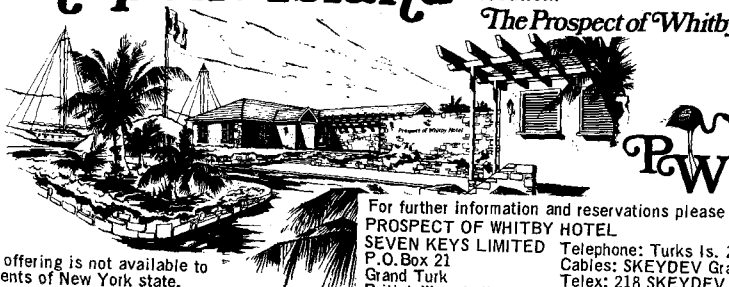


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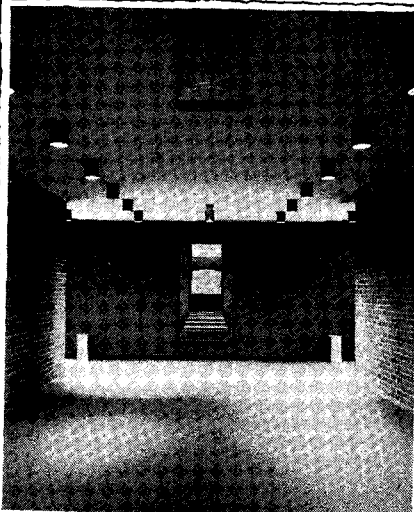


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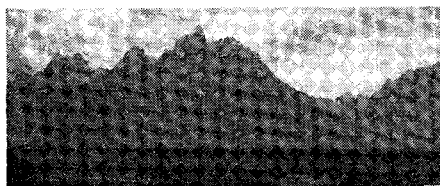
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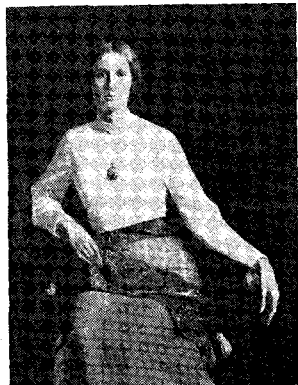
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chological and abstract. But at the very same time White is, like James Purdy, one of the current virtuosos of the grotesque, of the carnal. The result is strain. White forces his style. Mrs. Hunter "flickered her eyelids in the shallows of social intercourse." When the Princesse forgets her lipstick, we are told that "her thoughts had shed so much blood, she hadn't had the heart to resort to further crimson." In alcoholic Bangkok, Sir Basil misfires with a young actress: "a mini-kirtled draft mare, about the thighs at least; the kind of face which is Plasticine to emotions." Too often the prose mushrooms into something like self-parody:

Oh the dreams with which the bottom of the sea is littered not always sodden like the old letters they will stand up in coral columns in whole cupolas and archways and long sculptural perspectives to confront entice you in where the daylight is solid and the expression in his eyes at that time perhaps the first clue I ever had to what is transcendent.

And when melodrama blazes in this work, it does so gratuitously. There is in almost every one of White's novels and tales an eruption of savagery, an incident in which the volatile mixture of soul and flesh explodes. In "The Solid Mandala" it is the fratricide, the body being eaten by starved dogs, which ends the twinned lives of Arthur and Waldo Brown (one of the great studies of love in modern literature). It is the apocalyptic fire in "Riders in the Chariot," mirroring the fires in the Nazi ovens. But, however Gothic, these occurrences stem from the logic of the narrative. The incest of Dotty and Basil Hunter strikes one as merely histrionic, a stroke of terror and uncleanness staged only for effect.

There is, in fact, not a touch of redeeming elegance, of disinterested humanity in "The Eye of the Storm." Everything tilts to ugliness or lumbering ferocity. God knows the world is in a tawdry season, and no serious novelist need feel optimistic. But unrelieved blackness rings false. It celebrates itself. Patrick White is one of the very few now active novelists capable of evoking transfiguration, the rush of light that passes through the human frame when men and women are possessed by great love, by philosophic conviction, by sacrificial courage. The relation of Voss and Laura in "Voss" is one of radiance. Removed by immensities of desert, by delirium and the slow advance of death, Laura grows present to Voss's being, and to the reader's, with an immediacy beyond touch.

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er offers a remark emblematic of White's mythology of will: "I don't believe anybody dies who doesn't want to—unless by thunderbolts." But the rest of the book derides this proud manifesto. The whippers are incessant, the bangs those of flatulence. This novel is the performance of a craftsman in the grip—entirely private, perhaps—of disgust. When it referred to the "epic" voice of Australia, the Nobel citation, as it too frequently is, was slightly off-key. Mr. White, for his part, found no sufficient reason to go to Stockholm. *Tristesse oblige.*

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

MEMOIRS OF A CAPTIVITY AMONG THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA, by John Dunn Hunter, edited by Richard Drinnon (Schocken). Professor Drinnon, who wrote an absorbing biography of Hunter called "White Savage," has edited a new edition of Hunter's autobiography, which first appeared in 1823. Hunter was a white child captured by Indians when he was very young, and raised as an Indian among the Kickapoo, Kansas, and Osage nations. He met his first white men through the fur trade, and in 1816, at about the age of nineteen, with money earned as a trapper, moved back to the white world and bought himself an education. He dedicated the rest of his short life (he was assassinated in 1827) to trying to persuade white Americans to treat red Americans with greater humanity. Hunter did not exaggerate the achievements and the opportunities of Indian tribal life—he thought that the tribes he knew, who hunted for business and made war for sport, needed to be taught to farm and to stop fighting—but he did insist (against the common prejudice of contemporary whites) that Indians were not an inferior people. His vivid narrative includes adventure, anthropology, and natural history; it offers brisk prose and high spirits as well as an earnest message.

WALLS: RESISTING THE THIRD REICH—ONE WOMAN'S STORY, by Hiltgunt Zassenhaus (Beacon). Dr. Zassenhaus, now a naturalized American and a practicing physician in Baltimore, was an active volunteer in perhaps the least celebrated and most thoroughly unorganized of minority groups in wartime Hitlerian Germany—the secretly anti-



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Nazi Germans of impeccable Aryan ancestry. This admirable memoir, set down in cool reflection but charged with inescapable emotion, is a record of the three lives she led in her native city of Hamburg during those terrible years. In one of these lives, she was a student—first an undergraduate and then at medical school. At the same time, in a second life, she had an official job: having studied Scandinavian languages, she was an interpreter and a postal censor for Norwegian and Danish prisoners of war. Her third life evolved from that job. It enabled her to put into practice a counsel of conscience learned from her father: "He who knows the good and refrains from doing it commits a sin." Her good—accomplished at enormous risk—was smuggling vitamins and other drugs to the prisoners she visited, seeing that they got their mail, and smuggling out their letters home. Her book is not an account of heroics (though there are plenty of them at hand) but an attempt to depict, to recover, perhaps to exorcise that time, and she confirms again an unappetizing human truth. If the anti-Nazi Germans were a tiny minority, so were the true Nazi believers. The mass of Germans were self-serving, apathetic, uninvolved; night after night throughout the war she fell asleep to the sound of music and dancing from the tavern on the corner.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET LOSES HIS TEMPER, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Robert Eaglesfield (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Simenon is now seventy-one years old and claims to have retired. Happily, even if this unlikely claim proves to be true, there are a fair number of gems that have yet to be translated. In the present volume, the Master spoons out the clues about the eradication of an unassuming Montmartre night-club owner so fastidiously that the reader is always thirsty for more (the ideal mystery-reading state), and the descriptions of the engaging criminals, seedy night clubs, and malodorous *allées* of Montmartre alone are worth the price of the book.

YET SHE MUST DIE, by Sara Woods (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). In answer to an appeal from a colleague, the young lawyer Antony Maitland hurries from London to investigate a murder case that has the town of



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Chedcombe by the ears. On arriving in Chedcombe, Antony has lunch at the best inn—the George, in Market Square—with his anxious colleague, Miss Vera Langborne, and then the two lawyers proceed to the jail, where Jeremy Skelton, a famous writer of mystery fiction, is being held, accused of the strangulation murder of his wife, Lydia. Jeremy is in his middle thirties. (Lydia was a few years younger, and beautiful.) Antony works hard on this interesting, very human case, and the ending is most satisfactory, with Sir Nicholas Harding, Antony's testy-tempered uncle (and boss), provoking a few minutes of brilliant melodrama in court.

THE SALISBURY MANUSCRIPT, by William M. Green (Bobbs-Merrill). Miss Casey Ford, a senior editor at a New York publishing house, is awakened by the news that her former husband has been murdered near Salisbury, in England, in what appears to have been a homosexual suicide pact, and has left a handwritten manuscript addressed to her. This is the point of no return for Casey and for us: Mr. Green leads us willingly on—to Salisbury, to London, to Brussels, to Amsterdam. The story that he has invented here is no more sensible than most of its kind, but its turns and twists and dénouement are totally unguessable.

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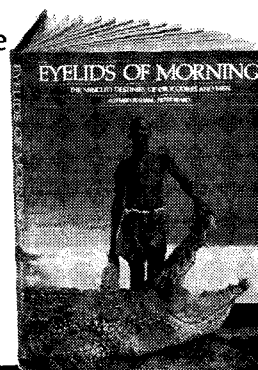


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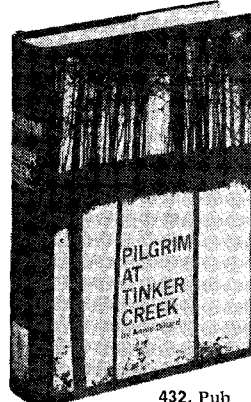
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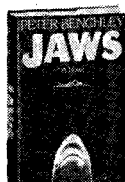


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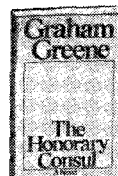


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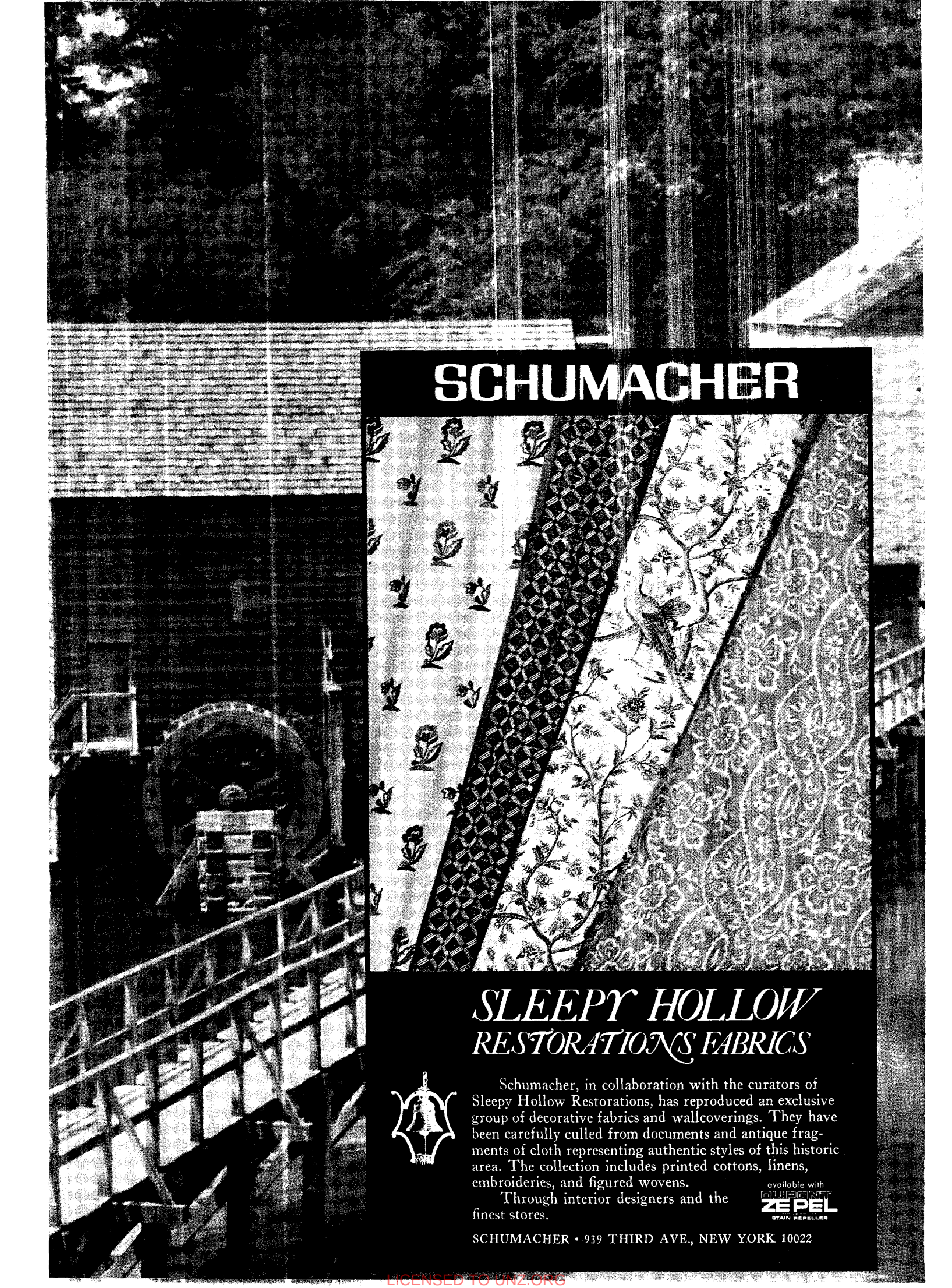
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